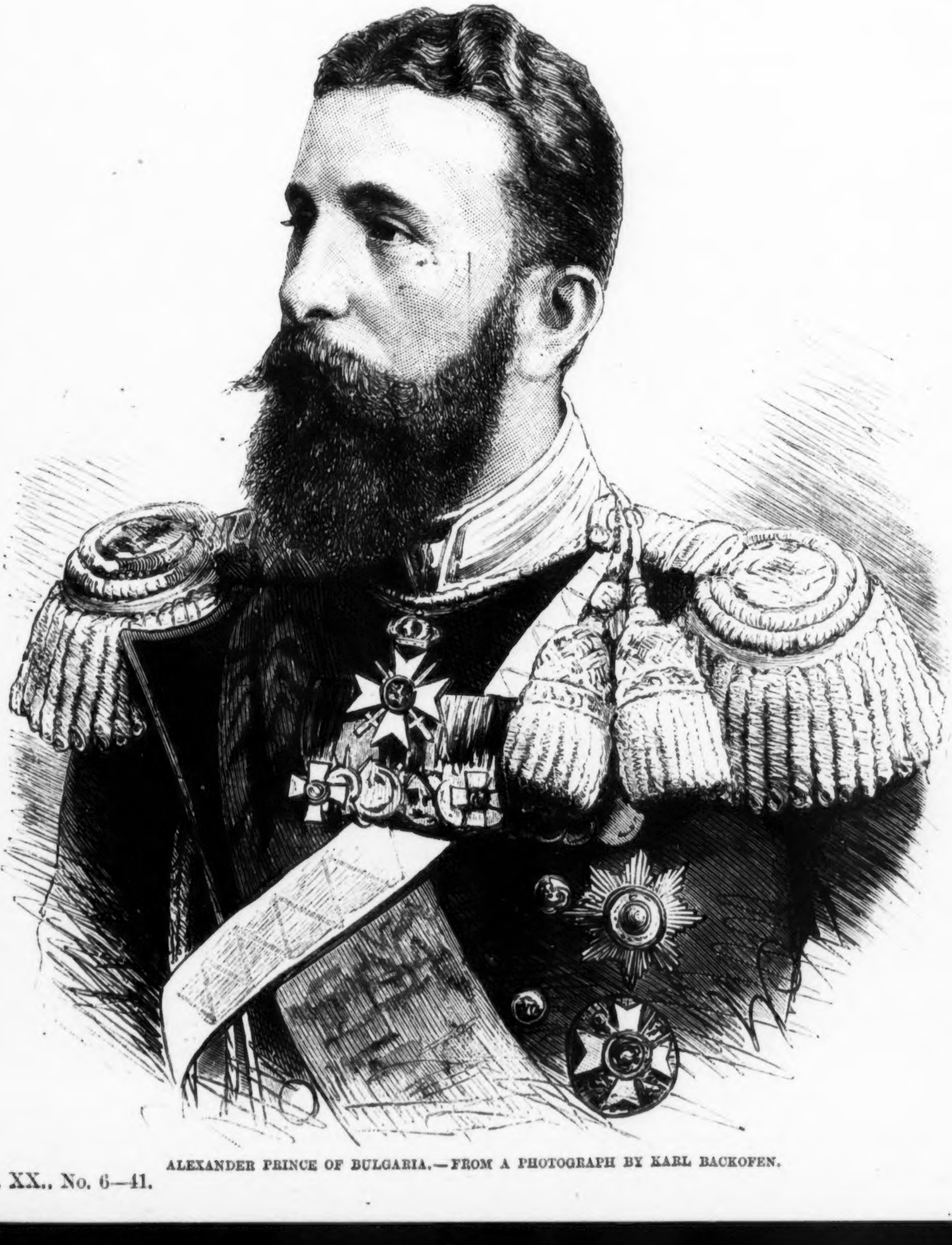
FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XX.—No. 6. DECEMBER, 1885. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

ANOTHER BIT OF TURKEY.

By OSCANYAN.



ALEXANDER PRINCE OF BULGARIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL BACKOFEN.

ANOTHER BIT OF TURKEY.

By Oscanyan.

Once more the war clouds are gathering on the political horizon. This time it is not in the region of Afghanistan, as might be supposed, but nearer home, in a section of a country known as Roumelia.

Roumelia is that territory in European Turkey which stretches from Adrianople to the confines of Dalmatia, and from the Balkan Mountains to the Ægean Sea, as shown in our map. It comprises a population of mixed races and creeds : Greeks, Albanians, Croats, Bosniaks, Herzegovinians and Bulgars or Bulgarians. The first two are of Hellenic race, and the remainder are Slavs—the Bulgarians forming the majority of the population.

The history of Bulgaria is quite interesting, and is replete with complex incidents and vicissitudes.

The Bulgarians appear first in history as a Finnic tribe living on the western banks of the River Volga. Naturally warlike in disposition, restless in temperament, and adventurous in character, abandoning this region, they migrated to the Don and first settled there. From thence they gradually drifted toward the Danube, where we find them in the latter part of the fifth century. Here, through their characteristic turbulence, they began to harass continually the people of the Byzantine Empire, repeatedly pitching their tents before the city of the Constantines; and finally became so troublesome and formidable that the Emperor Anastasius deemed it prudent to get rid of them by diplomacy, which was done partly by persuasion, and partly by bribery. With the view, however, of protecting the city from future assaults of these marauders, he had that famous wall, known to history as the "long wall of Constantinople," built in 507. But, notwithstanding this barrier, frequent incursions were still made, and the Byzantines were kept in constant terror. At last the Bulgarians were subdued by the Avars, but soon regained their independence. Their Khan, or chief, who was named Khurvat, having made an alliance with the Emperor Heraclius, was by him created a patrician.

This Khurvat Khan had five sons. On his death one established himself on the banks of the Don, another in Moldavia, a third in Panonia, the present Croatia, a fourth went to Dalmatia, and a fifth, named Asparukh, crossed the Danube, and, about the year 680, settled in the country between that river and the Balkan, the ancient Mount Hæmus. This territory was known to the ancients as Mœsia-inferior, but at present bears the name of Bulgaria, and its inhabitants are called Bulgars or Bulgarians.

Various have been the vicissitudes of this people. Justinian II. attempted to destroy the Khanate, but was compelled to acknowledge the independence of the successors of Asparukh. Constantine Copronymus invaded and ravaged Bulgaria, but without being able to reduce it to subjection. Continual struggles between the Bulgarians and the Byzantines prevailed. After a long series of successes and reverses the Bulgarians were forced to submit, about 1018, to the Emperor Bazil II. In 1389, however, the Turkish armies under Amurat I. invaded their country and vanquished them at Kosovo. Since that time the Bulgarians have been subject to the Turks, who have ruled them with the iron rod of despotism and unrelenting bigotry.

About 860, during the reign of Bogoris, who had become the King of Bulgaria, Christianity was introduced into Bulgaria. The Turks, who are Mohammedans in faith—had, and always have, one rule of action in their conquests—offered to the vanquished the choice of either becoming one of them by embracing Islamism, or of remaining abject slaves to the will and power of the conquerors. The Bulgarians, who were strongly attached to their religion, chose to remain true to their faith and bear the consequences. Their sufferings were in consequence very great. Many, however, submitted to the decrees of inevitable fate and apostatized, in order to evade persecution and save their estates. These were named "Pomaks," and as the saying is, that acidulated wine makes the strongest vinegar, so these Pomaks became more insufferable and relentless zealots than the Mussulmans themselves. Atrocities and spoliations, murders and devastations became the order of the day, until a culmination was reached in the outrageous massacre at Batak, the account of which is already familiar to the world, and too sickening to be repeated.

Foreign interference became a necessity, for civilization could stand it no longer. So the representatives of the Great Powers assembled at Berlin to confer. It was there and then decided to make Bulgaria independent, by what is known as the "Berlin Treaty," which was signed on July 13th, 1878. This treaty gave the Bulgarians the right to govern themselves under a Prince of their own choice, to be elected by the people, and confirmed by the Sultan, with the approval of the signitory powers; the title of the Prince being hereditary, and the state tributary to Turkey. The choice of the Bulgarians fell, by advice, on Alexander of Battenberg, who was immediately installed, and has ruled Bulgaria ever since.

The independence of Bulgaria ought to have included also Roumelia, or the southern section of the Balkans, because it was as much Bulgar in character as the northern side of the Balkans. This separation or division of the Bulgars was a political error, inasmuch as it was a gross injustice to that section.

But British jealousy of Russian interest and the personal ambition of a demagogue intervening, laid the seeds of future discord, and led to the present embarrassment. Lord Beaconsfield, with the view of gaining popularity at home, and political prestige abroad, and at the same time to spare his friend, "the unspeakable Turk," too great a humiliation, proposed, as a compromise, that Roumelia, or the southern section of Bulgaria, should be made an autonomous principality, under the suzerainty of the Sultan, to be governed, however, by a Christian Governor-general appointed by the Porte and approved by the Powers, whose rule of action was to be "Organic Statutes," and the principality to pay an annual tribute of $1,000,000, to be devoted toward paying the interest on the Turkish bonds!

This proposition was made under the plea that Roumelia was essential to the existence of Turkey, and the existence of Turkey was a necessity for the peace of Europe.

The "iron chancellor," although he foresaw the inevitable, yet considering it as a question of time, with the view to postpone it for a more favorable occasion, consented to the proposition, and the rest followed his example.

A distinct territory was assigned to the new principality, extending from twenty-five miles of Adrianople, as far as Albania to the west, and Macedonia on the south, as is shown in our map, under the appellation of "Eastern Roumelia."

The first Governor-general appointed to the post was Aleko Pasha Voghorides. His selection was due to the belief that, being a Bulgarian by descent, he would prove a fit candidate, and be acceptable to the people. But, unfortunately, apart from this circumstance, he had no qualification to recommend him. Reared as he was in the Greek quarter of the city, called Fanar, that hotbed of political *intrigants*, and brought up under the cunning tutelage of his brother, Stefanaky Bey, who was once famed in Turkish politics, Aleko grew up a pothouse politician and nothing more; destitute of what is called education, and ignorant of even the rudiments of political science or economy. As a consequence, he soon made himself obnoxious to the people whom he was sent to govern, through his want of appreciation of the spirit that elevated him to the position, or the duties of his functions.

Aleko is of middle stature, with eyes ever restless, and a temperament quite nervous. He affects mildness of manners, but at times his temper betrays him into paroxysms of passion. Inordinately vain, the fortuitous circumstance which procured him his elevation has made him more conceited of his own abilities and importance; so that, instead of studying his surroundings, he followed the even tenor of his course until he rendered himself disliked by all.

He invited ridicule at the start; for, on his arrival at Philippopolis, in the gorgeous uniform of a Pasha, he extracted, while at the station, from his portmanteau a kalpak—a headgear worn by Bulgarian peasants, made mostly of sheepskin—and donned it, with the idea of making himself popular.

Imagine the effect that this singular travesty would produce by bringing to one's mind's eye a person robed in the long and flowing garment of a patriarchal Turk of ancient times whose head was crowned with a stovepipe hat! It was too ludicrous not to be appreciated, and the people took it at its just value and measured the man by that act.

Ambitious in the extreme, not content with the title of "His Excellency," which was due to his rank, he cast it off as he did his headgear, and assumed the appellative of "Le Prince Gouverneur de Roumelie," in imitation of Alexander Battenberg, the Prince of Bulgaria; and those who had an ax to grind chose to flatter him by addressing him as "Son Altess."

Thus, inordinate vanity, and overbearing deportment toward all those who were entitled to consideration at his hands, and a total indifference to the wants and prayers of the people, soon made him unpopular and much disliked. Indeed, he was detested by all classes, who wished to get rid of him but did not know how. Fortunately, his term having expired in 1884, he was superseded by Gabriel Pasha Christovitch, another Bulgarian.

Things did not ameliorate much under the administration of the new Governor. Gabriel did not only prove himself as great an imbecile as his predecessor, but a pliant instrument in the hands of the Turkish Government, and, through a desire of subserviency, harassed the people the more to please the Porte.

The people already smarting under political grievances, for being separated from their brethren on the other side of the Balkan, and still kept under the yoke of the detested Turk, with the pretense of being "autonomous" and under "organic statutes," especially as they saw that those under Prince Alexander were prospering rapidly and enjoying happiness, they grew restless and angry; so much so, that even Gabriel could not shut his eyes to the fact. But, instead of profiting by the lessons of history, this man of small pretensions only thought of his personal safety, and, being a natural coward, and apprehending danger from assassination, shut himself up in the Konak, or State House, and began to issue his mandates, in imitation of his master, the Sultan.

Finally, a crisis was reached, and the people not being able to endure any longer the state of affairs, secret conclaves were formed to devise plans for their own deliverance, and communications entered into with their brethren in Bulgaria. This was done in such a complete and masterly manner, that it was suspected by none, nor even was it thought possible that anything of a serious nature could be contemplated in the face of the famous "Berlin Treaty." But events have proved otherwise: for, on Friday, the 18th of September of the present year, Gabriel Pasha, the Governor-general, was seized at his Konak, at Philippopolis, the capital of Roumelia, and safely and quietly conveyed to a farmhouse on the outskirts of the city, and there lodged as a state prisoner.

A Provisional Government was formed, and its management intrusted to M. Strausko. The Prince of Bulgaria was invited to assume the control of the country and annex the same to his own. Thus, a sudden thunderbolt was launched at the political world, taking all by surprise.

A few days later, Prince Alexander, accompanied by his staff, meets the Bulgarian cavalry on the outskirts of the city, and, placing himself at the head of the column, proceeds to Philippopolis. On his way the Bulgarian flag is displayed everywhere, and the people flock to see him, and cheer him with enthusiasm. Arriving at Philippopolis, he is received by the Provisional Government and the people, who pay him due homage. The local militia hasten and swear fealty to the Prince, and M. Strausko is not only confirmed by him, but is made his special commissioner.

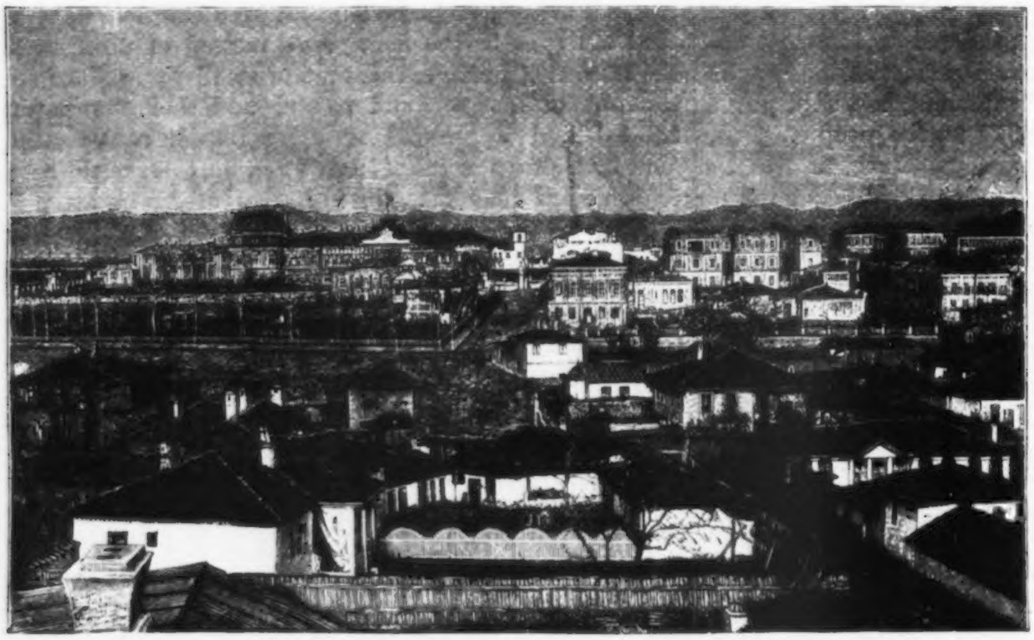
The Prince's popularity is not to be wondered at; although a scion of a petty German principality, a brother of Prince Henry, the husband of Princess Beatrice, he has shown himself to be a very clever man, and a ruler of no small ability. With tact and astuteness, he has successfully checked the restless spirits who would have produced anarchy in the country, counseled wisely the leading men, gathered about him the truly patriotic, and heartily sympathized with the people, whose welfare he made his especial study and care; thereby gaining universal respect and general confidence. So that when the National Assembly learned of his doings, it not only approved and ratified the Prince's actions, but forthwith proclaimed a union of the two Bulgarias, and voted $25,000,000 for the purpose of carrying out the programme of the union.

In detailing these circumstances and facts, it is intended to show that all this could not have taken place without an inspiration and preconcerted arrangement.

It is evident that the meeting of the Emperors at Kremsier was not without a significance.

Napoleon III., at a New Year's *levée*, proclaimed that "the Empire was for Peace"! With equal significance, the Czar, in making concessions to England, in the Afghan difficulties, made the world to understand that "Russia was for peace." As the one was followed by the Crimean War, so this also may portend war of equal magnitude, commencing in Eastern Roumelia.

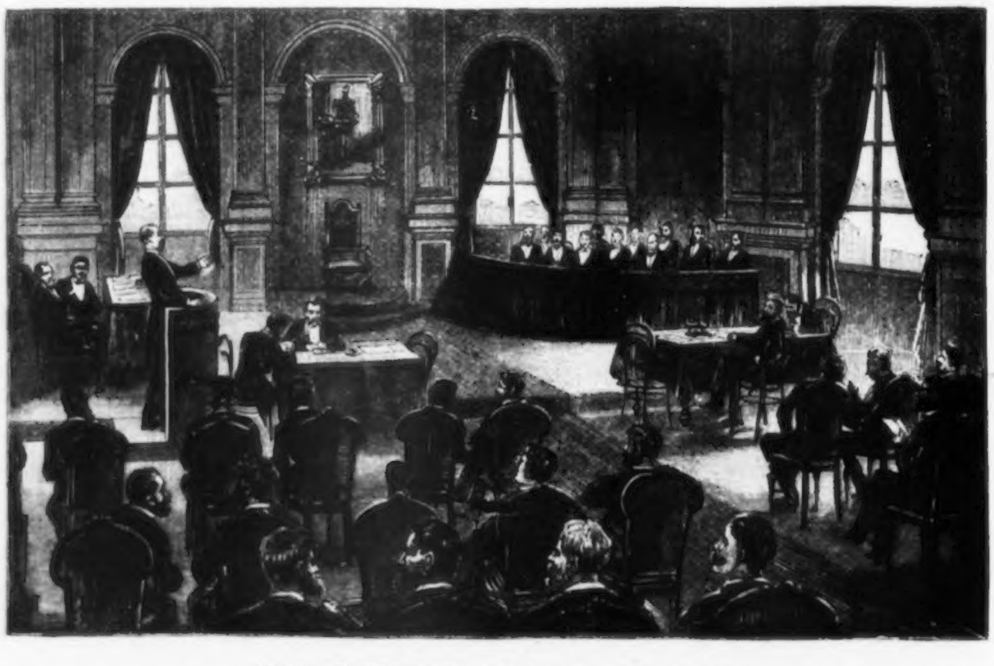
There is no doubt that the Berlin Treaty was a political



1. Palace. 2. Vienna Club. 3. Ministerial Residence. 4. Russian Consulate.

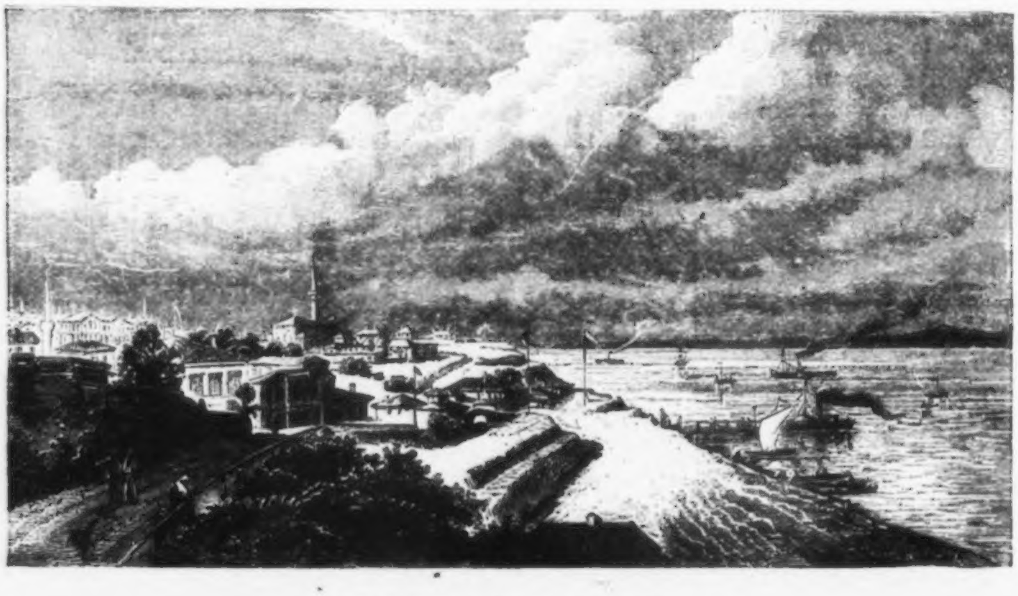
VIEW OF THE PALACE AND PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS AT SOFIA.

blunder. Is this blunder going to be repeated? It was gotten up by Beaconsfield for the benefit of his *protégé*, the Turk, and his own self-glorification. But as there is no longer a Beaconsfield in the field, the question of the day will doubtless be viewed from a new standpoint, and treated differently.



HALL OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT SOFIA.

The union of the two Bulgarias is an *accomplished fact*, and must be treated accordingly. Already Russia has sounded the keynote to that effect. Recent telegraphic dispatches announced that "Russia has proposed an immediate meeting at Constantinople of the Ambassadors of the Powers, to settle the Roumelian difficulty *on the basis of accepting the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia as an accomplished fact.*" The Ambassadors have met, but their deliberations are not yet made public. But, if acting on Russia's plan, matters will be complicated, and a general row the consequence; for, other sections of European Turkey, such as Albania and Macedonia, having equal claims to independence, are ready to revolt. Then again, there are also, in the immediate neighborhood, those who are ambitious of territorial aggrandisement. For instance, Servia is anxious to drift toward the Ægean, and Greece to absorb Albania and the Island of Crete. Servia's aspirations being in direct conflict with those of Austria, will naturally create animosity and opposition on the part of that Power, who will strive to get there first.



THE FORTIFIED CITY OF RUSTCHUK.

There is also long-suffering Armenia, in whose behalf Art. 61 was provided in the Berlin Treaty, calling upon the Turkish Government to redress her wrongs, which remain to this hour not only unfulfilled, but greatly aggravated.

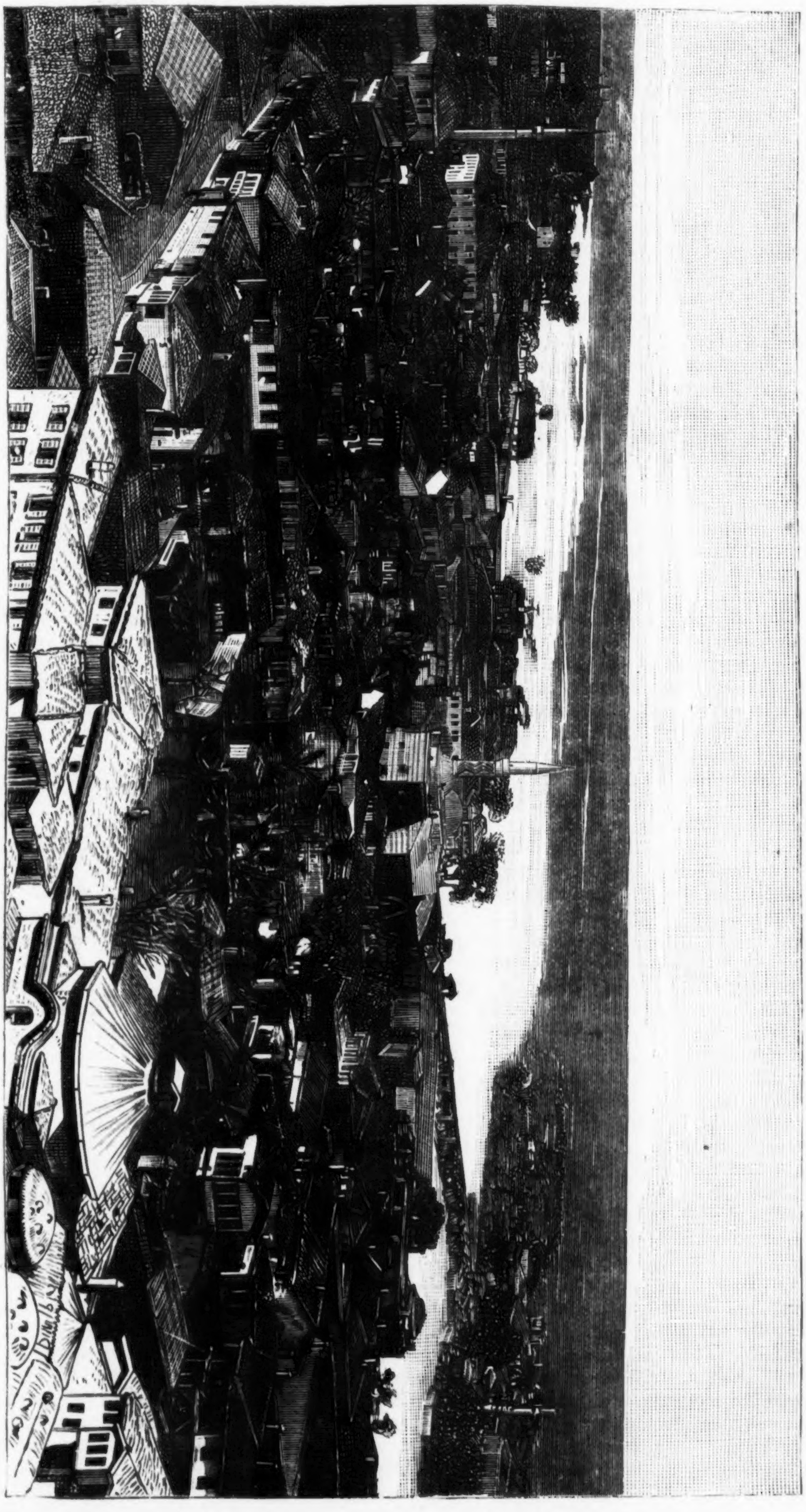
Nothing will please Russia more than a general *mêlée*, for that will afford her an opportunity to pounce upon long-coveted Constantinople.

The Turkish Government being in its last stage of decrepitude, is helpless in the matter; and as it has no *raison d'être*, its estates will naturally go into chancery. The map of Turkey will, accordingly, be revised, and a new order of things will soon be proclaimed and established. As the occasion will bring the Bulgarians to the foreground in the exciting political drama about to be enacted, a survey of the Bulgarian people, who will be the leading *dramatis personæ*, may not prove devoid of interest.

The Bulgarians, as a nation, are a very interesting people, and evince a great proclivity to civilization.

Contact and intermixture with the aborigines of the countries to which they have emigrated has made them lose their Finnic origin, and to become thoroughly identified with the Slav race.

Since they attained their independence they have made great progress socially and politically. Long-suffering, and cowed by the tyranny of the Turks, they have learned to appreciate the blessings of peace and freedom. Although a turbulent and warlike race, they have become peaceful citizens, and are devoted to



VIEW OF PHILIPPOPOLIS (SOUTH SIDE), SHOWING THE MARITZA RIVER.

peaceful pursuits. Their first care has been the education of the people. This is not to be wondered at, for all the leading men of the country have received their education at Robert College, a literary institution established on the Bosphorus by the munificence and philanthropy of an American merchant whose name it bears. It was devised and conducted efficiently by Dr. Hamlin, but its present head is the well-known and accomplished scholar, Dr. Washburn, son-in-law of his predecessor, and a thorough philo-Bulgarian, and, we may say, the regenerator of Bulgaria, for under him more than 600 Bulgarian youths have received instruction and imbibed American notions and principles, which have since served them to good purpose. Even the actual Prime Minister of Bulgaria, M. Karavelov, is a graduate of that institution.

They are not only intelligent, but industrious and domestic in their habits—frugal and easily contented. Yet some have proved refractory, especially those of the Pomak class, who, notwithstanding their apostasy to save their estates, were so oppressed and harassed by the Turkish officials, as to be obliged to find safety in the forests of the Balkans, and there became banditti and highway robbers.

Nothing in nature can be more imposingly majestic, or more picturesquely beautiful than the appearance of these mountains. They are as grand as the Rockies, and as resplendent in colors, especially toward the close of the Autumn, as the woods of the "Far West." The variety of the hues that distinguish the shrubs and trees which compose the forest of Mount Hæmus, is lovely beyond expression. On either side, as if for the purpose of ornament, an eminence, rising gradually from the torrent-bed, and extending toward the heavens, is clothed to its summit with the most magnificent shrubs, tinted with all shades of color: light-gold, russet-brown, silver-ash, pale-green, scarlet-red, orange, and the incomparable blue of the iris. Amidst these shrubs, the convolvulus and other flowering creepers, suspend their festoons of bells, rivaling the delicate white of the lily, c the transparent pink of the wild rose.

The roads through these lovely mountains are not by any means to be supposed to be turnpikes. They are simply marked tracks over the natural rock, made by frequent use. No care whatever is expended on them, not even for the purpose of removing the loose stones, or breaking down the more prominent masses. These break-neck tracks are traversed either on horseback or on foot, in Indian file, and in a zigzag course. The assassin has only to place himself behind the trunk of a tree, wait until the wayfarer appears in view, then deliberately take his aim, and he can scarcely fail to bring down his victim. Pursuit is altogether out of the question, and retaliation would be equally impracticable, as the murderer could not be seen. All these may, however, be considered as things of the past; for there is now a military road over the Balkans, and no more cause for the discontented to resort to nefarious deeds.

The land is an undulating plateau, rising gradually from the Danube to the mountains. Its fertility has naturally led the people to become "tillers of the ground," but not "drawers of water," for their territory is well-watered. There are vast fields of arable lands, where large quantities of grain are raised and shipped to foreign markets, either by the way of Varna or the Danube.

The Danube is a noble stream, and is the Mississippi of the European Continent. On its placid bosom float up and down the products of human industries. In many parts there are picturesque scenes; but in one locality in particular there is a wonder of nature, which rivals that of Niagara in grandeur and sublimity. It is what is called "The Iron Gate." It consists of a cañon cleft through the Carpathian Mountains, when the waters of the Danube had forced their way through in ages gone by. It has a channel of about 100 feet in width, with perpendicular walls of syenite several hundred feet in height, and with a course so twisted as to give the impression that you are suddenly inclosed in an *impasse*, not knowing how you got there, nor how you are to get out, until a sudden and sharp turn reveals to you an exit, only to be again locked in another basin. This zigzag navigation continues for three miles before you emerge into the broad expanse of the stream. On the right of the channel there is a pathway, chiseled out of the rocks, in the form of a corridor, and a little over the height of a man. This is said to be the work of the Romans, and the credit thereof is attributed to the Emperor Trajan.

Rich pasture-grounds abounding everywhere, have induced many to devote their energies to the raising of cattle and sheep, and to dairy-farming. Their beef is not "prime," but their mutton, especially that of Dobroodjah and Karnabat, is so tender and delicate in flavor as to compare favorably with that of Southdowns, England. The milk derived from the cattle, especially from the ewes, being rich, a kind of cheese resembling Gruyère, is made, called "Balkan Peynirry," which is highly prized in Constantinople. Horses are also raised in numbers, which find a ready market in Austria and in the capital of the Sultan.

The vine is also extensively cultivated, and good wine produced therefrom, and a kind of white brandy, called *racky*, distilled from the grape *cheese*.

On the south side of the Balkan there are to be seen extensive fields of roses, from which the celebrated "Otto of Roses" is extracted, and sent all over the world.

In industries the Bulgarians are as yet very backward. Their principal manufactures consist of smelting ores, firearms, cutlery, horseshoes and agricultural implements, woolen and linen stuff and embroideries.

In the mountains around Samakov, magnetic iron abounds in the form of small grains. These are washed down by the Winter torrents, and the grains of iron deposited in the beds of the streams. Artificial basins are made, into which the water is conducted by aqueducts, and the deposited iron is then collected, smelted, and converted into gun-barrels.

Wool and linen being abundant, they are made use of in various ways. A coarse cloth, called *abah*, is made, which answers their purpose for clothing, and a peculiar carpeting, called *Killim*, without any nap, is solely produced in Bulgaria.

The wool and the flax set the pristine distaff and the spinning-wheel in motion, and the thread therefrom keeps the shuttles rattling in the looms. The cloth is converted into articles of domestic use, some of which are elaborately decorated with coarse embroidery. Those embroidered scarfs and tidies so much in vogue among the ladies of America, are the productions of their sisters in Bulgaria.

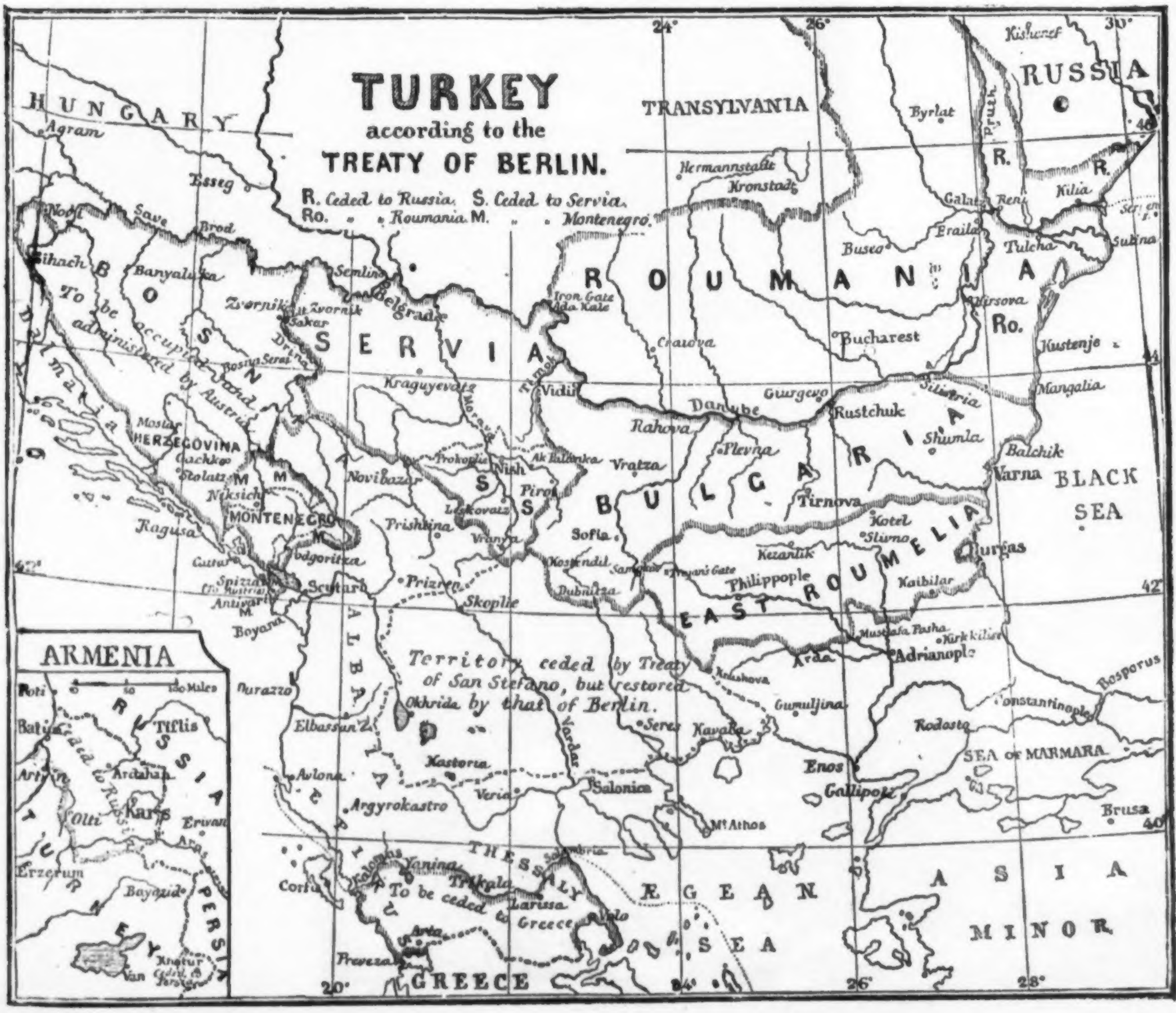
In personal appearance both men and women are well-formed and good looking. Their complexions are generally of the olive hue, with black eyes and hair, there being, however, some fair ones among them.

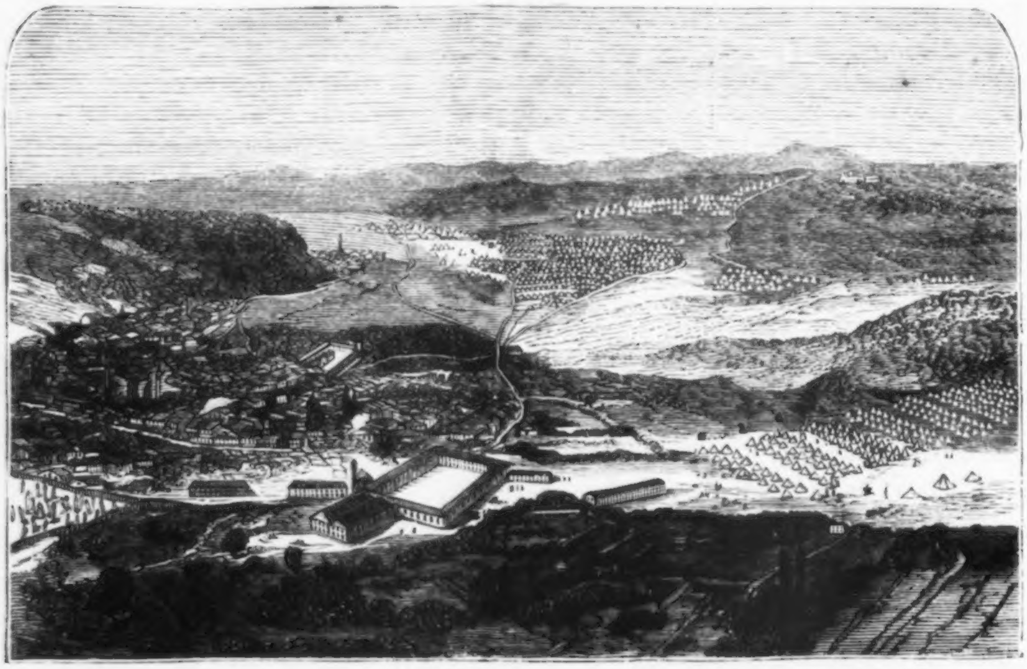
The men of the higher classes are dressed in European costume, but the *boyniks*, or peasants, are habited in a peculiar costume. It consists of a sheepskin cap called *kalpak*, with shaggy wool outside, dyed brown or black, the Pomaks wearing a turban to be distinguished from the Christians. An open vest over a coarse homespun shirt with wide sleeves, the ends embroidered, trousers buckled at the knees, and a woolen sash, like the rest of home manufacture, encircles their waist. These girdles are so ample in their folds as to accommodate firearms, ammunition, tobacco-pouch, as well as handkerchief, or any other article that may need stowing away. Their legs are wrapped round with folds of flannel; their feet are shod with primitive sandals made of rawhide, which are called *Tcharruks*, and are fastened with leather thongs, and over all a sleeveless garment, reaching below the knees, covers their person. In Winter their habiliments are made of sheepskin, with the fur inside.

Many of the *boyniks*, while under the Turks, used to be drafted every Spring to repair to Constantinople to tend the stables of the Sultan during the pasture season.

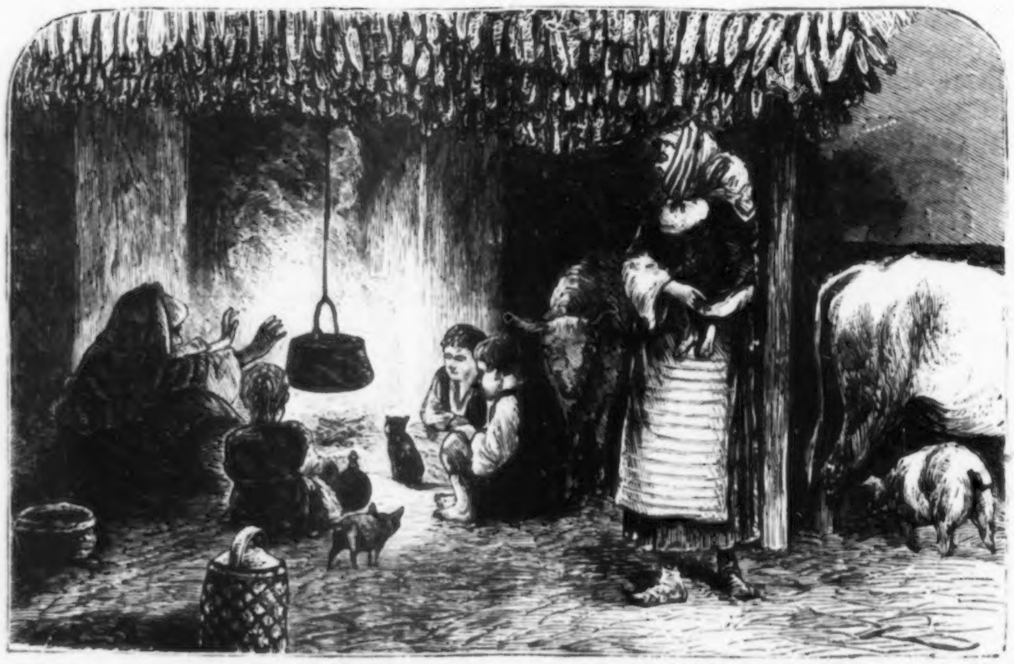
They were, during that season, to be seen in their picturesque costume, on the various pasture grounds, either tending the horses, or enjoying themselves, as well as affording amusement to others by playing on their bagpipes, which is with them, as with the Scotch, a national instrument; whilst their companions, taking hold of each other's belts, dance, with steps as though treading on hot stones, occasionally striking the ground with their *kalpaks*, their national dance. At the close these same *kalpaks* serve there, as well as in other parts of the world, the purpose of collecting the backsheesh from the spectator, with the world-wide success. They are an inoffensive and happy set, these boyniks.

The costume of the peasant women is as picturesque as that of the men. They wear a bodice, open in front, showing the shirt, which is buttoned or pinned at the throat; a jacket of home-made cloth, and embroidered, with short, or without any, sleeves, displaying the loose folds of the skirt that cover their arms, the ends of which, as well as their fronts, are richly embroidered; a short skirt, scarcely reaching the ankles, rich in colors and highly decorated, adorns their persons; a girdle or a sash encircles their waist, and their head is either crowned with a high, stiff cap, or covered with a painted handkerchief; their hair is either plaited or allowed to fall in loose tresses over their shoulders. The girls wear no headdress at all, and their hair flies about in elegant confusion. Their feet are covered with roughly made shoes, or incased in Turkish boots. They are very fond of ornaments. Those who can afford it wear necklaces of silver, or sometimes gold coins, and the poor use base coins and glass beads, strung upon threads, and suspended around the neck and breast. The number of them is indefinite, and they frequently reach quite to the girdle. Similar ornaments (especially by the maidens), are worn in their ears, connected by beads of coral. Children, during the Summer, wear only a long shirt, reaching to the ankle, and there is no distinction of dress between the boys and girls, but when they have reached their sixth or seventh year, they dress like men and women. Altogether, their general appearance reminds


TURKEY
according to the
TREATY OF BERLIN.
R. Ceded to Russia. S. Ceded to Servia.
Ro. " " Roumania. M. " " Montenegro.
HUNGARY
TRANSYLVANIA
RUSSIA
ROUMANIA
SERVIA
BOSNIA
To be occupied and administered by Austria
HERZEGOVINA
MONTENEGRO
BULGARIA
EAST ROUMELIA
ALBANIA
THESSALY
To be ceded to Greece
GREECE
Territory ceded by Treaty of San Stefano, but restored by that of Berlin.
BLACK SEA
ÆGEAN SEA
SEA OF MARMARA
ASIA MINOR
Bosporus
Agram
Belgrade
Bucharest
Galatz
Braila
Kilia
Tulcha
Sulina
Hirsova
Kustenje
Mangalia
Silistria
Rustchuk
Giurgevo
Danube
Vidin
Rahova
Plevna
Shumla
Balchik
Varna
Tirnova
Sofia
Nish
Pirot
Novibazar
Kraguyevatz
Mostar
Ragusa
Scutari
Prizren
Skoplie
Philippople
Kezanlik
Slimno
Kotel
Burgas
Adrianople
Kirk Kilisse
Constantinople
Rodosto
Gallipoli
Enos
Kavala
Seres
Salonica
Mt Athos
Durazzo
Elbassan
Ochrida
Avlona
Argyrokastro
Kastoria
Yanina
Trikala
Larissa
Arta
Prevesa
Corfu
Brusa
Iron Gate
Bihach
Banyaluka
Zvornik
Brod
Essek
Hermannstadt
Kronstadt
Byrlat
Buseo
Pruth
Craiova
Novi
Niksich
Antivari
Dulcigno
Podgoritza
Gusinje
Trebinje
Dubnitza
Kostendil
Gumuljina
Kaibilar
Mustafa Pasha
Vardar
Veria
24°
26°
30°
42
40
20°
28°
ARMENIA
RUSSIA
TURKEY
PERSIA
Poti
Batum
Tiflis
Artvin
Ardahan
Kars
Olti
Erivan
Erzerum
Bayazid
Van
Ceded to Russia
Ceded to Persia
Khotur
150 Miles



SHUMLA.



BULGARIAN PEASANTS AT HOME.

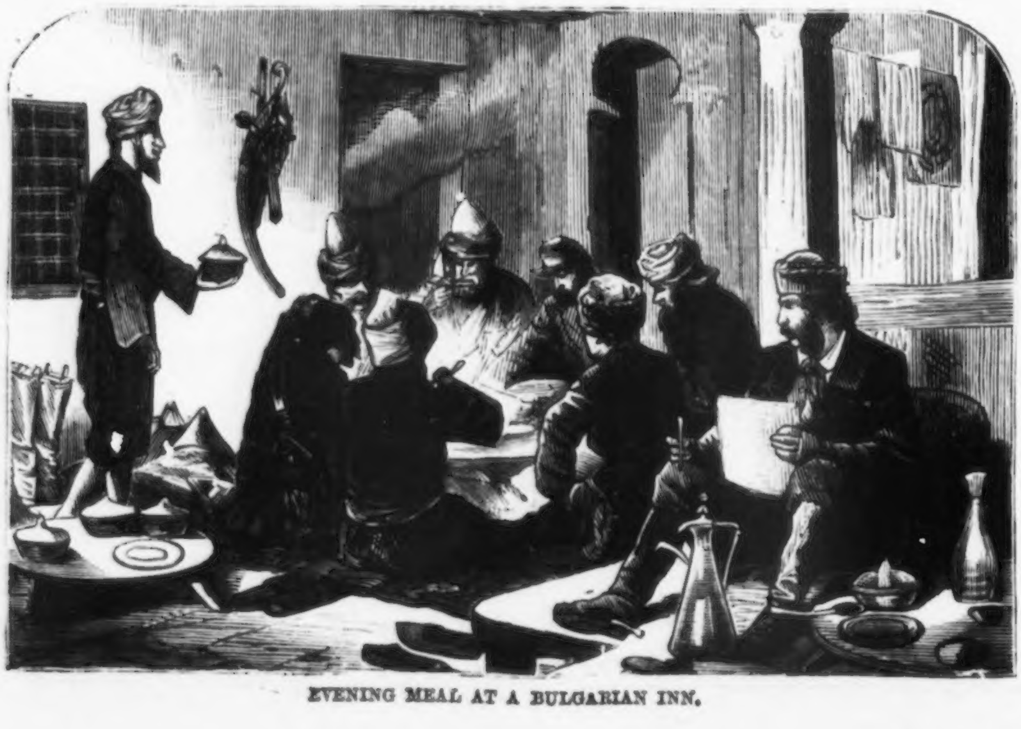
one of the stairs of the Capitoline of Rome, at the foot of which the Italian peasants pose in gorgeous array for the choice of artists.

The ladies of the upper class, like the gentlemen of their ilk, appear in European dress, and are as great devotees to fashion as their Parisian sisters; so that Parisian civilization is found side by side with pristine simplicity.

In habits, from long association, they have imbibed many of the peculiarities and customs of the Turks. They assemble around a low wooden tray, in a squatting position, and eat with their fingers out of a common dish. They sleep on beds spread on the floor, and wash themselves at a common fountain.

Their houses are "thatched cottages," made of rude walls, sometimes built of wood, with scarcely any furniture. They do their cooking in a primitive style by "keeping the pot boiling" over a fire, suspended by a chain in a chimney at one side of the hut, around which they assemble to chat *en famille*. When under the Turkish yoke, even the well-to-do were afraid to live in a better style for fear of inviting the cupidity of the officials. But now, things having altered, some fine residences, and even carriages, are to be seen. Poverty and squalor fast disappearing from the land has rendered their brethren in Roumelia the more discontented with their sad lot, and has precipitated the union.

By faith, the Bulgarians are Christians, belonging to the Greek Church, by virtue of which they were formerly under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, who alone appointed their clergy. The rapacity and cupidity of the Greek bishops proving more onerous even than the tyranny of the Turkish official, they endeavored to separate themselves from the

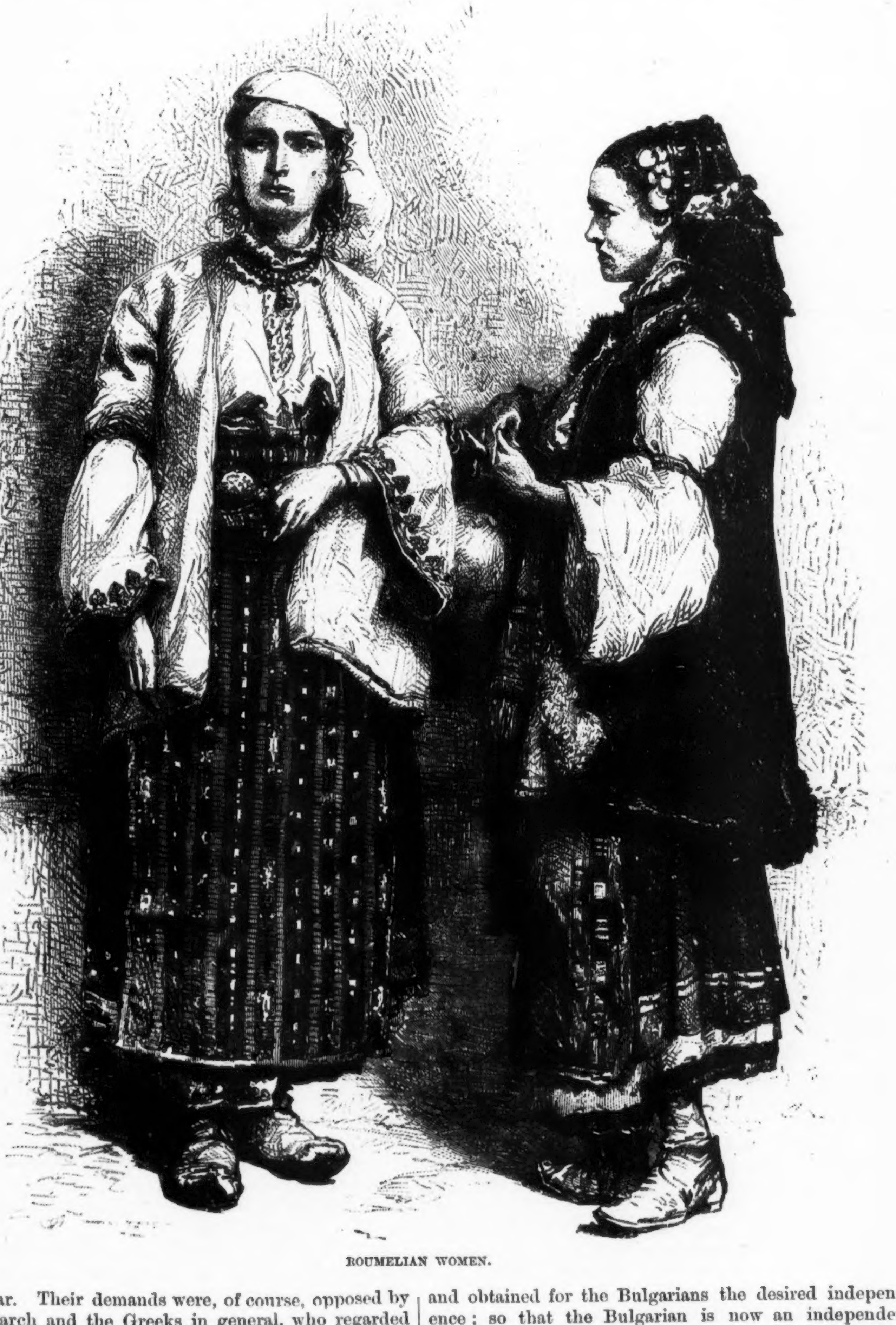


EVENING MEAL AT A BULGARIAN INN.

Greek Church, and to establish one of their own. Moreover, as the services were performed in the Greek language, which the Bulgarians did not understand, they wished to have the ritual converted into the Bulgarian vernacular. Their demands were, of course, opposed by the Patriarch and the Greeks in general, who regarded them as innovations, and a sacrilege not to be tolerated.

A long strife ensued between them, which led to an irrepressible conflict, and which accounts much for the existing animosities between the Greeks and the Bulgarians. The Porte would not lend an ear to their prayers, for political reasons, until Russia, who has assumed a protectorate over the Christians of the East, interfered, and obtained for the Bulgarians the desired independence; so that the Bulgarian is now an independent Church, with a Pontiff of her own, under the cognomen of "Exarch."

But the inhabitants of Bulgaria are not all Christians.



ROUMELIAN WOMEN.

Mussulmans, Jews, and that nondescript race known as the gypsies, are intermixed.

The gypsies, as is well known, are all over the world; but they abound most in Bulgaria, numbering about 40,000 souls. They lead there, as elsewhere, a vagabond life, which defies all the powers of civilization. They seem to consider the world as common property, and consequently are migratory in disposition; they pitch their tents wherever fancy may lead, or necessity require. The southern valleys of the Balkan are the favorite resorts of this mystic race, who occupy them without any fear of disturbance or molestation, for they are inoffensive. They are easily and readily distinguished from the rest of the inhabitants by their characteristic type and pursuits. Their browned ruby cheeks, the black and brilliant eyes, the swelling bosom of the women, and their "devil-may-care" mode of life, are sufficient indices. How these people, who neither spin, nor weave, nor cultivate the ground, can clothe themselves and procure edibles, with which they seem to be provided, is a matter of as great a mystery as their origin. They, however, like their rivals in America, the "clairvoyants," derive benefit from the ignorant mass, upon whose credulity they play, by pretending to reveal to them the mysteries of the future, for a consideration.

THE STORY OF HELENE GILLET.

By S. Baring Gould.

One day in October, 1624, a soldier who was walking on the outskirts of Bourg-en-Bresse, a little town between Macon and Geneva, was attracted by the strange conduct of a crow, which hovered about an old stone wall, perched on it, disappeared in a cavity, then reappeared drawing after it something white. The soldier examined the spot, and found in a cavity of the old wall the body of an infant wrapped in a linen shift marked "H. G."

The wall belonged to the garden of the Sieur Gillet, royal châtelain of Bourg, the first magistrate in the place.

The soldier at once communicated with the authorities, and Hélène Gillet, the daughter of the châtelain, a young lady of twenty-one, was arrested on the charge of infanticide.

She denied her guilt, but various circumstances were produced at the trial which proved most incontestably that the charge was well founded, and on February 6th, 1625, sentence was passed upon her, that she was to be executed by decapitation. As she belonged to a noble family, she might not be hung. The cord dishonored, the sword did not; and cases were not rare in which gentlemen, desiring to prove their nobility in order to establish their qualification for offices to which only the well-born were eligible, produced sentences of execution by the sword passed on their ancestors as patents of gentility. The old poet, Le Brun, made an epigram on a young coxcomb whom he heard boasting of his family because his father had been decapitated, which may be thus rendered in English:

"'My father fell beneath the blade;
Your father's end was bad.
My father's gentle blood was poured;
The gallows stamps a cad.'
"'Faith!' said the other, 'what's the odds?
Whether by rope or sword,
The thread of life is cut alike
By head'sman's ax or cord.'"

But to return to Hélène Gillet.

She appealed against the sentence to the Parliament of Dijon. Her relations forsook her, with the exception of her mother, who followed her to Dijon, where she was confined in the Conciergerie. Madame Gillet went at once to the convent of the Bernardines at Dijon, to recommend her daughter to the prayers of the community, especially to those of the abbess, Madame Courcelle de Pourlans, a lady who was associated with the Port Royalists, and whose name and some details concerning her are given in the "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Port Royal." (Utrecht, 1742.)

Here also we may mention that one source of information for what follows is the life of this lady, published at Lyons in 1699. For all the legal proceedings we are indebted to "L'Histoire d'Hélène Gillet," published at Dijon in 1829, which contains full verbatim extracts from the *procès* and all records of the court in the Dijon magisterial archives. The story, though very curious, never found its way into any of the collections of "Causes Célèbres," either of Pitaval, Estienne, Desessarts, or their successors. It is found in the "Mercure Français," of the date 1625.

The abbess of the Bernardines, on hearing Madame Gillet's petition, called to her Sister Françoise (Madame de Longueval, who died in 1633), a devout lady, who had retired into the convent on being left a widow, and desired her to make the case of Hélène Gillet one of special prayer.

Some days after this the abbess asked her whether she had done so, and whether she had received any reply from Heaven to her prayers.

"My mother," answered Sister Françoise, "the petitions of the servants of God have been heard; be not discouraged by events; whatever happens, Hélène Gillet will not die by the hand of the executioner, but will die a natural and edifying death."

On May 11th the Parliament of Dijon heard the appeal; the case was carefully gone into, and the avocat, Jacob, appeared for the accused. The sentence was deferred till the morrow. On Monday, May 12th, which was the last session of the parliament before the Whitsuntide recess, the sentence of the magistrates of Bourg was confirmed, with the additional order that the criminal was to be led to execution with a rope round her neck—an order very unusual, and intended as an additional mark of indignity.

Now let us return to the convent. We will quote textually from the "Vie de Madame de Pourlans." "The abbess, who had kept the prediction of Sister Françoise to herself, now announced to the community the confirmation of the sentence of the magistrates of Bourg, and regretted the fate of the unfortunate young lady. However, in spite of all, Sister Françoise spoke out repeatedly before the whole community, and declared that she would not die. Between three and four o'clock of the same day (Monday, May 12th) Madame de Pourlans was informed that the condemned Hélène was about to be led forth to execution. She instantly called the entire convent together and bade them pray. Sister Françoise was then in the kitchen, where she was engaged cooking. She at once left her work and knelt down on the kitchen floor in prayer. At that moment they heard the trumpets, and then the roar of voices, as the mob rushed past the convent, attending Hélène Gillet with the executioner and the town guard. A nun was in the kitchen at the same time as Françoise, and she was unable to resist the temptation of saying to her, 'There! do you hear, sister?' 'Yes,' answered Françoise, 'I hear her pass, but, for all that, I know she will not die. Go to the mother, and tell her so from me.'"

For what follows we are indebted to the contemporary *Mercure de France*, confirmed in every particular by the records in the Palais de Justice at Dijon. Outside Dijon is the place of public execution; it goes by the name of Morimont (Mortis-mons), the "hill of death."

It is as well here to give some idea of what the places of execution were in old France. When executions were tolerably frequent, and the bodies were left suspended in chains till they fell to pieces, a small range of gallows did not suffice. Monsieur Viollet le Duc, in his "Dictionary of French Architecture," devotes an article to the *Fourches Patibulaires*, and gives several engravings of that of Montfaucon restored. The place of the gallows formed a quadrangular platform about forty-four feet square. This platform was raised about six feet above the level of the soil, and was built over a vault to contain the bones as they fell from the gallows. Sometimes in addition to this vault it contained a chapel. On three sides of the platform were piers rising to the height of thirty feet, united by beams of solid oak at the top and in two heights below, so as to form three ranges or stories of gallows. Of these stone piers there were six on each side. One side of the quadrangle was left free for the stairs, and for the block for executions with the sword. Thus, on the Montfaucon *Fourches*, forty-five men could hang simultaneously—or rather, ninety, as each opening was made to accommodate two persons. In the middle of the area was a stone with an iron ring in it, which could be raised to allow of the bones being pushed through the hole into the vault below. Access to this vault was also obtainable through a door at the bottom. This description has been rendered necessary to explain what follows.

Hélène Gillet was conveyed to Morimont in a cart, the executioner, a man named Simon Grandjean, and his wife attending her, he holding the rope that was attached to her neck. There was also in the cart a friar to give her spiritual comfort; about it were the town guard, two Jesuit fathers, and another Capuchin friar. On horseback rode the Deputy-procureur général of the King. On reaching Morimont, Hélène Gillet was taken out of the cart and conducted up the flight of stone stairs to the platform. All Dijon was present. The youth and beauty of the criminal had attracted general sympathy. She was dressed in black, her face was deadly pale, with deep rings about her sunken eyes, which were red with tears.

As soon as she had reached the platform, with the deputy-procureur, the executioner and his wife, and the four clergy, the guard drew up across the entrance to the steps to prevent the people from ascending. The *fourches* were inaccessible from other sides.

The poor girl, assisted by Madame Grandjean, fastened up her hair tightly on her head, and removed a kerchief that had covered her neck and was pinned across her bosom, and knelt down at the block, whilst one of the Jesuit fathers prayed with her.

Then the executioner took his sword, which in the Acts is called a *coutelas*, but which was almost certainly a two-handed sword, double-edged, the blade about four feet long, counterbalanced by a knob of iron at the end of the handle.

Grandjean had been suffering for three months from a fever and ague, and whether it was that the youth of the girl unnerved him, or that an accession of his ague came over him, cannot be told; but as the procureur gave the sign to strike, his hand and the blade trembled, and instead of bringing the sword down on the girl's neck, he struck her on the left shoulder, inflicting a terrible gash. Hélène fell from her position on the right of the block, the executioner threw down his sword and covered his eyes. Hélène put up her hands to the bandage over her face, and tried to pull it off, but the wife of the executioner ran to her, restrained her, picked her up, and made her stand. Then the poor creature knelt again, and replaced her neck on the block.

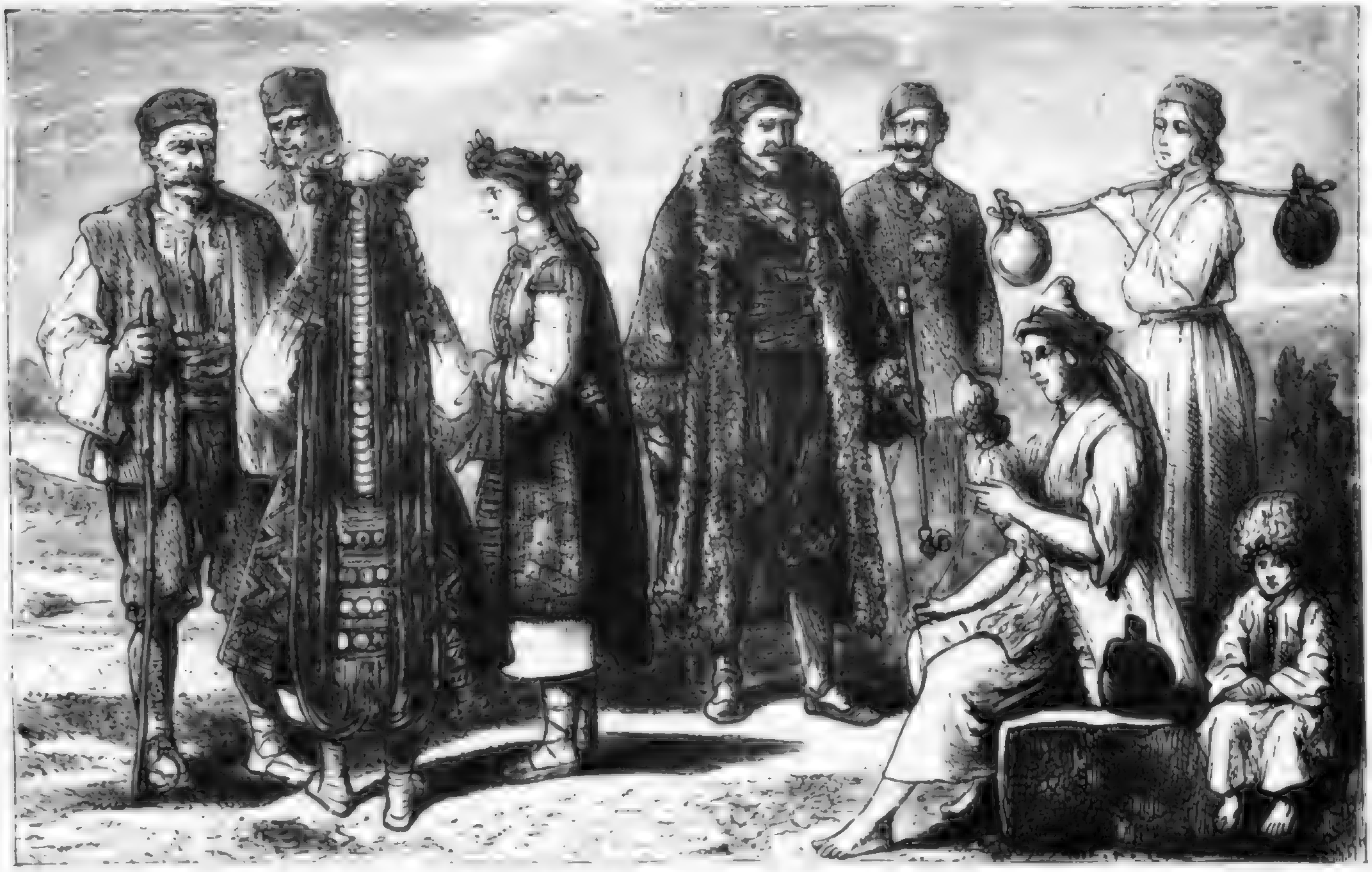
In the meantime the excitement among the people had become extreme; they hooted and roared their curses against the executioner, who became more agitated and unnerved. Stones began to fly and to strike Grandjean, the procureur and the priests indiscriminately. One or two even hit poor Hélène as she stood up and staggered to the block. Madame Grandjean picked up the sword and handed it to her husband, and exhorted him to be a man and finish what he had begun. He set his teeth, raised the sword again, and instantly the noise ceased. In the midst of a perfect stillness he smote. The sword struck the knot of hair at the back of Hélène's head, glanced from it and cut into her neck a finger-breadth in depth.

Then the rage of the people knew no bounds. The whole concourse swayed like a rolling sea, and the guard had to use their pikes to prevent them from bursting through and rushing to the platform. Stones fell like hail about the *fourches*, and the Jesuits and Capuchins fled for their lives through the little door into the vault beneath. The executioner flung away his sword and followed their example. The deputy-procureur in vain shouted and addressed the people; he was struck by the stones and obliged to retreat. The only one who maintained her composure was Madame Grandjean; and now follows the most horrible incident of the whole case.

This wretched woman seems to have thought that the only way in which the people could be satisfied was to complete the work her husband had failed in. She looked about for the sword, intending to strike off Hélène's head herself, but she could not find it. The reason was that the poor girl, on feeling herself wounded the second time, had stood up and staggered about till struck again by the stones, when she fell *over the sword.* In the alarm and excitement, Madame Grandjean either did not observe this, or thought it best to destroy her elsewhere, for she seized the cord and dragged Hélène by it down the stone steps, kicking her in the chest and on the body, and when she got her on the stairs, where she was partly screened from the rain of stones, she knelt on her and dragged at the cord, trying to strangle her, and when this did not prove effectual, or speedy enough, she got her great scissors, and with them stabbed her and tried to cut her throat.

She was interrupted in her horrible work by the mob, which, frantic with rage, broke its way through the line of guards, rushed up the steps, caught the woman Grandjean, and tore her to pieces. Then they broke through the wooden door which the procureur and the priests held within, driving it off its hinges, and fell upon and trampled the executioner to death. Some butchers and masons tore down the door and were the first to enter and kill Grandjean. Then a great shout went up from the crowd behind, "Save the patient!" (*Sauve la patiente!*) The Capuchins and Jesuits, crucifix in hand, came forth from the vault, and surrounded Hélène. Some of the people raised her in their arms. She asked for water, and some was brought her; then the bandage that had been about her eyes was tied round her neck to stanch the bleeding from the wound in it. "I knew God would come to my aid," she said, and fainted.

The mob got a hurdle or gate, placed her on it and



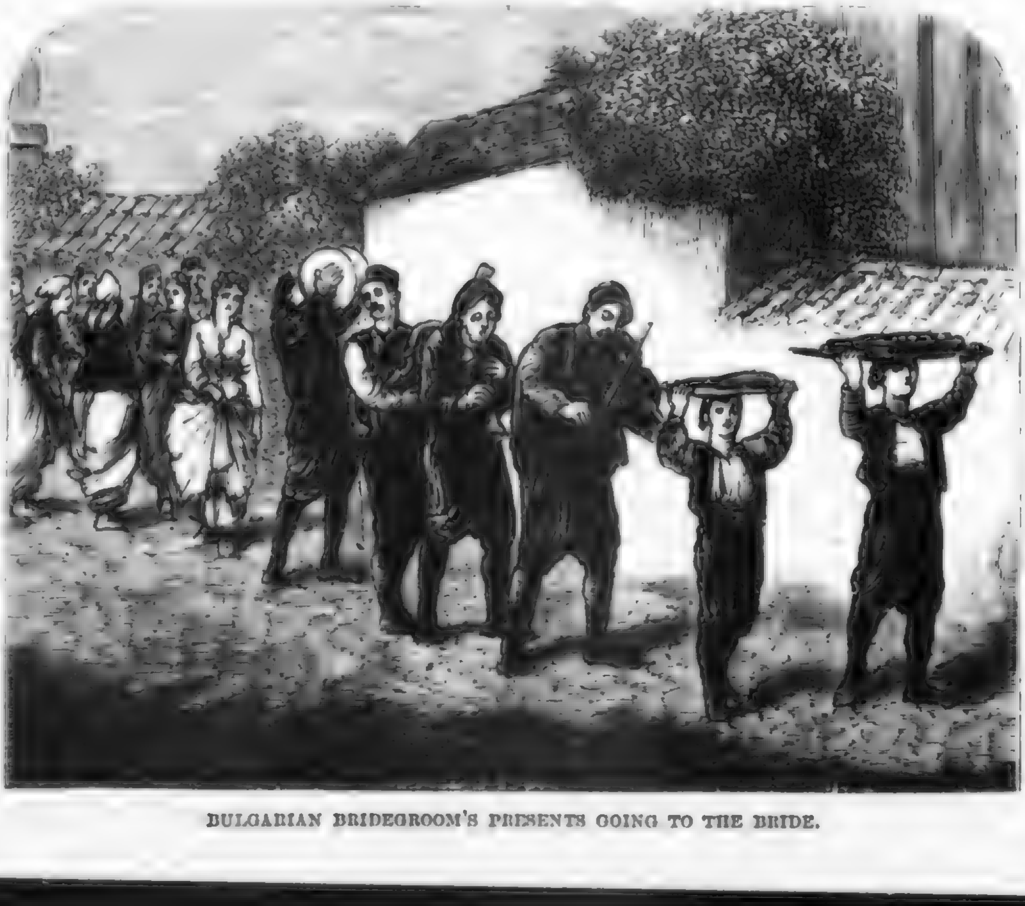
ANOTHER BIT OF TURKEY.—BULGARIAN TYPES.—SEE PAGE 612.

carried her off to the nearest surgeon, a man named Jacquin, who, however, was afraid to meddle in the matter, till he had obtained permission from the Procureur du Roi to attend to her wounds. On examination it proved that, in addition to the two sword blows, she had received six wounds from the scissors of Madame Grandjean, one of which had passed between her windpipe and the jugular vein; another had cut through her lower lip and had entered the palate of her mouth; she was stabbed in the bosom, the scissors having passed between two of her ribs, and the rest of the wounds were in her head, some of them very deep. She was also fearfully bruised with the kicks she had received from the executioner's wife, and from the stones that had hit her.

Whilst she was having her wounds dressed the girl kept asking, "whether anything more was going to be done to her?" She was encouraged by those who stood by, who assured her that her very judges would intercede for her; that the Whitsun holidays had begun and would last a fortnight, which would afford time for an appeal in her favor to the King.

This was not the first instance of the people taking the punishment of an executioner into their hands. In 1516, a little over a hundred years before the execution of Hélène Gillet, Bazart, the Paris *bourreau*, having missed when engaged in striking off the head of a gentleman, was assailed with stones. He also took refuge in the vault under the scaffold. The mob lit a great fire at the entrance, and the man was suffocated in it. Two of those engaged in this lynching were punished for it: one was hung, and the other whipped. No one was made to suffer at Lyons for the murder of Grandjean and his wife.

On the morrow, the magistrates of Dijon met to consider what had been done, and to order the arrest of those who had been implicated in the murder; but there the matter ended, no one was arrested, and no one was



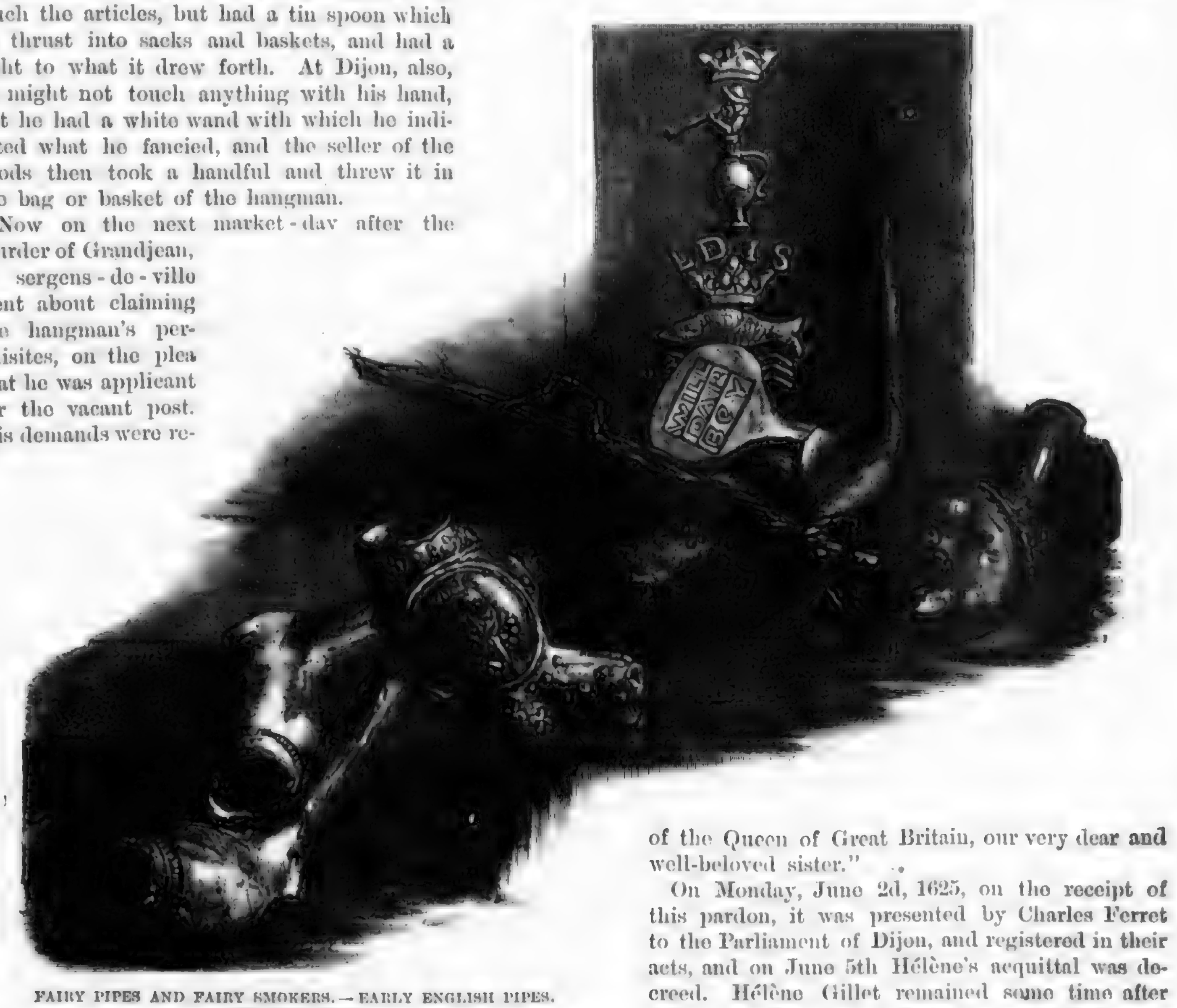
BULGARIAN BRIDEGROOM'S PRESENTS GOING TO THE BRIDE.

punished. It is curious that among the magistrates engaged in this affair occurs the name of Bénigne Bossuet, the father of the illustrious Bishop of Meaux. The great bishop was his fifth son. Bénigne Bousset became Deputy-procureur du Roi at Dijon in 1631, and Dean of the Parliament at Metz in 1633.

The documents in the Palais de Justice at Dijon give us another subsidiary incident, connected with the affair of Hélène Gillet, which is perhaps worth quotation.

In France, the executioner received no fixed payment for his duties, but he had the privilege of taking a handful of corn, peas, hay, or whatever is exposed for sale in the market. In Paris he was not allowed to touch the articles, but had a tin spoon which he thrust into sacks and baskets, and had a right to what it drew forth. At Dijon, also, he might not touch anything with his hand, but he had a white wand with which he indicated what he fancied, and the seller of the goods then took a handful and threw it in the bag or basket of the hangman.

Now on the next market-day after the murder of Grandjean, a sergens-de-ville went about claiming the hangman's perquisites, on the plea that he was applicant for the vacant post. His demands were refused, and the case was brought before the town magistrates, who reprimanded and fined the man.



FAIRY PIPES AND FAIRY SMOKERS.—EARLY ENGLISH PIPES. SEE NEXT PAGE.

To return to the unfortunate Hélène Gillet, who, although she had escaped immediate death, was not without fear. She remained in the house of Monsieur Jacquin, who showed her every attention. Her wounds began to heal, but in the fever that attended the healing she became restless, and asked incessantly: "Will they still kill me? Is it not over yet?"

Hélène Gillet was still under sentence of capital death, a sentence which could only be put aside by a royal pardon. Unless that could be obtained, the magistrates of Dijon would be obliged to carry out the sentence of the Parliament of Burgundy.

However, her case had excited such general commiseration that some of the principal people of Dijon and the neighborhood drew up an appeal in her behalf to the King, Louis XIII., who in this case certainly deserves the title of "the Just," which was accorded him. The King, moreover, was in high good humor. Charles I., King of Great Britain, had just married Henrietta Maria by proxy, on May 11th, the very day on which poor Hélène had been tried at Dijon. Charles succeeded to the throne on May 27th, and Buckingham was preparing to conduct the French King's sister to England.

Louis drew up and signed a full and free pardon to Hélène Gillet: "At the recommendation of some of our beloved and respected servants, and because we are well-disposed to be gracious through the happy marriage of the Queen of Great Britain, our very dear and well-beloved sister."

On Monday, June 2d, 1625, on the receipt of this pardon, it was presented by Charles Ferret to the Parliament of Dijon, and registered in their acts, and on June 5th Hélène's acquittal was decreed. Hélène Gillet remained some time after this under the care of the surgeon, until she was completely restored. She had time to consider what course to take for the rest of her life. Her mother was now continually with her, and her father, an old man, much broken by the events of the past eight months, paid her occasional visits.

Was she guilty? or—to what extent was she guilty? That question has never been answered. She steadily denied that she had murdered the infant, though she admitted whose the infant was. She seemed to be screening some one else; and it is probable that, in this matter, she was sinned against, rather than a chief sinner.

Her mind was deeply impressed with the almost miraculous delivery from death she had undergone, and, considering that she would always be known and pointed at, if she remained in the world, she formed the probably wise resolution of retiring into a convent. Within one of the Bresse religious houses she disappeared from the world, and lived to an advanced age, and died there with great tokens of piety; "Thus," as the author of the "Life of Madame de Pourplans" says, "fulfilling the words of Sister Françoise to the letter."

We may add, in conclusion, that the only point in this very curious story which is not substantiated by independent testimonies is that one of the prophecy of Sister Françoise; but then it is just one which, in the nature of the case, could not be so substantiated. The book which contains this singular incident was not published till forty-four years after the events, and it is quite possible that the imaginations of the nuns may have played with very simple facts and invested them with a halo of the marvelous. Still, it is remarkable that where the narrative in Madame de Pourplans's Life can be checked with facts—down to such a matter as the hour of the day when the procession passed the convent—it is in full accord with them. We must leave this episode to the judgment of the reader.

In conclusion we may add that in the Middle Ages there were two chances of life at the last moment accorded to a malefactor condemned to death, besides a free pardon from the sovereign. One of these was the accidental meeting of a cardinal with the procession to execution; the other was the offer of a maiden to marry the condemned man, or, in the case of a woman sentenced to death, the offer of a man to make her his wife.

The claim of the cardinals was a curious one. They pretended to have inherited the privileges with which the vestal virgins of old Rome were invested. In 1309 a man was condemned to be hung in Paris for some offense. As he was being led to execution down the street of Aubry-le-Boucher, he met the Cardinal of Saint Eusebius, named Rochette, who was going up the street. The cardinal immediately took oath that the meeting was accidental, and demanded the release of the criminal.

In 1376, Charles V. was appealed to in a case of a man who was about to be hung, when a young girl in the crowd cried out that she would take him as her husband. Charles decreed that the man was to be given up to her.

In 1382, a similar case came before Charles VI., which we shall quote verbatim from the royal pardon. "Henrequin Dontart was condemned by the judges of our court in Peronne to be drawn to execution on a hurdle, and then hung by the neck till dead. In accordance with the which decree he was drawn and carried by the hangman to the gibbet, and when he had the rope round his neck, then one Jeannette Mourchon, a maiden of the town of Hamaincourt, presented herself before the provost and his lieutenant and supplicated and required of the aforesaid provost and his lieutenant to deliver over to her the said Dontart, to be her husband. Wherefore the execution was interrupted, and he was led back to prison . . . and, by the tenor of these letters, it is our will that the said Dontart shall be pardoned and released."

Another instance we quote from the diary of a Parisian citizen of the year 1430. He wrote: "On January 10th, 1430, eleven men were taken to the Halles to be executed, and the heads of ten were cut off. The eleventh was a handsome young man of twenty-four; he was having his eyes bandaged, when a young girl, born at the Halles, came boldly forward and asked for him. And she stood to her point, and maintained her right so resolutely, that he was taken back to prison in the Châtelet, where they were married, and then he was discharged."

This custom has so stamped itself on the traditions of the peasantry, that all over France it is the subject of popular tales and anecdotes; with one of the latter we will conclude:

In Normandy a man was at the foot of the gibbet, the rope round his neck, when a sharp-featured woman came up and demanded him. The criminal looked hard at her, and turning to the hangman, said:

"'A pointed nose, a bitter tongue!
Proceed, I'd rather far be hung.'"

SI TU SAVAIS.

By Stephen Temple.

Si tu savais comme je t'aime—My own,
I sang this song to you but yesterday;
And then I deemed you surely must have known
My love, my life, before your feet were thrown:
Yestreen I thought it wasted breath to say,
Si tu savais!

Si tu savais—Could love like mine lie hid,
Nor aught the secret of my soul betray?
No sudden glance beneath a quivering lid,
Nor broken speech when hated prudence chid
Words from my lips that still would thither stray,
Si tu savais?

Si tu savais—You did not know, my dear,
You deemed my love the fancy of a day,
A merry toy the empty hours to cheer:
So, when the time for parting came a-near,
You thought I too was weary of the play.
Si tu savais!

Si tu savais—E'en now, at this the last,
Could aught the knowledge to your soul convey,
Would not you come, forgetting all the past,
Around my neck repentant arms to cast?
Would you, sweetheart, still choose afar to stay,
Si tu savais?

Si tu savais—Within the after years,
When life is drear, and youth has passed away,
And death draws nigh to end both hopes and fears,
A glimpse may reach you through regretful tears
Of all the love that might be yours to-day
Si tu savais.

FAIRY PIPES AND EARLY SMOKERS.

By E. A. Barber.

When Captain Thomas Price and his companions first smoked or "drank" tobacco in London, nearly three hundred years ago, the people were attracted from all quarters to witness the novel spectacle. This was subsequent to the year 1586, which is generally conceded to be the date of the arrival of the "Virginian weed" in England. Its introduction has commonly been ascribed to Governor Ralph Lane, but to Sir Walter Raleigh properly belongs the "savage custom" fashionable amongst his countrymen. The wealthier smoker of the sixteenth century luxuriated in the possession of a silver pipe, whilst his poorer neighbor was contented with a walnut shell and a straw. Clay pipes were so rare in those days that three or four men often enjoyed a single one at the same time, passing it from hand to hand around the table. In a few years, however, smoking became so general and the demand for cheap pipes increased so rapidly that a large number of manufacturers sprang up in various parts of the kingdom.

Notwithstanding the royal attack made against the growing custom in 1603 by that

"Gentleman called King James,
In quilted doublet and great trunk breeches,
Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches,"

the seventeenth century was the golden age of the "divine weed" in Great Britain. It was then customary for ladies and beaux to puff the fragrant incense at the theatre and in the drawing-room, and it has been stated by a writer of the time that the children, when they started to school, were provided by their mothers with little pipes of tobacco, which might serve to allay the cravings of hunger until they should return; "the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco."

When Queen Elizabeth occupied the throne, pipes were first made by British potters. The capacity of the oldest examples was scarcely that of a small thimble; for the luxury of inhaling the fumes from the burning leaves of a narcotic plant was a novelty amongst civilized nations, and a small quantity of the smoking material was sufficient for a single indulgence. The Elizabethan pipe was characterized by a peculiarly graceful curving of the oblique bowl, which was provided with a broad, flat heel, upon which it could be placed in an upright position.

In the seventeenth century the marks, initials or entire names of the makers were frequently stamped on the bases. Some of the great English potters of that era were Jones, Mats, James, Darbey, Ranpeck and Charles Riggs. The Legg family were well-known Broseley pipemakers, the names of Richard, Thomas, John and Ben Legg occurring on numerous specimens which were produced between the years 1687 and 1703. Occasionally the date of fabrication was impressed in the bowl, furnishing data to the antiquary for determining the ages of other examples. In rare instances pipes bore the names of the places where they were made, as in some of the manufactures of Taunton, where pipes were made at an early period.

Ben Jonson asserted that the best wares made in his day came from Winchester, and in one of his plays he very aptly compared the pipe then in vogue, when inverted, to a woodcock's head; for as the style changed with popular fancy the pointed spur superseded the flat heel. Bath, Newcastle and Macclesfield were justly celebrated at one time for their terra-cotta pipes, and the first pieces of the famous Derby china were fired in an old tobacco-pipe oven.

Amongst the numerous difficulties with which the earlier pipe-makers had to contend in the plying of their trade was witchcraft; for the story goes that in the year 1654 Edward Trible was bewitched by one Diana Crosse, an alleged witch, who went to his house for fire, after which visit he was unable to make pipes to his satisfaction for the space of an entire month. During the latter half of the seventeenth century, the scarcity of a small copper currency was so embarrassing to merchants that many of them issued private tokens, on which they stamped their names and advertised their business.

Amongst those circulated by tobacconists and pipemakers was one on which occurred the inscription, "Sam Eudon in Macklesfeild, his half-penny," and on the reverse the distich, "Welcom yov be to trade wth me," and also the representation of a man smoking a pipe between a roll of tobacco and a pair of scales. Another with the date 1666 was coined by Daniell Fossey, of Dunstable, on the obverse of which is pictured a fox running away with a goose, between two pipes and a tobacco-roll. A third bears the name of "William Smallshawe, of Bovlton, in Lancasheir."

Ever since the time when Sir Walter Raleigh, sitting in his summer-house enjoying a private pipe, was surprised by his servant, who dashed a tankard of ale into his face, supposing he was being consumed by an internal fire, celebrities of every generation have patronized the custom. Some of the most prominent notabilities of the Church and the Bench have whiffed and sniffed the "weed." Sir Isaac Newton, Addison, Steele, Charles Lamb, Campbell, Moore and Byron were addicted to its use. Pope and Swift used it in the form of snuff, and Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle were at one time great smokers. Kings were not proof against the charms of the soothing practice, for it is said that George IV. indulged in an occasional pipe.

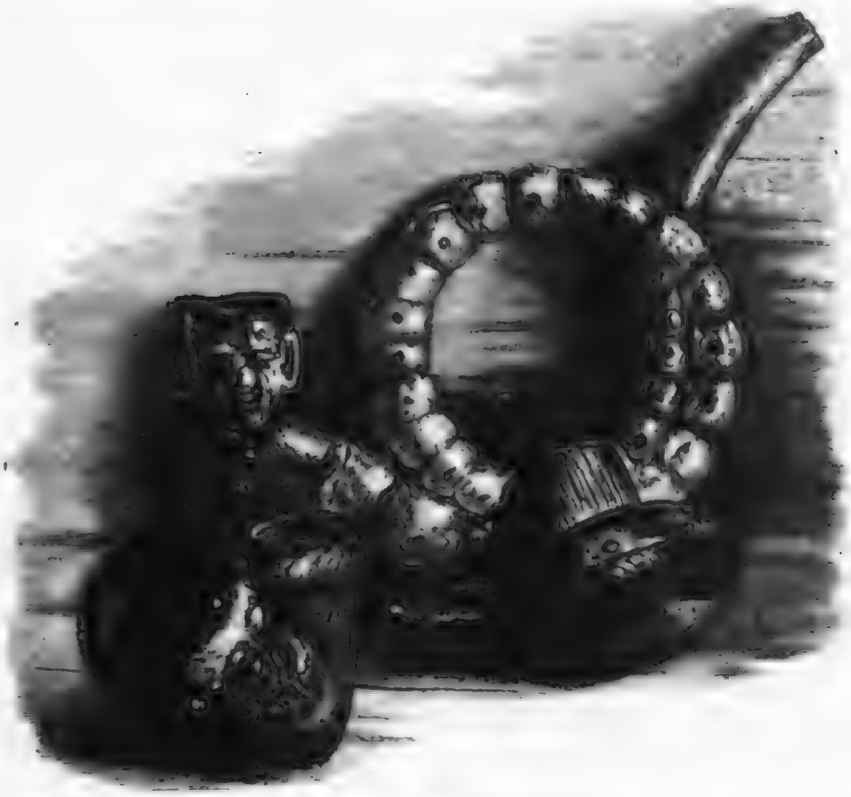
Tobacco-chewing was practiced to a limited extent about the time of James I., and the "fashionable swell" of the day sometimes carried about with him in his hand a small silver basin which served as a receptacle for the liquid.

Large numbers of early pipes have been found at various localities in the British Islands. They have been dredged up from the bottom of the Thames and the Severn, where they were dropped by passing boatmen; they have been brought up by the oyster-fishers off the eastern coast; found in old churchyards, and turned up in removing the foundations of ancient buildings. In the suburbs of London, where the victims of the great plagues of 1644 and 1665 are supposed to have been buried, quantities of antique pipes have been disinterred. It is known that tobacco was extensively used as a disinfectant during those terrible years, and that the physicians recommended the free use of the "soveraine weed," believing that the families of tobacconists and others who consumed it were singularly exempt from disease. Many of the nurses and the drivers of the dead-carts smoked continuously, and the quaint old Pepys bears evidence to the supposed medicinal qualities of the plant in his curious diary, where it is recorded, under date of June 7th, 1665, that he noticed in Drury Lane "two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us!' writ there, which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that to my remembrance I ever saw. It put me in an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll tobacco, to smell to and chaw, which took away my apprehension."

The popular belief in the high antiquity of "fairy pipes" is shown in the names given to them by the superstitious peasantry. The Irish country people have a legend which attributes these curious little objects to the Danes, and also to the *cluricaunes*, or little greenmen, who are believed to have smoked them on festive occasions; and in the north of England a superstition prevails that the fairy Queen Mab provided elfin pipes in profusion for the use of her subjects.

In Holland also, whither the art was carried from England, smoking-pipes were made at an early date. Ancient specimens have been taken from the earth, where they have lain for centuries, and some of them have been forced apart by the roots of trees which have grown into them. An interesting trumpet-shaped example, made of black clay and stamped with the characteristic "lily" mark—a device used by many generations of Gouda potters—was recently discovered in Switzerland. It bears a striking resemblance to a certain class of ancient aboriginal productions from Canada, Mexico and the State of New York, which doubtless formed the models for some of the first European designs.

Amongst the various articles imported by the early English, Dutch and French traders for barter with the Indians in the United States were thousands of clay tobacco-pipes. Many of these, which had been smoked during the lives of their savage owners, were placed with



NATIVE INDIAN PIPES AND BEADS.

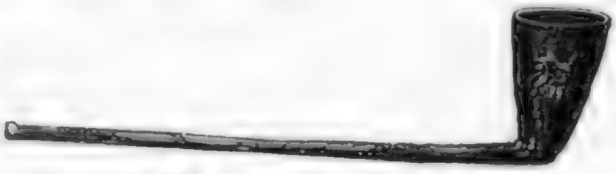
the latter in their graves after death, where they have been found of late years in association with objects of native workmanship. Some of the smaller of these nicotian relics are identical with the "fairy" or "elfin pipes" of the seventeenth century, and a few of them bear the private marks of British manufacturers. One of these in particular, from the State of New York, is marked with the letters W S. which there is reason for supposing was made by William Smallshawe, of Bolton. In several parts of Pennsylvania pipes have been found stamped on the right sides of the bowls with the name of R. Tippet. Two of these were taken from an Indian grave in the county of Chester, and a third, a medal of George II., was picked up in a field near the City of Wilkesbarre. Other specimens which have been brought to light are believed to be French fabrications, designed especially for the American trade. A few examples of the latter have been found on the sites of old Indian villages or plowed up in fields, these supposed French pipes still retaining traces of the red paint with which they had at one time been decorated.

In the State of Missouri a curious pipe was found some years ago, buried six feet below the surface of the soil. It is carved from a dark-colored wood in the form of a duck, the wings being of copper fastened by rivets. The bowl consists of the upper portion of a British clay pipe of the last century, sunk into the back of the bird, and was doubtless obtained in trade from the Atlantic coast. This specimen being of the platform or "mound" type, was complete in itself and was not smoked through an additional stem. The idea was borrowed from the most ancient style of tobacco-pipe of which we have any knowledge, which has only been found in a few of the oldest mounds of the upper and central portions of the Mississippi Valley.

European pipes were probably first introduced to the United States by the Puritans, for it is said that the famed Miles Standish brought over with him in the *May Flower* "a little *iron* affair of about the size and shape of a common clay pipe," which he smoked to the day of his death, and which was, in all probability, of Dutch origin.

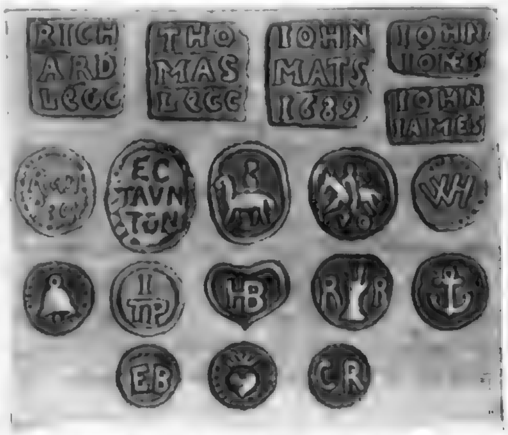
As the capacity of the tobacco-pipe increased in England, and attention was turned to the more elaborate ornamentation of the bowls, many of the best-known potters of the last century, including the famous Josiah Wedgwood, lavished their ceramic skill on porcelain pipes of great beauty and value. The factories at Etruria published a number of patterns decorated with classical figures and historical scenes, and some of the Staffordshire potteries produced a large variety of fanciful and grotesque pipe designs caricaturing illustrious personages, and representing an endless number of objects both natural and monstrous. From Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Brompton, Swansea, Worcester and Chelsea came enameled earthenware molded in imitation of old women, serpents, dragons, monkeys and crocodiles. Numbers of examples were fashioned with convolute stems, some of them provided with manifold bowls—one for each day in the week—and painted with the most brilliant colors.

A few of these old productions are still to be met with in some of the Staffordshire villages, where they have been carefully handed down from father to son for generations. It was during the reign of Queen Anne that smoking reached its greatest height in the Britisn Island.

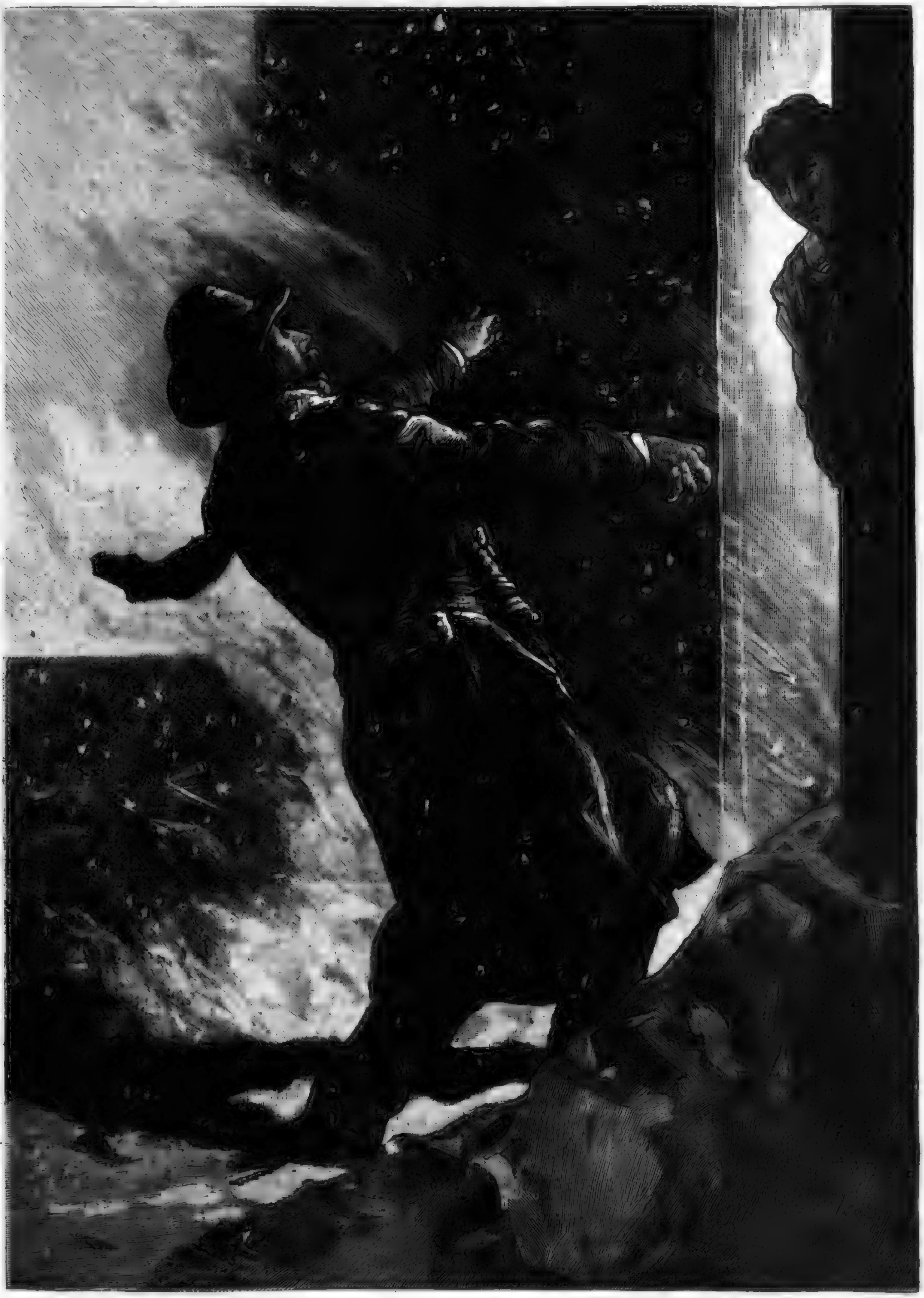


PIPE BELONGING TO MILES STANDISH.

From America the custom has spread to the furthest corners of the earth, and it is probable that the original models for the "fairy pipe" were taken into England by the Indians who accompanied Raleigh's expedition on the homeward voyage in 1586, as King James I., in his renowned "Counterblaste to Tobacco," asserted that the practice of smoking "was neither brought in by king, great conqueror, nor learned doctor of physick. With the report of a great discovery for a conquest, some two or three savage men were brought in, together with this savage custom."



MAKERS' STAMPS ON OLD ENGLISH TOBACCO PIPES.



THROUGH THE STORM.—"THE GIRL CLOSED THE DOOR, PUSHING THE LONE CREATURE, IN SPITE OF A FAINT PROTEST HE ATTEMPTED TO MAKE, BACK INTO THE NIGHT AND STORM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

TO A THRUSH.

How I do envy thee, thou small brown bird,
That sittest on the slowly budding spray
Of yonder tree, and all the pale Spring day
Pourest thy song abroad, till swift upstirred
The other birds sing forth their merry song.
Singing unheeding or of pain or wrong,

I hear thee trilling through the sweet moist air!
How free thy music; how it, welling out,
Makes the world vocal: what hast thou with doubt?
What knowest thou of all we mortals bear?
Ah, little dost thou reck of sin or pain;
Nor dost thou know that frost must come again!

Oh, I am weighted with a world of care;
I cannot sing like thee, mute am I sure!
I feel all that thou say'st, but must endure
In silence, for I may not take my share
In that vast stream of praise that is outpoured
When sweet Spring rises up to greet her Lord.

Teach me thy secret, happy bird; I wait
Expectantly to listen for the charm,
That keeps thee ignorant of sin and harm,
And those fierce joys that make the sufferer great,
That crown him in the presence of the earth,
That hail him conqueror o'er the ills of birth.

What, wilt thou not confide in me to-night?
See how the wan moon creeps above the firs,
While in the topmost boughs a sad song stirs,
Too sad, too sweet, to greet her beauty bright.
Then art thou silent as the Night glides by,
Drawing her garments o'er the saffron sky.

I cannot sing, for oh! my heart is sore;
Thou hast no heart, dear bird, so thou can'st sing,
Thou hast no past, no future that may bring
Some deadly dart to pierce thee to the core;
Thou livest in the present's fair blue sky,
That is thy secret shared by none, save I.

THROUGH THE STORM.

By Mrs. E. B. Duffey.

Pretty Nelly Gregory was to be married on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, according to good old New England custom. A family gathering was to be held at her father's farmhouse, in Northern Vermont, and her handsome young lover, Frank Douglas, whom she had met at Burlington the Summer previous, and who was in business there, was expected by the midday train. There was to be the grand family dinner, at which Frank would be present, and then in the evening the marriage would take place in the presence of kinsfolk and friends.

When Nelly first arose in the morning, she found the air keenly cold; and, looking out of the window, she saw the snow lying like an unsullied sheet over the whole landscape—the first heavy snow of the season, and the flakes were still thickly falling.

"This is splendid!" she exclaimed to her younger sister; "Frank shall take me sleighing this afternoon!"

The young maiden, brought up to the active life of a New England farmhouse, bustled about all the morning, making preparations for the guests and the expected event. The grand Thanksgiving baking had been completed the day before, and pantry-shelves groaned with their burden of mince, apple and pumpkin-pies, huge platters of doughnuts, and generous loaves of bread and cake. The wedding-cake was resplendent in icing which rivaled that of nature in its dazzling whiteness. The house, too, had been brought to the last degree of order. The haircloth chairs had been ranged with extra primness against the parlor walls, and decorated with gay tidies, kept sacred in drawers on all but festive occasions. The bridal finery was spread out ready for use in the spare chamber. But there were fires to light over the whole house, the huge turkey to prepare for roasting, the pudding to make and the table to set.

Punctually to the hour the family set off to the little "meeting-house" at the "centre," to attend meeting; for a New England Thanksgiving would be incomplete without its church service. Nelly was excused, since it was necessary that some one should remain at home to oversee the domestic arrangements, and since she was also reluctant to make a public appearance on that day, knowing that she would be the target for all eyes. The snow was still falling, and the sleighs were brought out, and the family and such guests as had already arrived were tucked in and made comfortable by numerous buffalo-robes, and the bells jingled merrily until their sound was finally lost in the distance. Frank would arrive on the train in time to return home with the family and guests from church.

Never did Nelly take such pains with her table-setting. Every plate was arranged and rearranged. She blushed a little all by herself as she placed Frank's plate beside her own, and under it deftly hid a spray of geranium-leaves and a tiny rosebud, designed for a buttonhole-bouquet. It was the maiden's last shy gift to her young lover, who, in her eyes, was the handsomest and bravest man in all the world.

The turkey was doing beautifully, and the side-table was loaded with good things for which there was no room on the main board. It was approaching the hour for the return of the family, and Nelly hurried to make her toilet in which to receive her lover. She put on a dark-blue dress, which brought out her clear complexion wonderfully well, adjusted a lace collar about her throat, pinned with a brooch—*his* gift, arranged in orderly disorder the ringlets upon her forehead, and then waited and listened for the sleigh-bells. To pass away the time, she picked up caressingly, one by one, the wedding-garments—the linen dainty with embroidery, and the heavy white cashmere with its satin trimming—all the work of loving fingers for a thrifty New England household is in itself quite equal to the duties of a seamstress. How pretty the dress was, and how suited to just such a day as this! The snow itself was not more white.

The great snowflakes were still falling, steadily and unabating. The snow had sensibly deepened since morning, but numerous sleighs had kept the road open. The hour was past, and the family not yet returned.

A little tremor of apprehension filled Nelly's heart. What was the matter? Probably the train was late, and, of course, they would wait for Frank. Two hours elapsed before the distant sound of sleigh-bells announced their approach.

They came, a goodly company of sleighs, bringing not only the immediate family and guests who had accompanied them in the morning, but uncles, aunts and cousins, who were to participate in the day's rejoicings. The horses made their way slowly through the drifts, and it seemed an age to the impatient Nelly before they reached the house.

Flinging open the door, her first cry was one of disappointment: "Where is Frank?"

"Dunno!" was her father's reply, as he clambered out of the sleigh, and proceeded to stamp the snow from his boots, and shake it from coat and hat. "Guess he's snowed up somewheres between here and Burlington. Train ain't in. We waited nigh onto two hours. Don't worry, gal!" he hastened to add, as he saw the look of dismay which spread over Nelly's features. "Plenty of time between now and night. Train will probably be in some time this afternoon, and Frank ain't neither sugar nor salt, so he won't melt if he is caught in a snowstorm. I'll go back bimeby and look 'im up."

Disappointed and only half-reconciled to waiting, the young girl went back into the house. At the appointed hour the dinner was served, and all save the one absent guest sat down. The little shadow which was felt at the beginning of the repast was quickly dispelled. Who could fail to enjoy such viands as were set before them? Nelly alone could not eat, and sent constant and anxious glances toward the window, outside of which the snow was still falling from a leaden sky.

The short afternoon soon came to a close, daylight being shut quickly out by the snow-charged clouds. It had grown colder and colder, and the snow, which at first had fallen sullenly down, was now blown hither and thither by the gale, and lay piled in large drifts here and there.

At dusk, farmer Gregory set out to seek tidings of the missing bridegroom.

"I wouldn't go out in no such storm as this," he said to his now almost frantic daughter, "for anybody but you. But if Frank is to be found, I'll bring him back. Don't you worry."

As he drove away, Nelly pressed her forehead to the cold window-pane and watched the horse wearily plodding through the snow, and the old man buffeted by the storm until he was fain to turn his head away from the blast. He was soon lost to sight and sound, and Nelly reluctantly left the window, to pass as best she might the hour of apprehension which must elapse before his return. She crept away from them all, and tried to hide herself from the merry guests, whose pity even she could not bear to meet.

It was quite dark when her father returned. No train had reached the town. It was snowed-up ten miles distant, and would not attempt to come through before morning.

He tried to cheer his daughter by telling her what a jolly wedding they would have next day, when they would laugh at their present troubles. But the girl was prostrated with disappointment and apprehension. Striving vainly to appear at ease among her guests, her soul turned sick at their well-meant expressions of sympathy. At last she could bear it no longer, but stole away where she could be alone. The room which was to have been her chamber—their chamber—that night, was filled with her wedding finery. She wandered aimlessly in, gave one glance at the bouquet of smilax and snowy chrysanthemums—the latter rescued just in season from the grasp of Winter—which she was to have worn. They seemed to mock her. She could not stay there. So she crept down into the deserted kitchen, and sat there with hands folded in her lap, and eyes fixed on vacancy, trying vainly to convince herself that there was no real cause for trouble.

"Let her be," said farmer Gregory, when the guests, out of the kindness of their hearts, would have gone to her to cheer her; "let her be; it's nateral she should fret a bit. She don't want none on ye round. She'll get over it better all by herself."

So she was left alone in the secluded kitchen, save as the kindly maid-of-all-work, passing in and out, now and then cast a sympathizing glance upon her.

* * * * * *

The missing train on the morning of Thanksgiving Day floundered into the little town some ten miles distant from the scene of our story, about two hours behind time, and both engineer and conductor declared it was impossible to proceed further. The passenger-car was filled with disappointed people. There was a young mother, anxious to reach home and family, and to whom twenty-four hours' delay was torture; there was a young girl, of slender purse, who, with agitation, counted her scant money to see if it would meet the increased demands upon it; there were business men who stamped and swore, and threatened to sue the company for the loss occasioned them by delay; there was an invalid, who lay her head wearily on the back of the seat and closed her eyes, vainly striving to keep back the fast-welling tears; there were, perhaps, half a score whose most serious concern was the loss of their Thanksgiving dinner.

One young man seemed especially impatient of the delay. Having satisfied himself of the hopelessness of further progress by the train, he inquired where he might find a horse to proceed on his journey. There was no regular livery-stable in the place, but being directed to a man who sometimes accommodated travelers in this way, he seized his valise, and, plunging vigorously through the drifts, presently knocked energetically at the indicated door. Having made known his want to the farmer, the latter shook his head, doubtfully, as he looked out upon the weather.

"'Tain't no use," he said. "Never could get through the drifts. 'Tain't so much what there is now, as what there's going to be before we git there. Wait till mornin' and as soon as the road is broke, I'll take you through and be glad of the job."

With a gesture of impatience, the young man explained the absolute necessity of reaching his destination that night.

"Then I guess you'll have to take shanks's mare," returned the old farmer.

"Shanks's mare it is, then," the young man replied. "Tell me the most direct route. If I can't ride I can certainly walk."

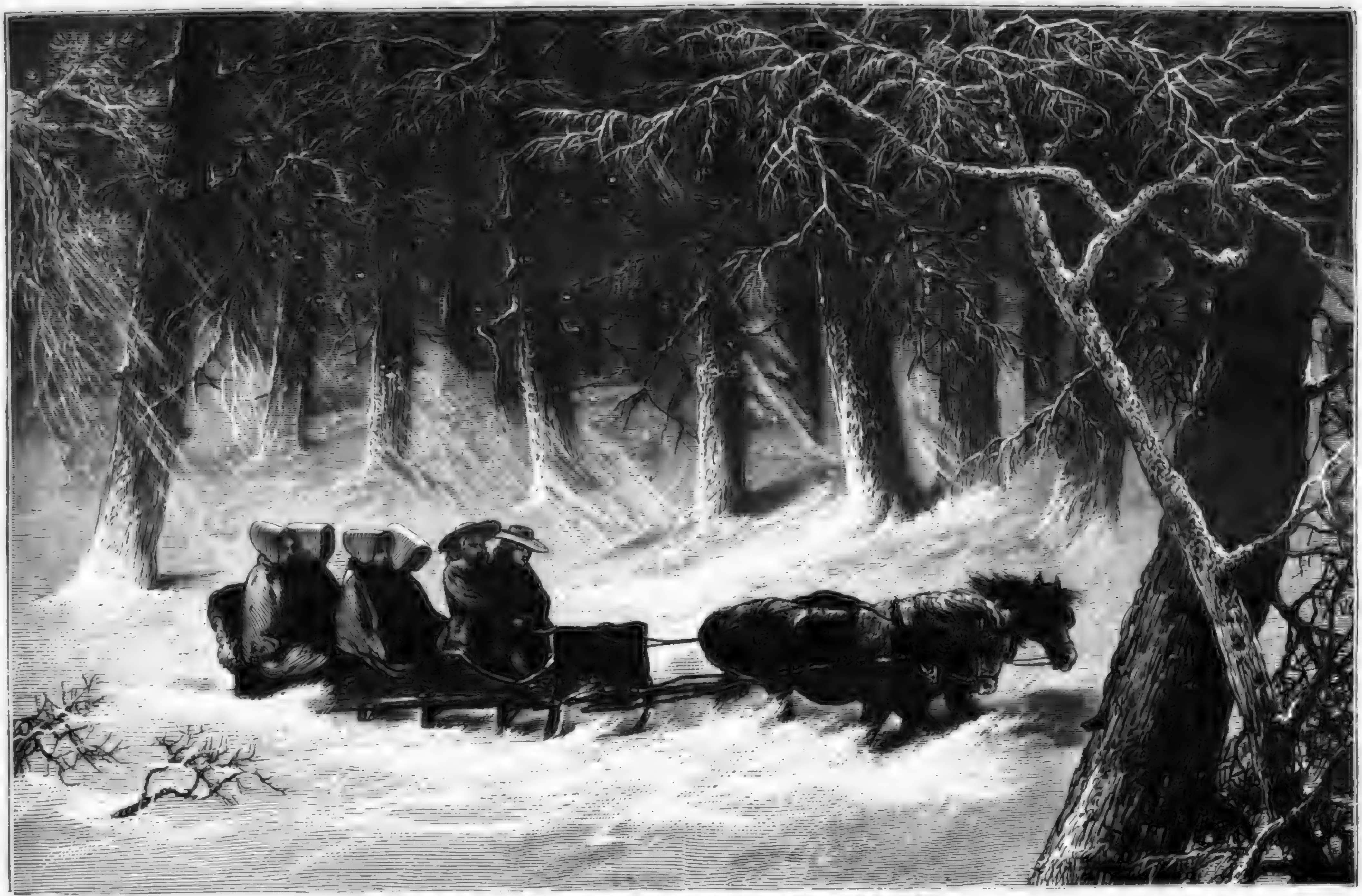
"You don't mean to say you'll ventur' ten miles through this storm!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had been a listener to the conversation. "Wall, I never did!"

"Sho! 'twon't kill him!" retorted her husband. "I wouldn't ha' thought nothin' on it when I was a young man." Then, turning to our traveler, he added: "If you are wise you'll stay where you be till to-morrow. This snow ain't a circumstance to what you'll see afore night."

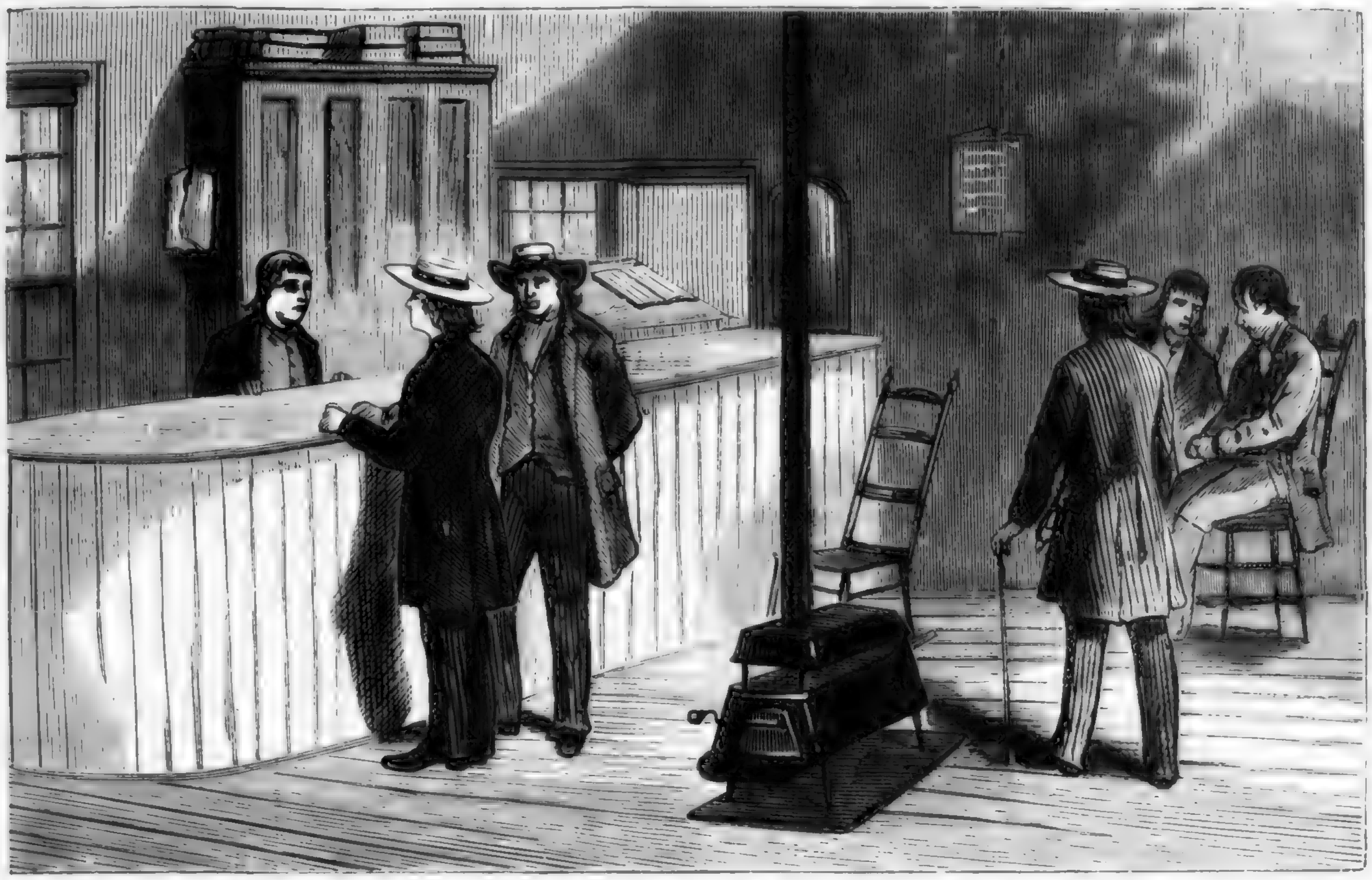
"Show me the most direct road," was the only rejoinder.

"Wall, you'd best stick to the railroad track; that will take you as straight as these hills will let it."

Our traveler was off almost before the words were finished. Buttoning his overcoat closely about him, and putting on warm, fur-lined gloves, he was soon striding along the track at a pace which sent the blood tingling through his body, and made him laugh defiance at the



THE SHAKERS IN NISKAYUNA.—ENJOYING A SLEIGH-RIDE.—SEE PAGE 663.



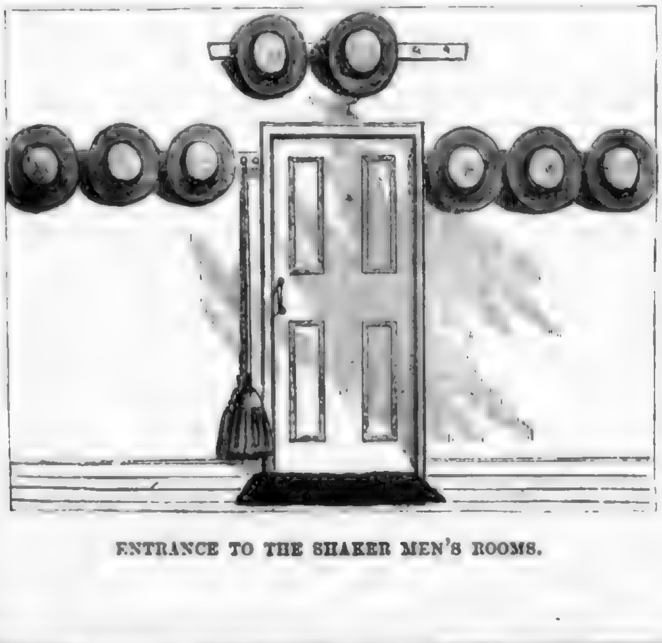
THE SHAKERS IN NISKAYUNA.—BUSINESS OFFICE OF THE SHAKERS.—SEE PAGE 663.

storm. But he soon found it necessary to modify his speed, for deep snow is not rapidly walked through. But he pushed his way with resolution and a light heart, What were ten miles to him with the goal he had before him! In less than half an hour he had passed the first mile-post. To be sure, a four or five hours' walk on such an afternoon was not a pleasant thing to contemplate, but better than inaction.

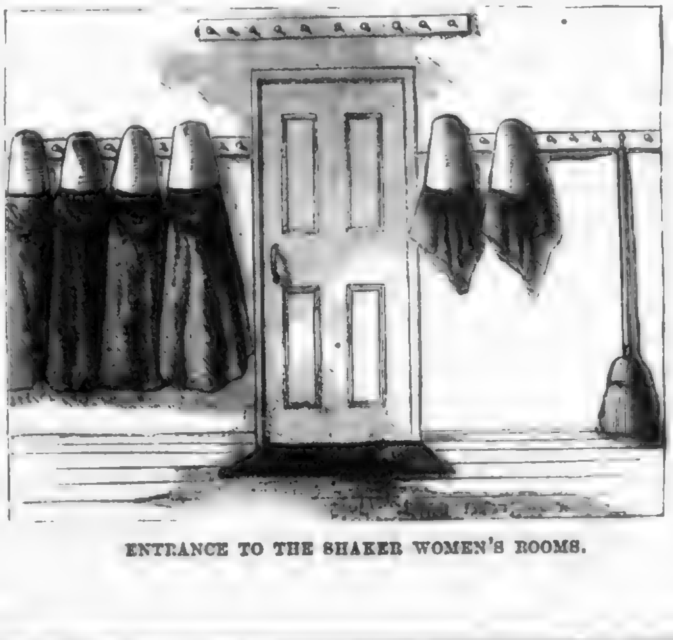
The wind was rising. Little eddies of snow began to whirl around him, and sometimes beat him sharply in the face. Drifts began to form themselves across his path, and it was tedious work wallowing through them. Besides, his portmanteau encumbered him—a weight to be laughed at in a clear path on a fair day, it was a burden now which sensibly hindered him. It was more than half an hour before he reached the second mile-post. This would never do, so he put forth fresh energy, only to find that there were added obstacles to encounter. Coming to occasional bridges across the stream whose course the road followed, he had found it necessary to cross them slowly and painfully on hands and knees, for the treacherous ice made the footing insecure, or the equally treacherous snow hid the trestlework.

Thus the afternoon wore away, and the shadows of evening began to turn the white snow to a ghastly gray. Still the flakes fell, whirling around him, and stinging him with a hundred lashes. He was weary and discouraged. It seemed impossible to face any longer the fierce northern blast. He had left the mile-posts behind slowly and more slowly still, and night was finding him yet far from his destination. With the energy of despair he put forth renewed effort, only to stumble and flounder in a heavy drift which in the waning light he had not seen. He was horrified to find himself almost too benumbed with cold to rise; but he staggered to his feet, and groped his way through the deepening twilight and blinding sleet.

He was cold to his very marrow, He never remembered to have been so cold before. It did not seem as



ENTRANCE TO THE SHAKER MEN'S ROOMS.



ENTRANCE TO THE SHAKER WOMEN'S ROOMS.

though he could ever become warm again. The idea of a warmth-giving fire was like a mocking delusion created by a disordered fancy. Should he stop at some farmhouse and beg a shelter for the night? No; the purpose for which he had ventured so much still remained unaltered. He would reach his destination. He *would not* die. And so he staggered and crept on, fighting with the elements for his very life.

Still the hours wore away, and our solitary traveler, with body and mind numbed, still held doggedly to his purpose. The place he sought could not be so far away. Oh, how cold he was! and how deep the snow! Sometimes he fell, and, unable to rise, he would creep on hands and knees along his course. His portmanteau—he did not know what had become of that, and did not care—it was probably in some snowbank in which he had fallen. He could not get on with it. Let it remain where it was. He scarcely realized that he had lost it.

Save for the howling of the blast the stillness of death lay on the earth, which seemed wrapped in a ghastly winding sheet. The sleighs had long since ceased their jingle of bells. Not a creature was abroad; not even a dog sent up a chance bay. The Winter waste was trackless, and the ruthless wind obliterated his footsteps behind him as our traveler pressed laboriously on. Here and there lights twinkled in farmhouse-windows, telling of life and warmth within; but our traveler felt rather than thought they were not for him. He was past thinking—he was almost past feeling—he had but two sensations. One that he was cold, so cold; the other, which had been originally a thought and a purpose, but had now resolved itself into a sort of instinct, that he must reach his destination before he paused. Often and often he fell, and once he lay inert and unwilling to make further effort. He was not so cold as he was. Perhaps the drift sheltered him. And then he was so sleepy. He might as well rest a little before he proceeded on his journey; but then the instinct pressed him forward, and without realizing his danger, he doggedly forced himself to rise, when the scorpion stings of the blast aroused him to fuller consciousness and renewed effort.

He did not know how many hours had passed. If he had thought of his watch, his hands were too benumbed to hold it, and the night too dark to see it. At last—at last—thank God! there is hope for him. Every window of a distant farmhouse is streaming with light, as if set purposely for a beacon for him as he buffeted his way through the storm. They are waiting for him, and they shall not be disappointed. How glad he is he had courage to press on. Will his strength hold out? It must! it shall! He dare not pause for rest lest the fatal lethargy steal over his brain, so slowly and with staggering footsteps he makes his weary way toward the beacon lights. A strong man would find it difficult to break a path through the snow, which now lay deep upon the ground, almost obliterating fences, and sometimes piled in drifts higher than a man's head. But will, which is sometimes stronger than muscle, and which sometimes holds out when all other faculties have deserted the poor, feeble body, nerved him to persistent effort. At last the nearest door is reached, and his remaining strength exhausted in giving the knock which would secure him welcome, shelter and warmth.

* * * * * *

Nelly still sat fighting the battle of hope and fear within her own mind, when the sound of a knock fell upon her inattentive ears. Listlessly wondering who it could be who had braved the elements on such a night, she bade the servant-girl open the door, not once turning her eyes in its direction.

As the door was opened, a man, wrapped to the eyes in garments whose color and shape were obliterated by the snow which clung heavily to them, reeled half into the room, mumbling something about being "so cold."

The frightened girl turned to Nelly, saying:

"Here's a drunken tramp says he is cold. Shall I let him in to get warm?"

"No, no," exclaimed Nelly, with a shudder. "Shut the door quickly and lock it. How cold the wind is."

The girl closed the door, pushing the lone creature, in spite of a faint protest he attempted to make, back into the night and storm.

"Really, Miss Nelly, it isn't a night to turn a dog out," remonstrated the girl, who had quickly recovered from her first shock. "Shall I show him the way to the barn, where he can find shelter?"

"How can you worry me about such a thing!" exclaimed Nelly, petulantly. "Haven't I trouble enough of my own now? Let him go. We don't want drunken men about the premises."

The wind whistled more fiercely than ever about the house, and the girl settled herself anew to her musing. If any creature was exposed to such a blast, its sufferings would be brief.

All through the long night the flakes descended, constantly and silently, save as they were accompanied by the howlings and shriekings of the wind. If there were aught out in that storm, which was unsightly, nature resolutely undertook the task of hiding it from sight.

When the cold gray morning dawned the storm had ceased. The air was icy, but the flakes no longer fell, and the wind had died away. The snow stretched an unbroken sheet over all the landscape—a pall, perhaps, for something besides the earth.

Nelly's heart, which the evening before had been tortured by fears as cold and pitiless as the snow, now took on a little flutter of hope. Surely Frank would come to-day. How foolish she had been to have such forebodings yesterday. The track would be cleared, the cars would arrive as usual, and—all's well that ends well. What was the delay of a day after all?

Hark, what is that? The men are shoveling paths and the dog is making a disturbance over something in the yard. Impelled by curiosity, she hurries down to see what it is. He is scratching away the snow, fancying there is something beneath. It is no dog's fancy, and presently the brute seizes something in his teeth and tries to drag it from beneath its frozen cover. The men hasten to his assistance, and the lifeless body of a man is brought to the light of day. Death has been at their very door, and a nameless horror settles down upon them all.

The frozen corpse is brought carefully, even reverently, into the house. The body of even a drunken tramp becomes sacred when the soul with all its sins has left it. The snow is brushed away, and as the closely drawn cap drops off, the brightness of Nelly's life goes out, and she falls fainting to the floor, uttering one piercing shriek:

"Frank!"

SOONER or later, by the very discipline which their errors, with the consequent sufferings, enforce, men will learn the art of self-government; and the secret of that art, when earned, will be little else than the wiser head and warmer heart and more helpful hand of a developed manhood.

MUSICAL INTERLOPERS.

When stationed at ——, in India, I was asked to preside at the little church harmonium, and for several years I filled that pleasant post. The first instrument we had was decidedly peculiar, and it required a good deal of physical exertion and no little art to bring forth any sound. As long as the dry weather lasted, we got on pretty well; but as soon as the rains fell and damp affected its mechanism, the result was terrible to sensitive nerves.

On coming into church one day and beginning the voluntary, I discovered that more than half the notes would not come up after being struck. The result, of course, conveyed to the congregation was that I was permanently holding down several octaves of a chromatic scale! My husband was fortunately near me; and with his energetic help—picking up each note as I played it—we got through the service as best we could. Before the next Sunday, it had been repaired a little; but there was always a rather painful uncertainty that a note might not suddenly shriek out unbidden. One day I discovered, to my surprise, that the harmonium was inhabited by a mouse. It is possible that his establishment within, and the effects of his appetite on the felts and linings, may in some measure account for the surprising vagaries of the instrument. I had left my high seat and moved to a more comfortable one during the sermon, when I saw a little head with a pair of beady black eyes peeping out from under the pedals. After looking round and finding all was quiet, he sallied out, took a constitutional in the neighborhood, and before the end of the sermon had returned to his home. After this we used to see him nearly every Sunday.

One day, just after we had got to church, in came one of our dogs! She had been tied up when we left our house, which was about a quarter of a mile off; but guessing, probably from the sound of the bell, where we had gone, she followed us directly she was let go. The harmonium was fortunately near the door, so that she saw me the moment she came in, and being a thoroughly well-trained dog, lay perfectly still beside my chair. Of course, I was terribly anxious lest the poor mouse should appear, for Bessie, being a splendid ratter, would without a doubt have given chase, and caused a scene. However, the little inmate of the harmonium was either "out," or displayed a marvelous discretion. Not so a squirrel. During the sermon, one of these pretty creatures, so common in India, came in through a gap at the top of the "chick"—a semi-transparent curtain hung in the outer doorway of all Indian houses, to keep out glare and flying insects—and proceeded to run up and down it within a few feet of us! Of course, Bessie had seen it at once; and there she sat with ears erect and straining eyes, shivering with excitement, watching its every movement. After we had endured several minutes of suspense, the unconscious object of our attention, with a whisk of the tail, jumped out through a hole in the chick, and we breathed freely once more.

About this time the Bishop of Calcutta came up to consecrate a piece of ground to be added to the cemetery, a very old one, where rest the bones of heroes who fell hard by, fighting under General Lake, at the commencement of this century. The harmonium had been taken over in a hand-cart, that I might accompany the hymns and chants. During the ceremony, the mouse stole out as usual, unconscious of the solemnity of the occasion. How he managed to get in again so as to be carried back to the church I do not know; but there he was the following Sunday. Some months later, the new American organ arrived, and the old one, with its inmate no doubt, was sold, and we lost sight of it.

This was a harmless tenant. I heard of another a very dangerous one. A little boy we knew used to amuse himself by playing on an old harmonium. He found one day that the pedals had become very stiff, and he experienced great difficulty in working them. Soon after, a piano-tuner who twice a year makes the round of all stations where he can find employment, happened to come to ——; and on taking the child's instrument to pieces to examine it, found a large cobra coiled up inside—dead! It is impossible to tell what induced it to seek such a strange and, at times, noisy abode. The explanation may possibly be found in the well-known love of serpents for music.

PRECOCITY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Having watched the growth of the young mind a good deal, we are less and less in love with precocity, which is often mere manifestation of disease, the disease of a very fine but weak, nervous organization. Your young Rosciuses, and all your wonders of that kind, generally end in the feeblest of commonplace. There is no law, however, precise and absolute in the matter. The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heat of youth has certainly given birth to many of the noblest things in music, painting, and poetry; but no less fine productions have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death, at the age of eighteen. Burns and Byron died in their thirty-seventh year, and doubtless the strength of their genius was over. Raphael, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at thirty-seven; Mozart earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other hand, Handel was forty-eight before he gave the world "assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugget, somewhat above the age of thirty, and did not then know that he could write a single line of poetry; yet what towering vigor and swinging ease appeared all at once in "Glorious John." Milton had, indeed, written "Comus" at twenty-eight, but he was upward of fifty when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond thirty, and his "Task" was not written till about his fiftieth year. Sir Walter Scott was also upward of thirty before he published his "Minstrelsy," and all his greatness was yet to come.

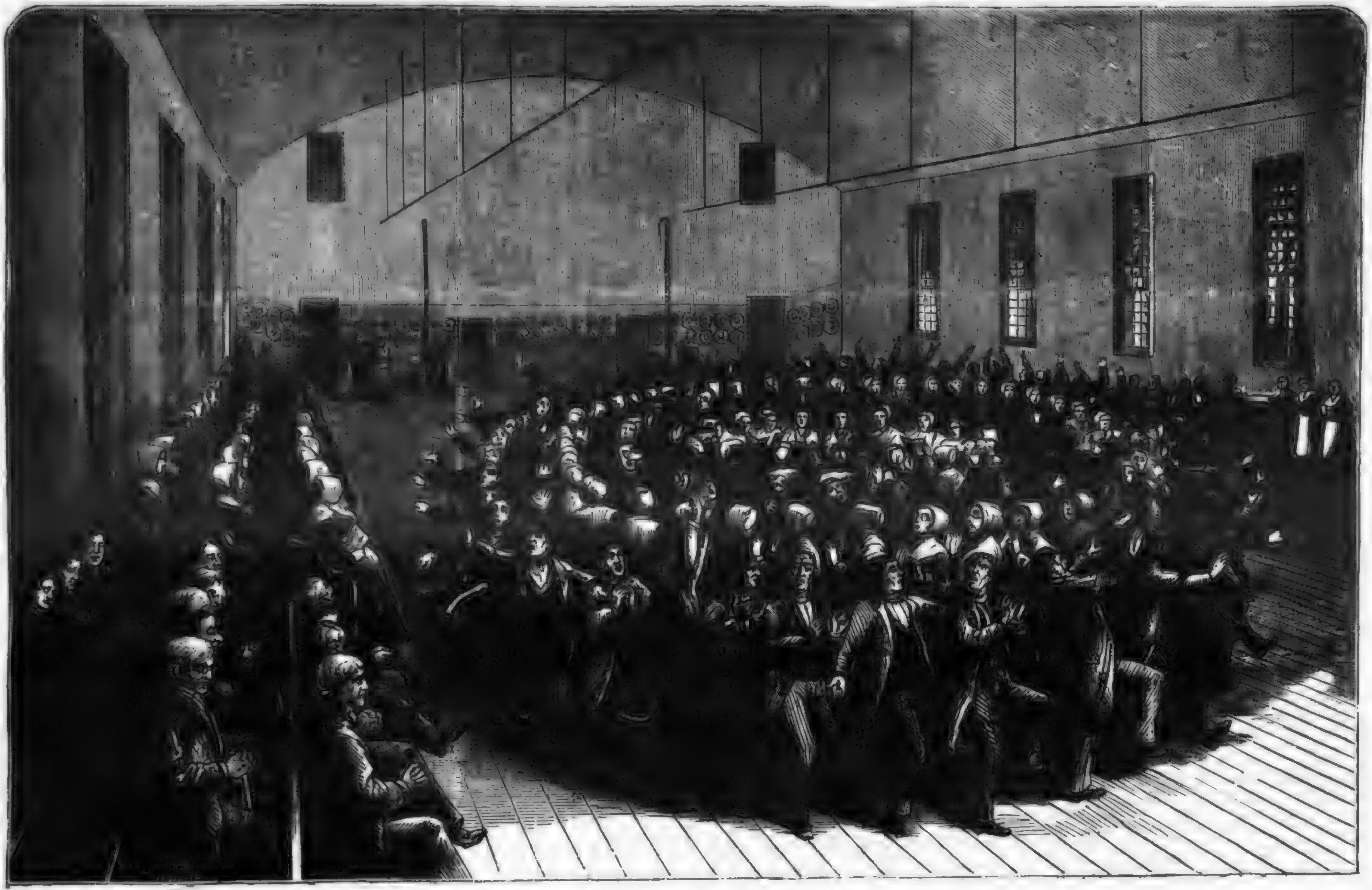
THE SHAKERS IN NISKAYUNA.

Troy and Schenectady are seven or eight miles from Niskayuna. As you approach the Shaker settlement, every intersecting road pours in a stream of curious pleasure-seekers from other cities and the adjoining towns. Like a Derby or "Donnybrook Fair" day, they come in every conceivable vehicle.

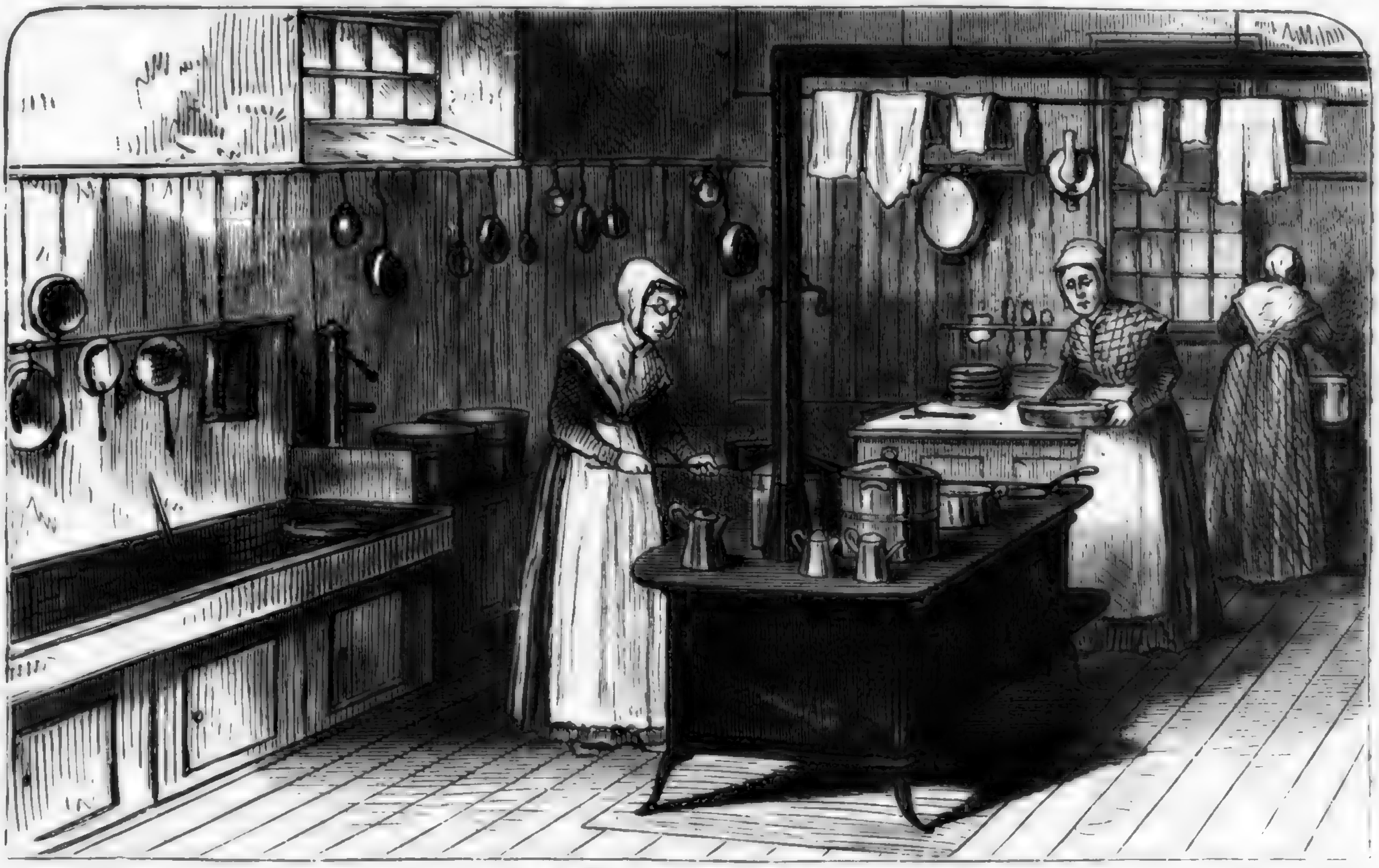
There are high-steppers and landaus, village carts and farmers' wagons, natty avenue omnibuses, and rudely improvised 'buses and old diligences, with flapping black curtains, suggestive of funereal arks and "Black Marias."

It becomes a race as the *cortége* nears the goal, for the meeting-house will not hold one-half of those who have come. Early arrivals are at a premium.

Going to Shaker meeting is a holiday excursion and



THE SHAKERS IN NISKAYUNA.—RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

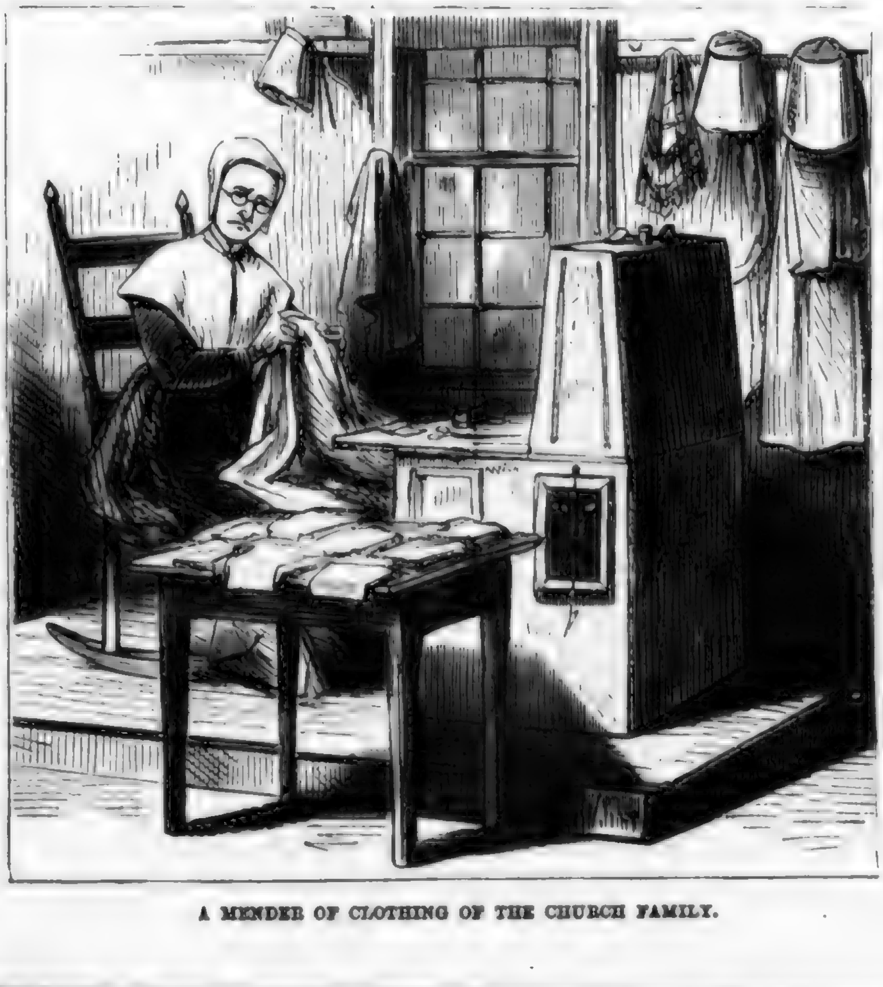


THE KITCHEN OF THE CHURCH FAMILY.

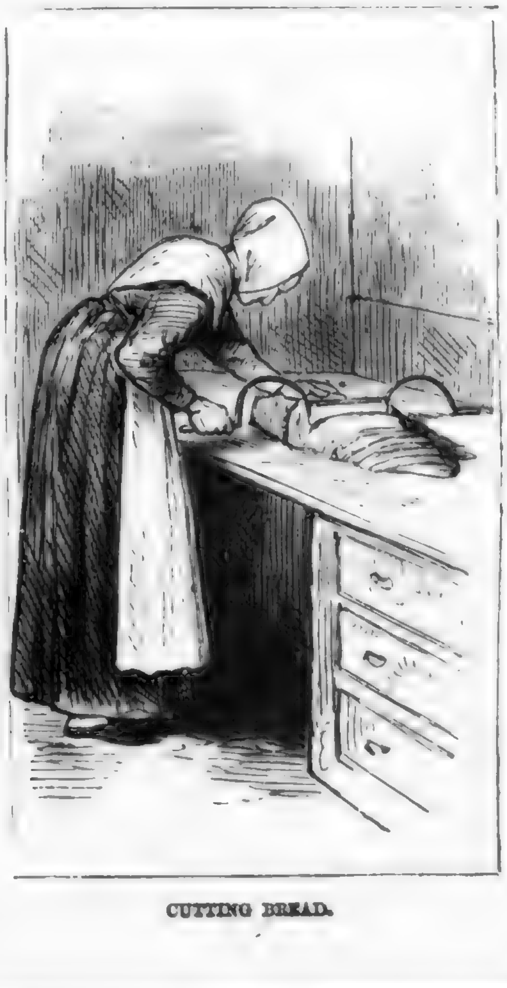
picnic to the great mass. As you drive through the splendid avenue of approach, cut through a quarter of a mile of beautiful forest, horses are seen picketed, omnibuses drawn in line, hampers brought forth, kegs of liquid rolled in place and on tap.

The sturdy Germans have come, with wives and pretzels, beer and babies, to see the Shaker show, and take their outing in the green-wood, regardless of the prohibition, "No trespassing on these grounds." Possession being nine-tenths of the law, and the chief dogma of the non-resistant owners being "Peace, goodwill toward men," the usurpers remain unmolested and enjoy themselves.

Four villages comprise the Shaker settlement. They



A MENDER OF CLOTHING OF THE CHURCH FAMILY.



CUTTING BREAD.

are: North, South, West and Church, the last being named for the church which is located here, and hither the people from the other villages—a short distance away—come to worship. Church Village consists of a few plain houses built around an open court; it lies on the shore of a small lake, whose waters are hid by a luxurious growth of pond-lily leaves and shaded by beautiful oaks.

A few rods from the church, up the hill to the west, is the cemetery of the community. Mother Ann Lee, the founder of the sect, is buried in the centre. A plain, white marble slab, larger, but otherwise uniform with the rest, marks her burial-place. Upon the severe tablet is inscribed:

Mother,
ANN LEE,
Born in Manchester
England,
Feb. 29th, 1736.
Died in Watervaliet.
Sept. 8th, 1784.

All the other stones bear but the name, with the letter D (died), the date opposite, and the letter A (age) with the number of years.

The church is a plain white structure, with two doors in the front. Four steps lead up to them, which are divided by an iron rail.

The female outer world enter on one side, the men on the other. An elderly man of grave, handsome countenance, wearing well-fitting garments, and rejoicing in a diamond or Rhine stone in his trim, clerical collar, officiated as usher or sexton to the crowd that besieged and pressed forward for admission.

He was gracious, but set his face like a flint against the commingling of the sexes. In the faith it is a reprehensible and carnal thing to sit beside wife or sweetheart.

He will have no undue worldly familiarity within the sacred edifice.

One-half of the church is given to raised, graduated audience-seats, the remainder being clear, save a line of green-cushioned benches that run around the wall, and two long benches that stand midway on the beautiful smooth floor, which is kept with scrupulous neatness.

At the appointed hour—10 A.M.—the men entered from a small waiting-room on the left side; a miscellaneous dozen of assorted ages, with a light sprinkling of youngish men. Their habiliments were without uniformity, but all wore their front hair banged and hanging long behind, which gave them an unpleasantly "daft" appearance. A few audacious ones had a carnal worldly part in their bangs.

The women entered from a waiting-room on the right side, where, upon pegs against the wall, were hung their puritanical capes and bonnets. There may have been twenty. They floated in like fresh-plumed birds, in their gowns of transparent white lawn and delicate gray twilled silk. The skirts were full, and laid in large plaits, pressed to retain their folds and running to the bottom of the skirt, which set out in a robust way that gave a suspicion of crinoline.

In the old reign of that ugliness one of the Sisterhood had made query of a woman of the world as to its relative merits above many starched petticoats. Said the meek spokeswoman, eying the *bouffant* voluminousness of her worldly sister, half enviously:

"It seems a large and convenient thing, to be sure. Yea, but it hath an abominable name. Hoop? I like it not."

"Give it a trial, and you will never do without it." Thus enjoined, the gentle recluse made confession:

"Yea, but we have conscientiously considered and held argument as to the propriety of adopting it."

If so be it had once become a part of their wardrobe, it is more than likely it had been perpetuated.

Around the shoulders of each woman was folded primly, yet gracefully, a kerchief of sheer white muslin, or soft white silk. Above it stood a well-starched clerical collar—from the same box as the Brothers'—this little digression proving that collars, at least, are genderless. A cap of white bobbinet covered each head save those of the young girls, whose hair was drawn into one braid and turned up the back of the head and fastened. Over the entire hair and ears was drawn a black net.

Among the young women were pretty faces with an expression of sweetness and patience upon them, and with their soft hair brushed smoothly back from their white foreheads, they looked more intelligent than other banged and frizzled young women. The contour was delicate and refined, and though their raiment was simple, even rigid, it was exceedingly becoming, and seemed in harmony with youth and purity, and in keeping with age and plainness—Timothy Titcomb to the contrary.

Looking upon the rows of women in the elevated seats, with their faces half hidden by mats of curled hair, and aureoled by the coquettish, giddy bonnets of the period, one could but mark the difference between their careworn, rough-complexioned physiognomies and these fair, unlined, tranquil faces.

When the families of the North, the South, and the West Villages arrived, the services began by all rising and standing in lines, a male and female platoon drawn up and facing each other, some six feet apart. An Elder opened with remarks upon the beauty of the day, which he said worshiped the Eternal Father and Mother God. His remarks were a prelude.

Then followed the lines of a hymn almost intoned by the leader of the singers. "Forgiving Love" was the theme; its tender sentiment was sung with fervor:

"Oh, forgive thy brother,
As forgiven thou art;
Pour the oil of healing
In the contrite heart!
Charity's fair mantle,
Beautiful and white,
Hides the little frailties
Of erring life from sight."

A direct and earnest prayer followed, and again they sang. Then seating themselves upon the benches, the Elder before-mentioned gave a short discourse—doubtless those of the faith knew what it was all about.

When it was ended, six men and eight women formed two lines down the centre of the floor—the women opposite each other, the men as well—and sang a "Jubilate," whilst fourteen virgins circled around them, one after the other, stepping lightly to the time. Outside of this circle of youth, the remaining members formed an outer ring, stepping in pairs to the music in the various meters best suited to their ligaments.

The aged bent their heads and bodies, as if swayed by the melody, and in a slow "hip-a-te-hop," somewhat out of tune, moved hurriedly around.

One comely negress, whose exultant heel struck a livelier measure than her sisters', was noticeable for her thorough enjoyment of the healthy, exciting worship.

Three pauses occurred in the dancing. At the last interval, a Sister in the line of singers was constrained to speak and give testimony. Her voice and her intonation were musical; her expression was sincere and earnest. With folded hands and partly lifted eyes, she began evenly, distinctly, and without excitement:

"Our Father and Mother God—

"The beauty and the perfection of the day give worship to Thee.

The Spirit moves me to give testimony to Thy care and forgiving love that bestows the bounties of health, strength and peace.

"Teach me how to serve Thee best: How I may better do Thy will in grateful love.

"O Christ, I would be more zealous, more faithful.

"I implore that Thou wilt give me a more humble spirit, a brighter faith."

"So do I!" "So do I!" "So do I!" responded the elder women.

In conclusion, they sang a beautiful hymn called "Sweet Purity," and the meeting was dismissed. The lightly moving Sisterhood vanished, like a morning mist, through one door; the halting, aged Brotherhood through another; while the world's people hurried out to buy pond-lilies of a backslider. To witness the Shaker worship is to desire to know something of the faith, lives and pursuits of these simple people.

They term themselves "The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing." They hold a belief in the duality of the Deity—of an eternal Father and Mother God; of a dual Christ whose second advent was the Divine Spirit incarnating the earthly form of their mother and founder, Ann Lee.

She personated the female Christ. She was a woman whose rare worldly wisdom led on and raised the band that had followed her from England to America to comfortable independence, and into well-organized and prosperous families.

The Shakers hold to four cycles of spiritual progression, and as a natural sequence, three probationary hells, with the final hell omitted. Abstinence, chastity, celibacy and charity are the foundation-stones of their faith. They believe all functions of the body should be given in grateful worship. They dance, sing and wave their hands, taking the divine command from the inspired Psalms: "O clap your hands, all ye people: sing unto the Lord with the voice of melody"; "Sing unto the Lord a new song"; "Sing His praise in the congregation of the saints"; "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King: let them praise His name in the dance."

They believe that the spirits of the late departed are permitted to minister to and support the dying in their last conflict and bear their souls in pomp and glory from triumphal deathbeds to their eternal rest.

At the funerals of the members, the coffin, of extreme plainness, stands apart, that the disembodied may have room to come and stand guard about the earthly tabernacle, while the living Brothers and Sisters of exceeding purity of soul are gifted with clear vision to discern and recognize these heavenly visitants.

The members receive guests cordially, and are pleased to know of the great outer world, though they are chary of giving information concerning their government and Church discipline.

It is a law of their faith to guard speech and refrain from answering questions. A little monthly, called the *Shaker Manifesto*, published by the United Societies of Shakers, at Shakers, N.Y., throws some light on their Church organization.

Its government is vested in three Orders: Ministers, Elder and Trustees—Each consisting of two members, male and female, and each sex holding authority over those belonging to it. The Elderesses, as well as the Elders, are appointed and elevated to their position by the will of the majority. Experience, fidelity and discretion are requisite for the office. They retain the enviable position during their lives, and are honored in death by burial at the side of Mother Ann Lee—the Elderesses at the left, and the Elders at the right.

Shakers are non-resistants, taking no part in elections or politics, whether local, State or national, and holding to community of property.

The Church family possesses a tract of nearly seven hundred acres of fertile, well-tilled land. The other villages have nearly as many acres; in the aggregate three thousand.

They are a community of farmers, raising, canning and drying vegetables and fruits and herbs. They have, too, frequently shown themselves clever at invention. The first buzz-saw, and metallic pens of gold, and brads, were invented and made by the Shakers.

The nucleus of the first Society was formed upon this spot in the year 1776. It numbered ten souls. About this time a similar interest had awakened at New Lebanon, in Columbia County, and the people came to the new settlement to be advised and directed by the wisdom of that holy woman, Ann Lee, who later traveled through New England, establishing colonies, and encouraging the faithful by her presence, and the promise that in time they should flourish as "the green bay tree."

History and tradition record her a woman of great penetration and clearness of judgment, and possessed of fervid eloquence and force of expression.

The requirements to enter the ranks of the Society are: Voluntary renunciation of whatever property the applicant may possess to the common fund; free confession of all past sins before three members of the Community; assurance of full belief in the faith, and the steadfast resolution to live in chastity and celibacy.

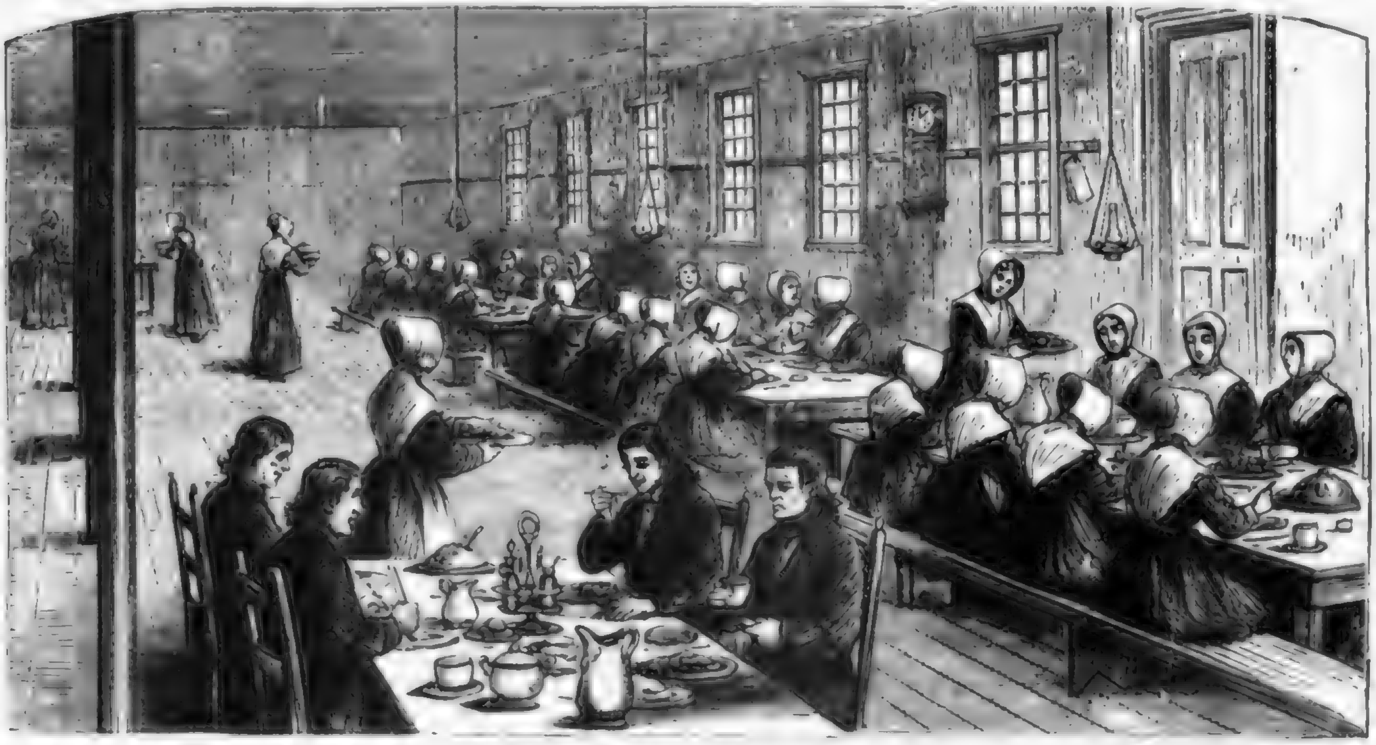
Widows and widowers are taken on condition that they "won't do so any more."

Entire families are received; the children receive a decent education, and are afterward taught some trade. To the young this isolated life is irksome. The maidens are kept under surveillance, and not allowed conversation with the young men beyond the greeting of "Good-day." All personal contact, such as shaking hands or "locked arms," is forbidden. Sometimes, surely, the meek maidens must permit a gentle pressure of their toil-marked hands for one blissful moment; then nervously and lingeringly wrench away the happy member, to go back to the routine of humble duties, with a sweet smile of joy upon their innocent lips, incomprehensible to the barren lives about them.

There have been many that have flitted in the gloaming to lead a freer life as happy husbands and wives.

The wife of a farmer, whose land lay contiguous to the Societies, and who evidently was not fascinated by their celibate lives, when questioned concerning them, said:

"They are falling off, between old age, elopement and drowning. Only last year a young man committed suicide by throwing himself into the lake, and some young girls have stepped out of their Shaker gowns in that way. They are going, but as long as two remain they will hold their good inheritance of productive land, the best about here. Oh, it is a stupid life!" and she hugged her great, rosy baby, in a gush of matronly affection, and rejoiced in her anti-celibate condition.

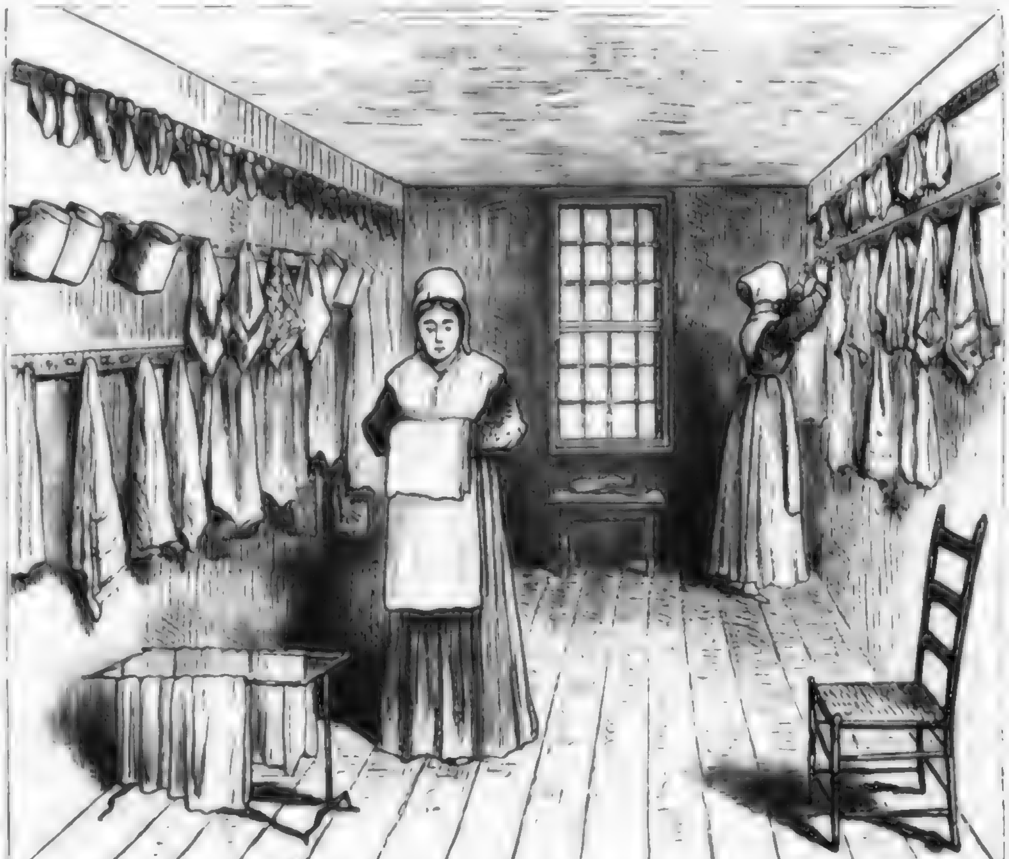


THE DINING-ROOM OF THE NORTH FAMILY.

A pleasing and well-looking Elderess, one Samanthe Bowie, upon being asked, “Where do you obtain new members?” replied, naïvely: “The Lord will provide, to be sure.”

There is a charm in the care-free, safe seclusion of the life, that often entices back those whom the world has allured for a time; and as charity is one of the soundest planks in their platform, the backslider is welcomed home again with sweet forgiveness, and for a time lives in more rigid retirement than the unwavering believers. The aggregate congregation of the combined villages is 150; two-thirds are females.

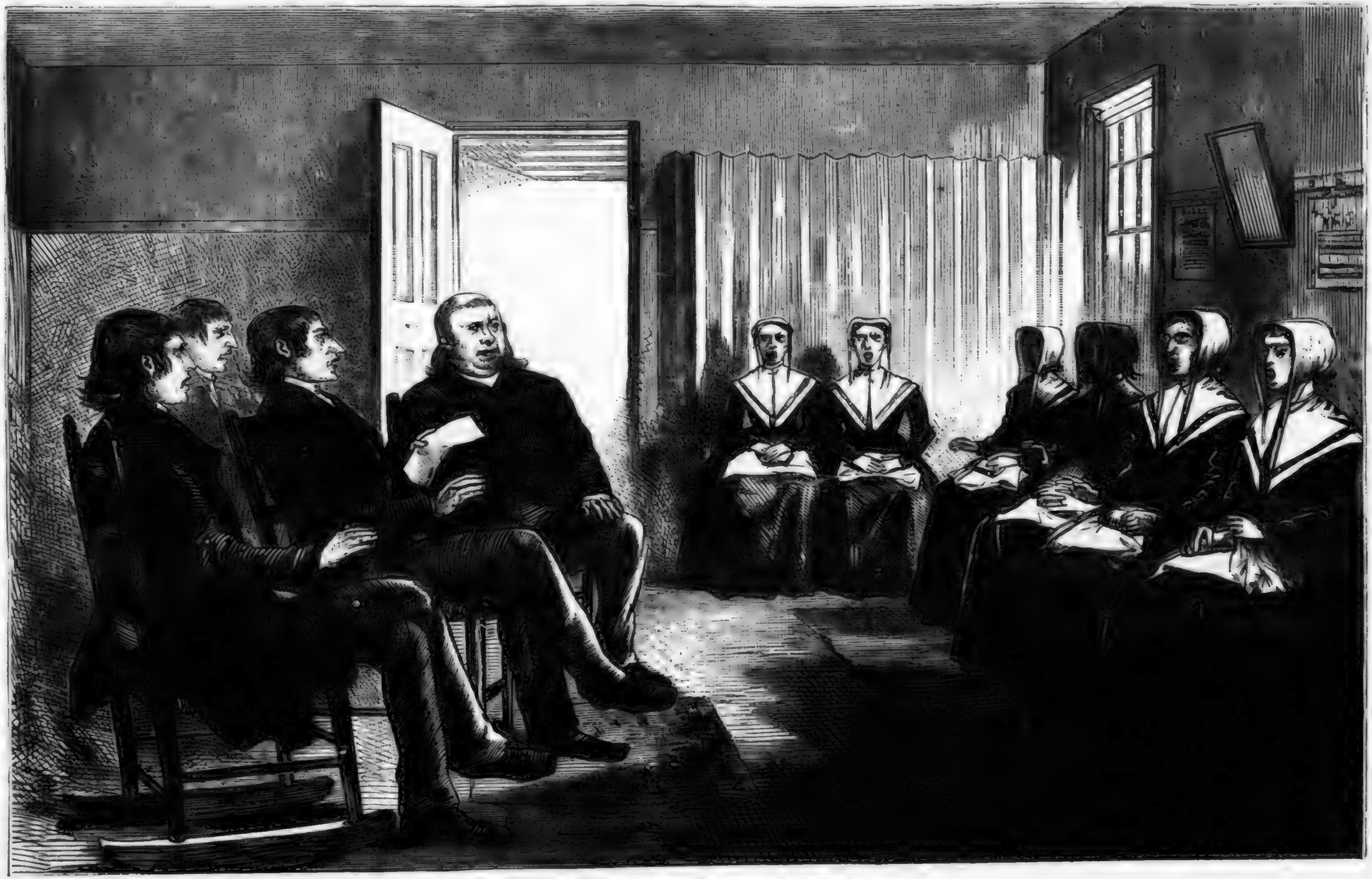
The duties of their lives are not onerous, and being continually changed, are not irksome. A bell upon one of the building rings them up at half-past four in the Summer, and at five o'clock in the Winter. It also peals out the cheerful summons to breakfast at six, dinner at twelve, supper at six. Their food is wholesomely prepared, and of the best and most excellent quality. They abstain from pork, distilled spirits, and tobacco.



THE GIRLS' CLOTHES-ROOM IN THE CHURCH FAMILY.

Visitors are shown through the living-house, where everything is arranged with scrupulous exactness and neatness. The dining-room is like the refectory of a monastic Order, bare and unfurnished. Even the men sit at a table on one side, the women at another, at the opposite side, a dozen feet away. One can but wonder if nature can be so suppressed and trampled down out of sight, that these young girls will not raise their pretty eyes to glance slyly from under their down-dropped lids to meet some unregenerate Brother's bold look of admiration. Perhaps all the young and comely men sit with their backs to the damsels.

Above the dining-room is the chapel used in cold weather. Its floor, wainscoting and ceiling are of handsome dark wood in plain “dovetailed” stripes. Its ceiling is low, and being entirely of wood, the room has the appearance of a



THE SHAKERS IN NISKAYUNA.—THE SINGING MEETING.

carnal cigar-box, only relieved by the red maroon that covers the benches that run about the wall.

The sleeping-rooms of the Sisters are comfortably furnished, with bits of vivid color in small articles of womanly ornamentation that the most austere lives will unconsciously add to their surroundings. In the laundry and bake-house are all modern improvements. All ingenious devices to lighten labor have been brought in use.

In the office of the Society, presided over by three kindly, placid Sisters, you enter a wide, deep hall, where a lonely, century-old clock stands waiting patiently for Sypher's bid, as it ticks off the peaceful moments. The office is at the right, a reception-room at the left, where all the little illuminating vanities of the world have crept in to corrupt the old-fashioned quaintness. A canary, in a worldly, æsthetic yellow cage, trills in the window.

The shopman's gift of fans and chromos decorate the wall, as well as embroidered mottoes, in harmonious expression of their sentiments: "God is Love," "Live and let Live."

Woman's permeating passion — patchwork — has encroached upon the simplicity of the delightful old Shaker chairs of polished wood, and covered them with an iridescence of mosaic, that must have provoked argument and mild contention among the Brethren before they were allowed to vivify their stiffness.

GRANDMA'S BOX.

By Mary D. Brine.

Grandmother's box!—and here's a ring;
A little, flashing, old-time thing!
If it could speak, what fun 'twould be,
To hear the tales 'twould tell to me.

My grandmamma—so people say—
In auld lang syne was bright and gay
As any maiden of my size;
And fair her hair and blue her eyes.

I'm thinking, yes—I wonder whether,
When she and grandpa met together,
'Twas then, while both were fain to linger,
He placed this ring upon her finger!

Poor little silent circlet! how
Forlorn and useless you are now;
Amid a heap of relics here,
You've lain neglected many a year.

You shall be mine for grandma's sake,
And to a modern age awake;
But, oh! if you've no romance true,
I would not give a fig for you.

"OLD SQUIRE."

By J. H. Walworth.

"Squire's took down ag'in. Spec' he'll peg out dis time, shuah, less'n the white folks gwine do some'in' for him. He's rale bad, Dinah say."

I was bending over a freshly raked bed of earth in a freshly fenced garden spot on a freshly opened place of ours, one freshly bright Spring morning, when that dolorous speculation was flung at me over the roughly riven pickets of the garden fence.

"Squire! Squire who?" I asked, straightening my back and shoving back my sun-bonnet as I faced toward the voice, with a handful of okra seed ready in my outstretched hand for scattering in the open drills at my feet.

"Squire! Why, de ole squire—old Squire Thorn! Him as lives t'other place j'inin' us. Dinah say he's rale bad off—done took down suddint sorter in de nite-time."

The speaker was very old and very black, and very ugly and very lame, and with a general appearance of having been passed repeatedly through the rollers of a crimping-machine.

But she was a priceless treasure for all that. In a howling wilderness of culinary ignorance a No. 1 cook will always rank among the peerless, if there is enough of her anatomy left to enable her to handle the implements of her trade. And she was *my* cook, which enhanced her value.

I would not have given her just cause of offense for millions—a fact which Aunt Lucy was prompt to discover and not slow to avail herself of.

"What can I do for him, Aunt Lucy?" I asked, looking at her resentfully.

She stood on tiptoe to fasten her beady black eyes on me over the fence, clutching the rough pickets with black, bony hands scarcely softer than themselves, while her feet were planted in a cross rail of the fence with a firm grip, that indicated her resolution to stay there until she had accomplished the object which had brought her there as plainly as volumes or words could have done.

I rather resented this sudden call upon my neighborly kindness, for two reasons. The morning was simply delicious; the locust-trees were in full bloom, their creamy clusters filling the air with intoxicating sweetness; the pale green tassels of the pecans swung gracefully overhead in promising plenteousness; the atmosphere teemed with the sounds and scents of early Spring.

The earth itself looked fresh and sweet as the shining plow-blades cast it over in rich dark flakes into whose crumbling crevices a myriad birds swarmed, eagerly searching for earthworms. My hens, with crimsoned combs, sang and clucked and fussed about with an air of resuming business.

The delicate sprays of white plum blossoms dropped like belated snow-flakes upon the brown bare earth, as the mocking-birds swayed in the branches that had borne them, loudly proclaiming the return of Spring.

I had early pronounced the day too delicious to be wasted over the sewing-machine or dedicated to books, however much I might be in need of mental exercise, so had resolved to spend it in my garden in a sort of luxurious compromise between laziness and industry.

And here I was suddenly and rather peremptorily called upon to leave all these sweet smells and cheerful sounds, and busy, happy murmuring to immure myself in the sick-room of an old man who, to my certain knowledge, had never done anything but scornfully reject every neighborly advance we had made to him, which latter fact embodied my second cause of resentment.

"What kin you do?"

Aunt Lucy repeated my words with scornful emphasis.

"Yes! He has never been near us. They say he hates the very name of Rayburn. Mr. Rayburn is not here to go with me. Your old squire has other and older neighbors than we. I am no doctor. Why don't he send for a doctor and hire a nurse?"

"Too stingy!"

"But if his people were to send for a doctor he would just have to see him. He couldn't insult him."

"Couldn't? You don't know ole squire."

"Nor do I wish to. Let them send for his other neighbors."

"Feared to."

"Afraid of what?"

"He done fell out wid 'em all. He'd 'sult em' sho !"

"But, Aunt Lucy, he would insult me, too, if I went there."

"No, he wouldn't. 'Tain't you and 'tain't Mars Ralf he hate—it's old marse. Old marse help his wife t' git away."

"Helped his wife to get away ! He is divorced, then ?"

"Not 'zackly. She jus' quit 'm."

"And he never tried to get her back ?"

"Tworn't no use. What fur ? Jus' t' cat n' dog over agin ?"

"Well then, Aunt Lucy," I say, decidedly, "I don't think it makes much difference whether such a man lives or dies !"

"Dat don' soun' jus' 'zactly like Scripter teachin' t' me. But I ain't nuthin' but a poo', ign'ant niggar, an' thought as how d' Lord said we mus' do good onto de jus' an' de unjus', and dem what spitefully use us. But I reckin ef white folks can't afford to stan' up to dere own color in sickness an' in helf, niggers kin ! I'se gwine t' see ole squire, I is. He ain't got nuthin' but a passel of fool niggers 'bout 'im what's feared of 'im an' feared of de medicine and feared to call dere souls dere own."

Saying which, in a high, indignant treble, Aunt Lucy slowly got down off her perch and hobbled away in a huff —her brilliant bandanna turban pointing to "stormy."

Aunt Lucy's turban was what Ralph Rayburn (my husband, dear reader), used to call the signal-service flag. It was capable of expressing its owner's barometrical condition with all the accuracy of an Old Probabilities report. And the cabalistic letters r. b. f. t. or r. t. f. b. were as readily decipherable by our practiced eyes as were the actual plaids in the actual bandanna.,

The danger signal was flung to the breeze now, as Aunt Lucy turned her back on me and limped away with that pyramidal headlight pointing sou-by-souwest, with a slightly undulatory motion caused by the force of scarcely suppressed volcanic action.

Now, as far as Squire Thorn was concerned, he might have gone where the wicked cease from troubling without a sigh of regret on my part, but Aunt Lucy's wrath was not a thing to be lightly provoked, inasmuch as instead of expending itself in harmless, frothy words, it was sure to find expression in muddy coffee and leaden muffins. Her attacks were always directed to the vital organs.

"Wait ! Aunt Lucy !" I shriek after the limping philanthropist. "You are always in such a dreadful hurry —to get mad," I add, for no one in possession of good judgment could ever accuse my cook of over hastiness in any other particular. "I didn't say I wouldn't go to see that 'old curmudgeon, did I, now ?"

"Sounded monsous like it," says my tyrant, only half-mollified at the prospect of victory.

"I am going. For I suppose it is my duty, as a Christian woman in a Christian land. But I sha'n't be in the least surprised if he crawls out of his sick-bed to slam the door in my face. In fact, I go fully prepared for every description of insult."

"No you don't, nuther," says my tyrant, altogether serene as she saw me relinquish my pleasant programme for the day and prepare to do her autocratic bidding. "Jus' let anybody try t' treat my chile rough, and dey'll soon fin' out dat ole Lucy ain't so ole an' no 'count yit, but wot she kin give sass to dem wot desarves sass."

As her "chile" was vividly aware of the truth of this assertion, and, indeed, not infrequently herself ranked among "wot desarves sass," I felt comforted by the conviction that she would be as good as her promise if occasion called for it, so I prepared for my involuntary visit of charity by ordering "Knock-kneed Jinney," to be put into the shafts of the buggy, while I put up a basket of such things as might prove acceptable to an invalid.

"Knock-kneed Jinney" was a mule contemporaneous with, and strongly resembling, Aunt Lucy in many respects.

She, too, was very old and very black, and very ugly and very lame, with a general appearance of having been passed repeatedly through the roller of a crimping-machine ; she, too, asserted her ability occasionally to "give sass to dem wot desarves sass," differing from Aunt Lucy's "sass" only as the positive must ever differ from the negative ; Aunt Lucy's being to go and to do at her own gait ; Jinney's being neither to go nor to do at any gait ; the only difference between my two treasures lying in the fact that I was afraid of Aunt Lucy and I wasn't one bit afraid of Knock-need Jinney.

"He do read de funeral sarvice rale sweet over his niggers when dey dies. 'Twould be a rale pity ef he had t' go hisself."

Thus Aunt Lucy, as she scrambled into her place by my side in the buggy, took the basket I had prepared for "old squire" on her lap.

A short drive along the lake bank, where the blue waters were softly and lazily lapping the shelving sandy banks ; where the white gulls skimmed gracefully over its surface, ever lower and lower until, with a scream and an arrow-like dart, they pierced its shining surface, to return almost immediately with a quivering, shining victim in their cruel beaks ; where the turtles sunned themselves like Italian lazzaroni ; where the button willow dipped its pretty clusters of fringed buttons up and down, down and up, in unison with the water's splish, splash, splash, splish ; where lame Jack sat in the stern of his leaky skiff, as he had sat for ten hours out of the twenty-four ever since I could recollect, patiently fishing for "Gyar fish to make soop outen, misses ! Thankee, ma'am !" brought us to a very tumble-down picket fence, in startling contrast with the brand-new, highly ornamental gate, beyond which the violent contrasts of Squire Thorn's homestead were further set forth by the noble native oaks, and pecans and magnolias that clustered close about an unpainted, rambling, shambling, rickety old frame house, as though they would gladly shield it from critical observation.

Stepping softly into the gallery, that creaked violently and spitefully at the slightest footfall, as if resenting any intrusion from the outer world, I knocked, apologetically, at the open door, saying, in an awe-stricken undertone, to Aunt Lucy, "What does he do with his carriage up here in the gallery ?"

"Put it dar to keep her from ridin' in it when he was sick oncet."

"How long since she left him ?" Knock.

"Twenty year."

"Any children ?" Knock, knock !

"One gal."

"What became of her ?" Knock, knock, knock !

"Went wid de midder."

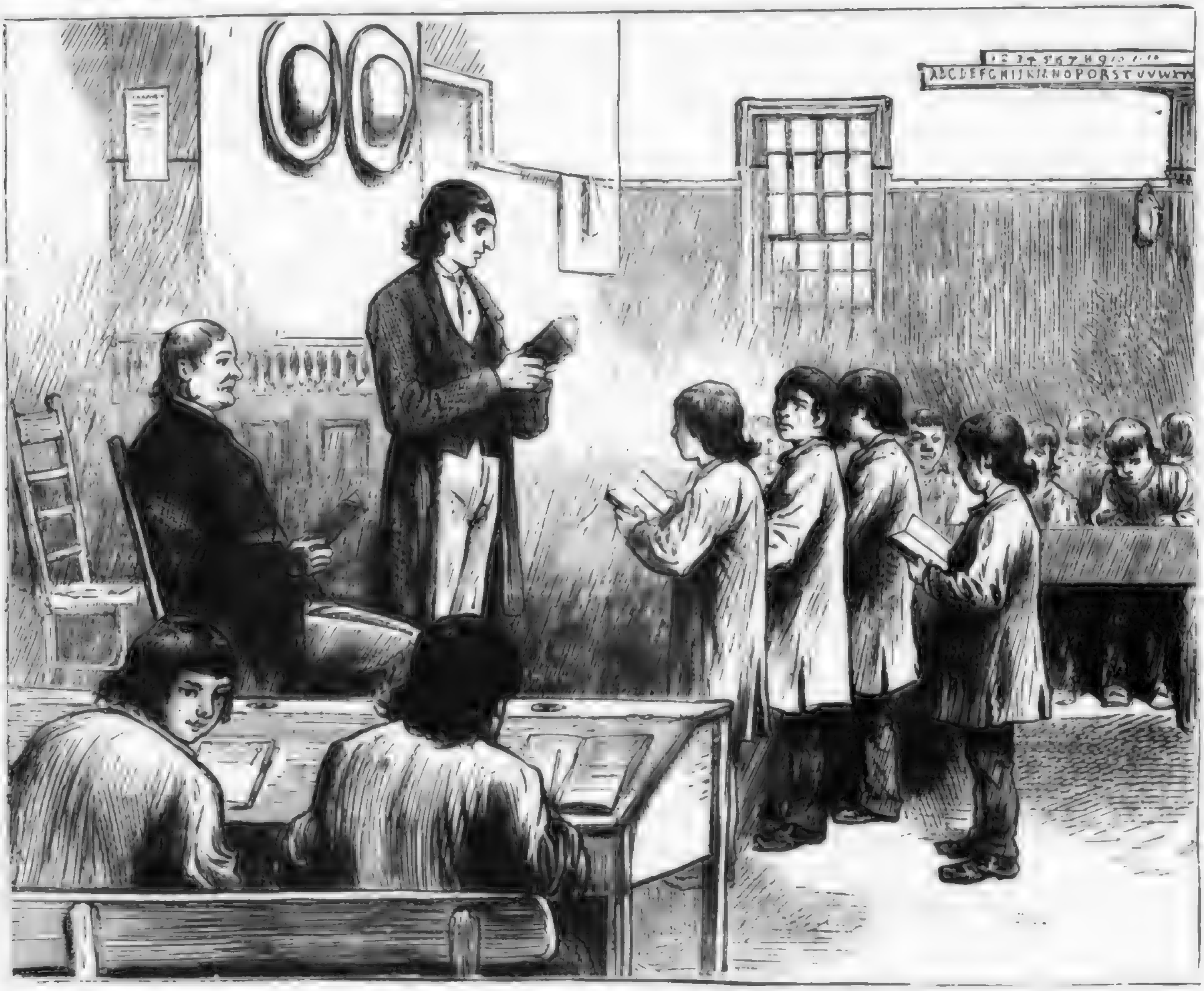
Knock, knock, knock, knock !

"Suppose you go in, Aunt Lucy ! You know the house. Maybe he's dead ; maybe everybody's dead !" I nervously suggested.

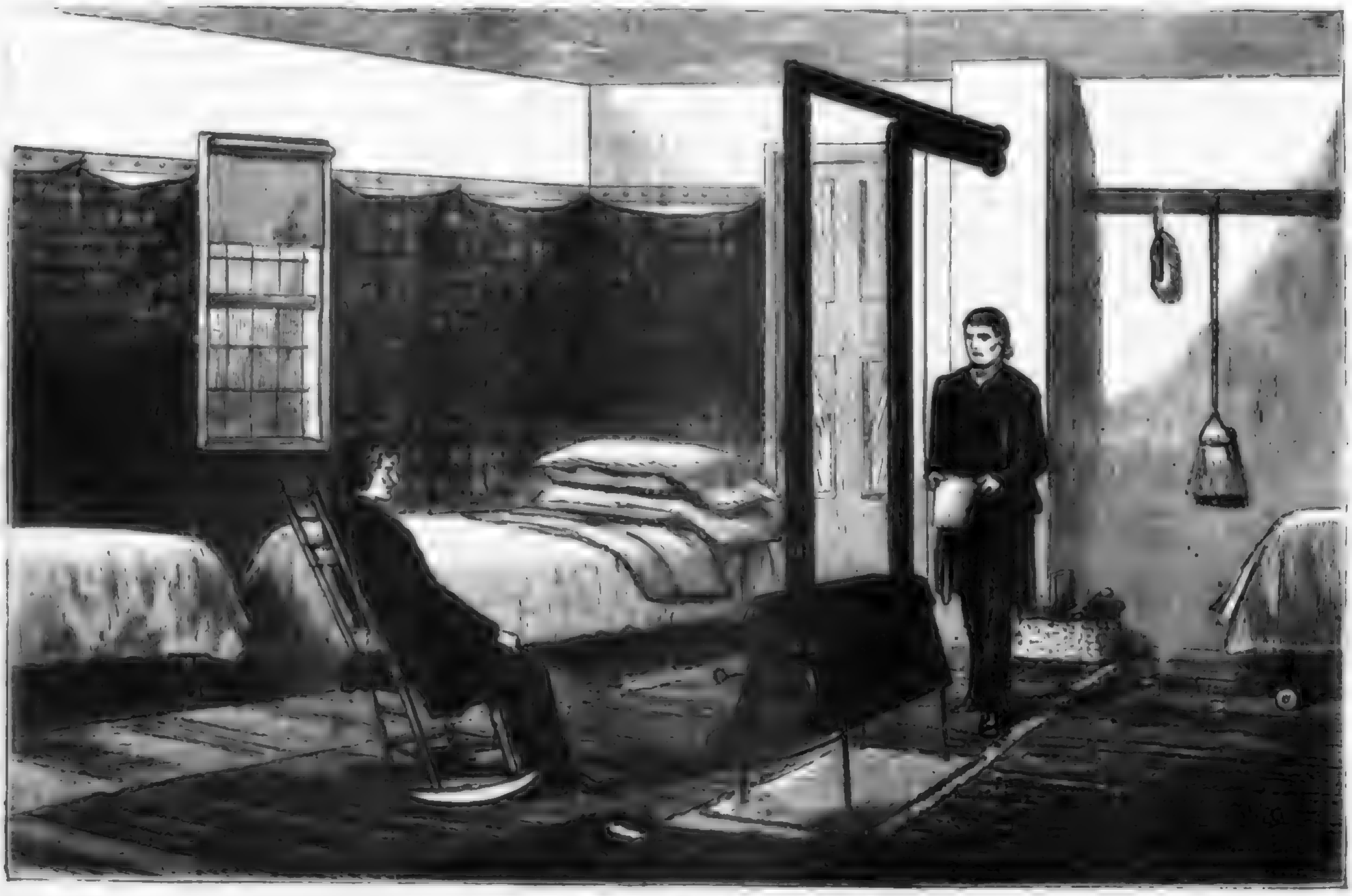
Aunt Lucy's eyes dilated with horror.

"Come wid me, honey, dat's a sweet young missus !" so we entered together.

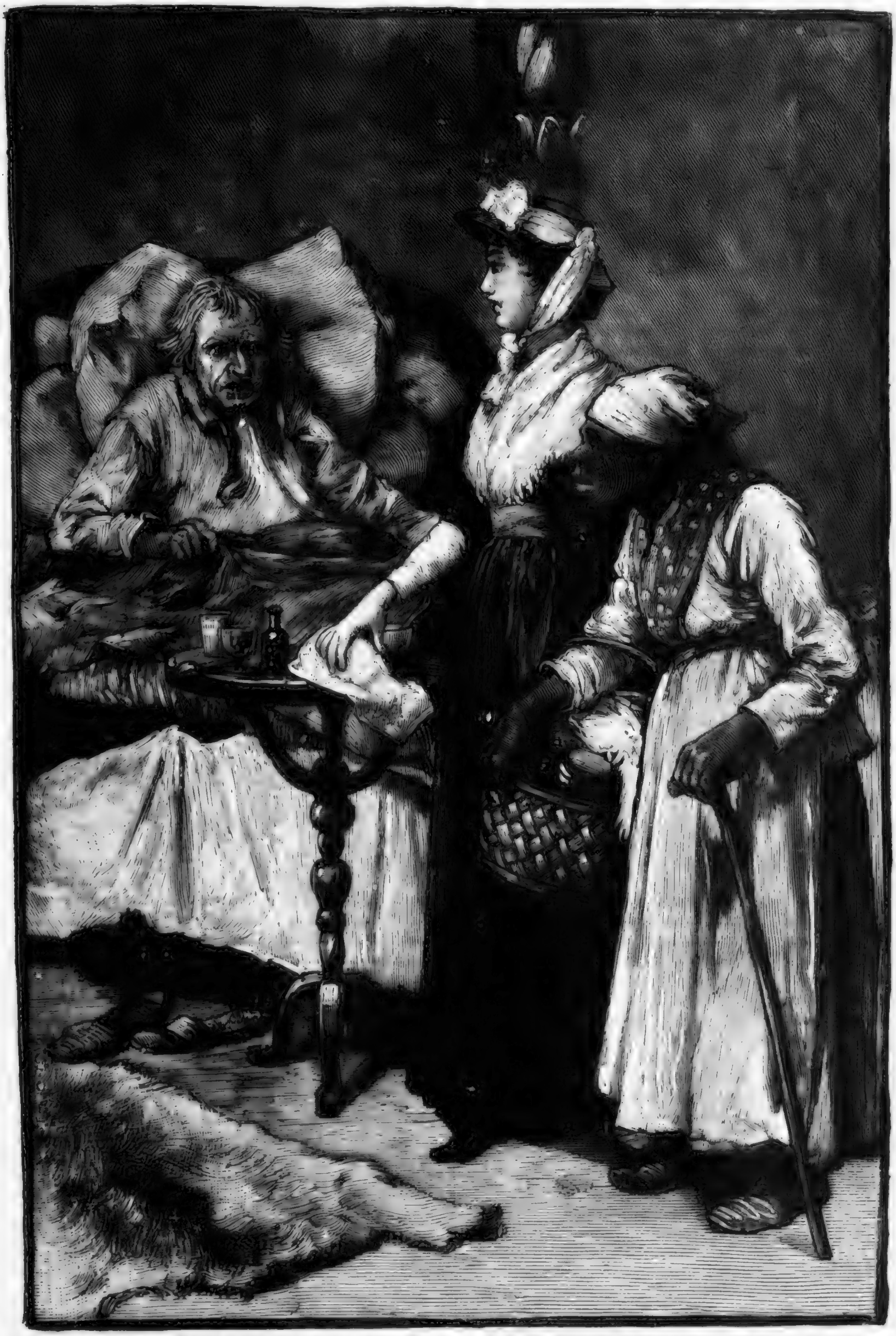
Excepting that the premises were so dingy and dusty, and shabby and evil-smelling, that it would be shocking


ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXY

THE SHAKERS OF NISKAYUNA.—A SHAKER SCHOOLROOM.—SEE PAGE 663.



SLEEPING-ROOM OF THE SHAKER MEN.



"OLD SQUIRE."—"I TOOK OUT OF THE BASKET A LOAF OF TEA-RUSK, AND LAID IT IN A NAPKIN UPON THE DUSTY TABLE BY THE BEDSIDE."—SEE PAGE 670.

to associate the name of enchantment with them, we might have been in an enchanted palace for the dead stillness, the total absence of human activity, the solemn hush that brooded over everything—even the chickens drooped their feathers, as if not daring to venture on the faintest little "cluck."

Picking our way the length of the gloomy hall with the cautious circumspection of two frightened children, we came suddenly upon an open door, and just within the open door, sound asleep in a chair, was Dinah, the worn-out nurse, and just behind the door was a bedstead, a handsome four-post, richly carved rosewood bedstead, upon whose unsheeted mattress lay stretched the owner of the mansion, propped up with a myriad of pillows, his gray hair bristling all over his head, and hanging in elf locks about his haggard face, his knotted, wrinkled, hard hands clutching the soiled coverlet viciously, as he stared at us with his hard, stony gray eyes wide open.

"Good-morning, Mr. Thorn!" I say, courageously, advancing toward the bed as brave as Julius Cæsar. "I knocked, but——"

"I heard you, mum!" defiantly.

"You did! I knocked repeatedly, but——"

"Blamed fool yonder, sound asleep!" viciously glaring at the half-awakened Dinah.

"I am sorry to hear you have been so ill, and——"

"You are!" scornfully and incredulously.

"My husband is away from home, or he would——"

"He would!" sarcastically.

I was committed to a charitable visit, and there was just pugnacity enough about me to prevent my allowing myself to be vanquished at this stage of the proceedings by the wretched old Ishmaelite before me.

"I came to see if I could do anything for you, Mr. Thorn?"

"You did!"

"I expect, from what I have heard, you need a physician."

"Oh, you do!"

"One cannot afford to neglect slight attacks in such a climate as this!"

"They can't."

"And I have ventured to bring you a few delicacies that I thought you might relish."

"Oh, you have!"

I proceeded to take off the dainty-fringed napkin that concealed from the cynical eyes of the invalid the delicacies which I fancied might appeal more strongly to the physical man than my conciliatory remarks had appealed to the moral man.

"Dinah! here, you lumberin' blockhead!"

Dinah, evincing no resentment whatever at the complimentary terms of her master's address, here came to the front.

I took out a loaf of tea-rush, and laid it in a napkin upon the dusty table by the bedside, upon which tumblers and vials, and empty coffee-cups, and pill-boxes, and plugs of tobacco, and dirty teaspoons, seemed to have been accumulating for centuries, so entirely and dustily at home together did they all appear to be.

"I thought," I began, apologetically, "that maybe your cook was not quite up to the mark in the particular of tea-rusk. I always make mine myself."

"Oh, you do! Dinah, that's bread! Mr. Rayburn's wife thought we didn't know how to make bread!"

"No more kin we like that!" says Dinah, coming over to the enemy.

I was aware that forbearance was rapidly ceasing to be a virtue, but determined to act the farce of neighborly kindness out according to my own programme, and not according to his.

"And a bowl of mutton broth!"

I resolutely dump the broth down by the bread.

"Oh, mutton broth! Dinah, Mr. Rayburn's wife didn't know we had nigh on to two hundred sheep belonging to us!"

Dinah simply emitted a sort of noncommital grunt, which left her position in the controversy open to future developments.

"And a jar of marmalade," I add, stubbornly.

"Marmalade or parpalade! we're, all the same, very much obliged to Mr. Rayburn's wife, ain't we, Dinah?"

"Seems like we ought to be!" Dinah ventured.

"Seems like! seems like! seems like! You lumberin' old blockhead! Am I starving, that I should take food at the hands of a Rayburn! Am I in my dotage, that I should allow a Rayburn to come here and pity me in my own house! Am I an imbecile, that I don't fling the charity of a Rayburn into the face of a Rayburn!"

"Aunt Lucy," I say, turning to her, as she stood trembling with wrath behind my chair, "I only blame myself for allowing you to persuade me into this disgraceful mission!" And with what quietness I could assume, I turned from the wretched old man with more disgust than pity gleaming from my eyes.

"Stop, squire!" I heard my champion say, defiantly; "'tis my fault Miss Mamie comed yere this morning. I begged her to come an' see you, because you was sick an' sufferin', and lonely. But seems like you ain't been brought low 'nough yit to kiss de chas'nin' rod, so we'll quit an' won' pester you no mo'!"

Whether or no I was the "chas'nin' rod" that Squire Thorn had not been brought low enough to kiss was left to conjecture, but as I did not find it difficult to console myself for his remissness in that respect, I did not pursue the subject. I could not help, however, saying to Aunt Lucy, as we retraced our steps, sadder and wiser women: "I told you so, Aunt Lucy."

She was so crestfallen, I let her off with that.

"'Deed you did, honey! An' you knowed 'im better'n me, ef yer didn' never set eyes on 'im afore."

* * * * * *

That Squire Thorn did not "peg out" that time was made manifest in a week's time by seeing him, as we often did, trudging about his fields with an ax over his shoulder with which he smote wrathfully every obtrusive shrub that ventured to spring up in his neatly kept cotton and cornfields; a ragged, gray shawl doing duty for overcoat; rusty, stringless shoes covering his shambling feet; and a napless felt hat, slouched low over his hard, vicious gray eyes, that were scarcely ever raised high enough to look a fellow-creature squarely in the face.

* * * * * *

I had long since forgiven him his discourtesy to myself. He was too much an object of pity to be wrathfully dealt with, so I simply let him alone, rejoicing in the fact that this world of ours is so roomy, that it is easy work strutting our little span upon it without jostling against any obnoxious parties, if we so choose.

The Spring had ripened into Summer, and Summer had mellowed into Autumn, and I was bending in childlike glee over the leaf-strewn ground searching for pecans, when a strange apparition presented itself bodily before me.

A young woman of mild and gentle aspect, plainly, even poorly, clad, holding by the hand a pretty child of about ten years old, spoke to me in a slow, sad, even voice—a patient voice, as if its owner had trodden the paths of disappointment until she had almost ceased to look for any favorable turn of affairs had oftener heard "No" than "Yes" in answer to her petitions.

"You could not give me a night's lodging, could you, madam?"

"Who are you?" I asked, in surprise, suspending my answer to her inquiry.

"My name is Haywood," she answered, looking at me with eyes that were as sad and patient and hopeless as her voice. "I am a respectable woman, but a very unfortunate one. If you refuse me shelter, I shall have to walk six miles through those darkening woods to get to the river. I would not mind it for myself, but it would be hard on her"—laying her thin hand on the little child's head. "I could get shelter in a negro cabin, but I would not. I'd sleep under the trees rather."

There was a certain self-respecting, quiet assertion about her that inspired me with belief in her, and I told her she could stay.

Her thanks were expressed with scarcely any effusion or elation.

She appeared to me to have outlived all her emotions. I did not press her for any confidences, though it was utterly out of the question for me not to feel some curiosity as to how she came there and what she wanted there, and where she was going after the night's entertainment, which was all she had asked for, should have terminated and made it incumbent on her to move on.

Such was the isolation of my plantation life that I was not sorry to have a white woman to talk to, albeit her conversation was neither the most brilliant nor the best posted as to current topics of general interest.

So when tea was over, and Mr. Rayburn was holding his nightly conference with his foreman of the plow, I went to the room I had assigned to her and the pretty little child, and knocked gently for admission.

She opened the door promptly and asked me in; but I was almost sorry I had come.

The child was sound asleep, but it was evident the mother had been crying in that slow, patient, hopeless way, that seemed to belong to everything she did.

"I thought I would come in and keep you company for a little while. Mr. Rayburn is talking to his foreman," I say, bursting in with a clumsy pretense of not having seen any signs of distress.

"Thank you, ma'am," and she seated herself, as I had found her, before the small fire that the chill of Autumn made imperative.

"I don't know why I should try to make a mystery of myself," she said, presently, with a directness as if she were answering my thoughts. "And I won't.

"I am Squire Thorn's daughter—his only child. Mother took me away with her when she found it impossible to live with him any longer. She is dead. I married before she died. *He* is dead, too, now. That's all that's left to me (pointing to the sleeping child). We are very poor. My health is failing. I'll go next. I came here to try to soften his heart. He has none (with a short, scornful laugh). I wanted him to let me live with him and take care of him in his old age. I wanted him to take care of her in her young age. He would not even give me a night's lodging. He would not look at her."

"He is a monster!" I broke in, indignantly.

"He is a hard-hearted old man," she said, more quietly. "I don't mind it for myself, but it's hard on her. I sha'n't live very much longer. I feel it here. I'll go in suddenly. I know it. I don't mind it for myself, but it's hard on her."

And she laid her thin hand on her heart.

"Do you mean you have heart-disease?" I asked, in awe, for to me, with my own bounding, perfect health, such a suspicion seemed frightful.

"Yes, so the doctors tell me. I don't mind it for myself, but it's hard on her."

That was the refrain of all her thoughts, all her words, and all her actions. Nothing for herself—all for her pretty, brown-eyed child.

I did not sit with her long. We had so few topics of conversation in common, and I felt that possibly she might find it more comfortable to be alone with her thoughts, sad and disappointing though they were, than to have to exert herself to talk to a stranger.

We never knew how it happened, whether the fatigue of her journey on foot had been too much for her, whether, after I left her, she had yielded to the agitation caused by her disappointment, to a fatal extent, or whether the arrow that had been pointed so long sped straight to the mark because the great archer had timed it so before—but she was dead the next morning—dead by the side of her sleeping child, with her thin hands lying folded on the bed-covering in that sad, patient, hopeless way that seemed to belong to everything she did.

Squire Thorn's grandchild was left at the mercy of the Rayburns.

Of course, our first act was to notify our neighbor that his cruelly used daughter lay dead in a stranger's house, and that her helpless child was left at the mercy of the enemy of his house.

His answer was a roll of bank-bills to defray the expenses of the funeral, and a verbal demand that his granddaughter should be delivered up to the messenger.

I ventured to disobey to the extent of keeping the forlorn little orphan with me until the last sad rites had been performed over her mother's remains.

Then once more I bearded the lion in his den. I went to place the little one in his harsh keeping myself.

He was stumping around his yard in hatless rage when we drove up, and it was some time before I could get a hearing.

The blamed niggers were swindling his eyes out of his head; killing his hogs in broad daylight; riding his mules to death every night; turning his cows and calves together for pure devilment; selling his seed-cotton by the bagful to the blasted flatboatmen; breaking open his sweet-potato dump under his very nose; poisoning his dogs because they were the only things that stood by him; burning the rails of his fences till they weren't left high enough to keep even a hog from jumping over—committing, in short, if his ravings were to be credited, every sin of omission and commission that the unregenerate sons of Ham could conceive of.

But Ishmael's troubles did not arouse my sympathies to any appreciable extent. I had simply come there in kindness to the little, clinging, terror-stricken child, who shrank in horror from being handed over to the legal guardianship of this raging lion.

"I have come to bring you your grandchild, Mr. Thorn," I say, advancing boldly upon him, and almost yelling in his ears to attract his attention.

"Oh, you have, have you?"

He stopped short to look at the pretty little thing by my side very much as he might have looked at a young toad suddenly presented to his view.

"She is a good child, and——"

"Oh, she is, is she?"

"And I have grown quite fond of her," I continued.

"We're very much obliged to Mr. Rayburn's wife—ain't we, girl? What's your name, anyhow?"

"Lettie Haywood," murmured my charge, clinging closer than ever to my hands.

"Oh, it is, is it? It wouldn't a-done, I s'pose, to give you a short, decent name, that could a-been spoke at one mouthful! Oh, no,! That wouldn't a-been a bit like Grandma Thorn, as I recollect her."

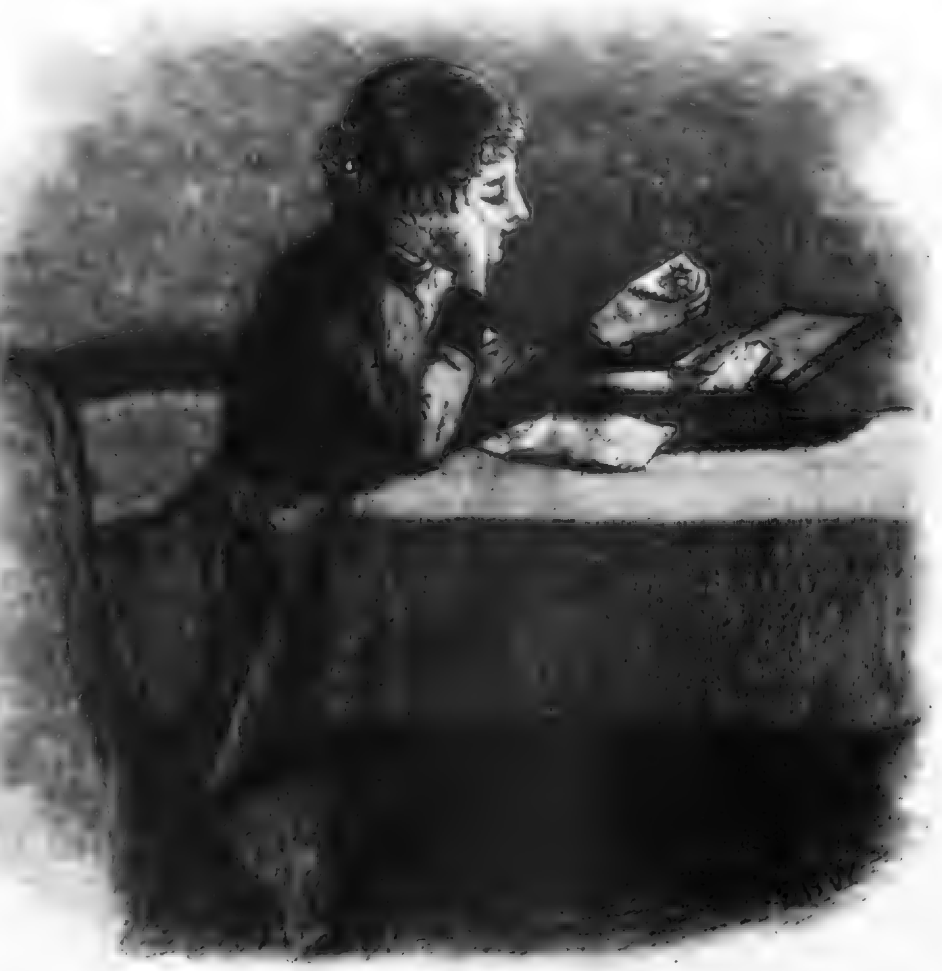
"Grandma Thorn was good, and I loved her, and everybody loved her, and I don't want anybody to speak bad about Grandma Thorn. I'll hate you if you do."

She had plucked her little hand from mine with sudden and unlooked-for courage, and now faced her grandfather with flashing eyes and glowing cheek.

I trembled for her. But Aunt Lucy, who had come with us in the threefold capacity of companion, champion and "sass-server," chuckled with delight as she patted her on the back.

"Dat's right, little un.' Stime somebody was a-telling him de troof. I glories in yer spunk. Dar, squire, I feels better 'bout dat chile now. I was sorter skeered to see her pass into yo's keepin' but please de Lam', she'll hol' her own agin' you. I raly do b'lieve you's foun' your match at las', squire."

"Hold your jaw, you old gorilla," growled the master; but I really do believe the squire suspected as much himself, though he could not forbear saying: "I'll break you in, young one—I'll break you in! I'll teach you how to stand up for Grandma Thorn in my presence!" and he turned to take the child into the house, forcibly making me think of the spider and the fly.



GRANDMA'S BOX.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 670.

"I hope you will let Lettie come to see me often, Mr. Thorn," I said, loosening the little clinging arms from about my neck, and giving her one more kiss.

"Oh, you do, do you? Girl, Mr. Rayburn's wife wants you to come to see her, do you hear? Tell her you belong to your Grandfather Thorn now—not that he's a bit thankful to have you left on his hands—and tell her your Grandfather Thorn hates the name of Rayburn worse than he hates the name of the Evil One, and that, if he has his way, this will be the last time you and she ever sets eyes on each other."

"I'll tell her no such thing. I'll tell her that I love her, and that I am coming to see her whenever I can, if I have to run away to do it. And Grandfather Thorn will have to lock me up very tight to keep me from doing it."

With which declaration of independence Lettie consented to be led into her new home.

I suppose that Grandfather Thorn did lock her up very tight, for Lettie never succeeded in getting back to us, and from the servants we heard stories of her mode of life that caused me many a pang of regret, for I believed that there were very fine possibilities locked away in the untutored soul of little Lettie Haywood.

Rumor told us that at the end of her first year's residence with him the old squire was in complete subjugation to his pretty granddaughter; that she had absolute control of the whole premises, much to their improvement; that she could ride the wildest horse or mule on the place, milk the most untamed heifer, was perfectly familiar with the machinery of the gin, and could handle an oar with the best oarsmen in the place—all of which, while it summed up female perfection in the eyes of her coarse old grandfather, filled me with sorrowful surprise. But I was absolutely powerless to mend matters.

Of her skill in the last-named accomplishment I had exciting ocular demonstration when Lettie was about fifteen years of age.

Mr. Rayburn and I went out on horseback—had been to spend the day with a neighbor living just beyond Squire Thorn's—and were returning home at the close of a lovely May evening, when our attention was attracted by a crowd gathered on the lake-bank just in front of the Thorn place.

Every negro on the place seemed to have crowded down to the water's edge, while the master, pale with terror, or rage, or both, stormed backward and forward in uncontrollable wrath, which found vent in an unintelligible flow of curses and pleas and threats and promises.

Out on the lake, whose bosom was like stained glass, dyed a deep red by a rosy sunset sky above, sat Lettie Haywood in a skiff, which she was rocking leisurely to and fro as she coolly examined the contents of a large black tin box open on the seat of the boat just in front of her.

Her oars were carelessly crossed in her lap; her hat was flung in the bottom of the skiff; her curly head was bent low over her task, and her soft pink cheeks were flushed with the excitement of the situation, or from some other unexplained cause.

She looked simply lovely.

"Letitia, if you'll bring them papers back safe, and come back right off yourself, I'll give you the gold watch and chain you asked for yesterday," Squire Thorn was yelling, as we stopped our horses to inquire into the cause of the excitement.

"I don't want the gold watch and chain now," the girl called back, saucily. "I would not give up reading these for all you're worth. I can make you do just what I want now," shaking a bundle of papers at him. "I can go to see Mrs. Rayburn; I can go to school to-morrow, if I choose; I can even marry."

A little nervous, rippling laugh concluded her sentence.

"Girl!" he yelled, "if you read another line of them papers I'll——"

"You will what?" she called back, mockingly.

"Tarnation! Can't anybody find a skiff to go after that little demon?" yelled the master.

"Yonner's Mister John a-rowing this side from t'other side of the lake," said a negro, pointing toward an advancing skiff.

Then Squire Thorn, by yells and signs and words, made Mr. John understand that Lettie had possessed herself of the only available skiff on our side of the lake, and that her grandfather would be very much obliged to him, Mr. John, if he would run the young privateer down, and tow her into port.

As soon as Lettie saw that the young man understood, and was prepared to enter into the conspiracy against her, she quickly deposited the papers in the box, closed the lid, tied her little straw hat under her chin, gathered her oars together, and with one or two skillful strokes of the right oar, turned her boat's head straight toward the advancing skiff, and shot past her pursuer with a scoffing merry laugh that was echoed by a perfect yell of applause from the shore.

This manœuvre, compelling Mr. John, as it did, to tack suddenly about, gave the girl a tremendous advantage, and she plied her oars with a will, while we on shore watched the chase with eager interest.

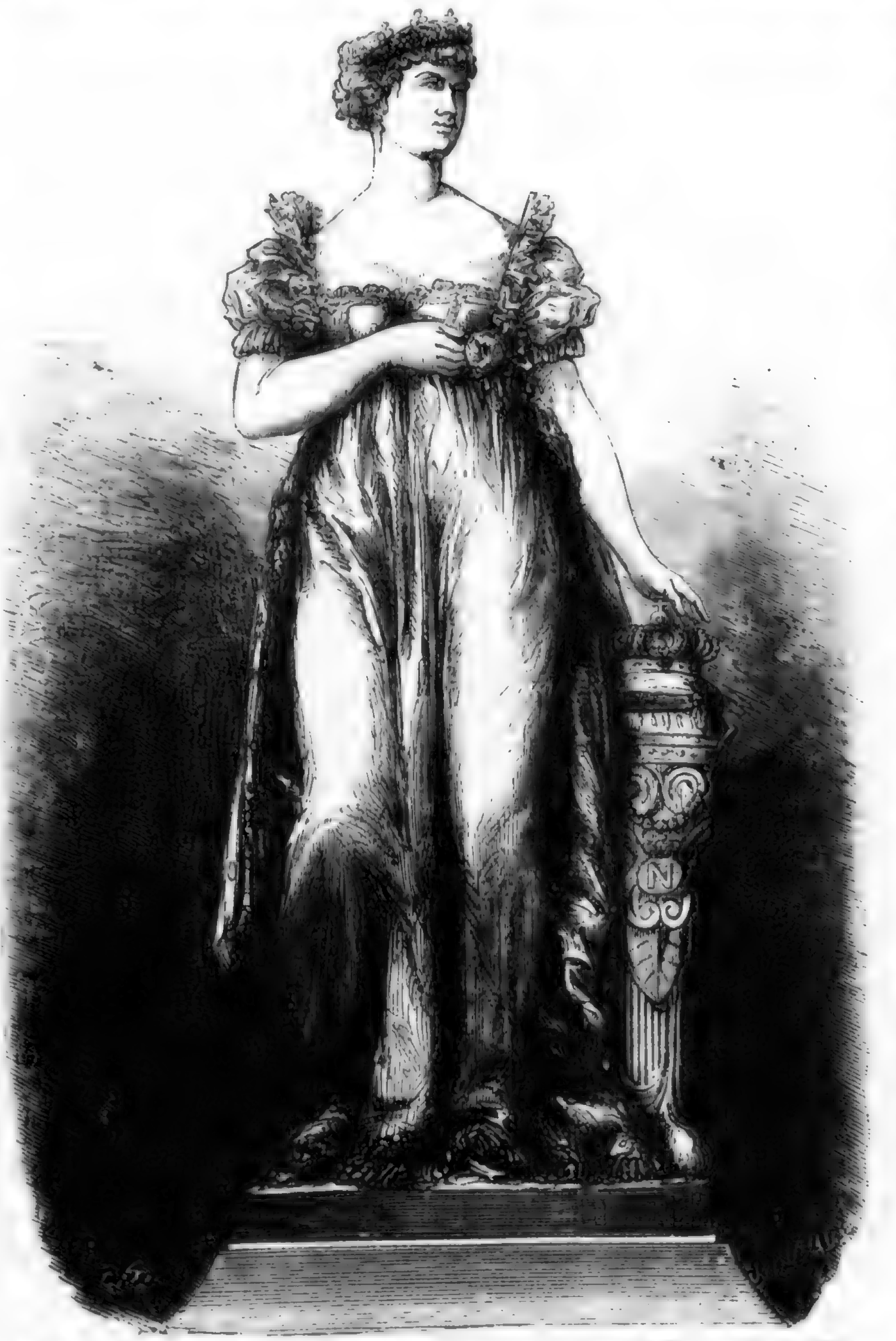
On she sped, now flinging her straw hat impatiently away, as an impediment to her vision; now flinging a roguish glance of defiance to her pursuer; now turning half around to get her bearings, then bending to her oars with a wild grace perfectly bewitching.

"Heavens! there's a snag just before her and she don't see it!"

It was my husband who spoke, and then galloped at full speed to wave a warning to the reckless girl or her pursuer, if possible, before it was too late.

But it was too late!

We saw the little boat skim rapidly toward the black projection, then shiver in all its slight timbers; the girl's oars flew into mid-air, a shriek, an upturned boat, and her pursuer was left in possession of the watery field.



STATUE OF JOSEPHINE, BY DUBRAY, ERECTED IN PARIS IN APRIL, 1867.—SEE PAGE 678.

All this while the chase had tended toward our own plantation; so, after Mr. John had fished the luckless little privateer out of the water, it was to our house he bore her, dripping and senseless. And that was the way Lettie Haywood came back to me.

"Were you not frightened?" I asked the girl, after she had come to her senses, and was sitting in a suit of my clothes awaiting for her own to be made wearable again.

"Oh, no! I knew John would save me!" she said, with her brown eyes fixed fearlessly on me as she uttered her simple declaration of trust in John.

"You know him, then?" I asked, in some surprise, for "John" was considered one of the catches in our neighborhood—a younger planter of means, well educated and a good-looking, manly fellow.

"Yes, and I love him!" She blushed and laughed as she went on. "We love each other. He told grandfather he would like to marry me, and grandfather was only too glad to give his consent; but I don't want John to be ashamed of me, and I asked gran'pa to send me to school for two or three years, but he refused; then I asked him to let me come down here and get you to tell me what to read so I could help myself along, but he refused again. Then I remembered that black box that he seemed to watch so closely and care more for than he did for anything on earth, so I thought I would take it out in the skiff and frighten him into believing that I was going to throw it into the water, just to make him come to terms, you know; and now," she said, looking white and frightened, "it's gone, sure enough. I wonder what gran'pa will say?"

But gran'pa said nothing; at least, not for a long time to come.

They told us that when he saw the skiff collide with the snag, and his granddaughter thrown in the water, when, as yet, her pursuer was at so great a distance as to make her rescue very doubtful, he had fallen to the ground, foaming at the mouth and livid with the mortal anguish of his soul, uttering one wild exclamation, "I have killed them all! I have killed them all!"

The knowledge of his granddaughter's safety diverted his grief to the loss of the mysterious black box. It was never recovered, nor did he ever recover the loss of it. His indomitable spirit seemed broken; his cruel harshness subsided into peevish querulousness; his bitter hatred, into feeble dislike; his scornful independence, into surly acceptance.

From that day forth Lettie had it all her own way.

She did just as she chose; nor did she choose to do anything very unwisely or unwell.

She chose to provide the old squire with persons capable and trustworthy to take care of him and of his property. Then she chose to go away for two long years to a good school, where, as she wrote me, she was "studying in hours, and off hours, and all the time," for she "did not want John to be ashamed of her."

Then she chose to come back after a while and fulfilled her promise to John. "Out of gratitude, she said, "for his having saved her life."

Then she chose to settle down on her grandfather's place, instead of John's, for two reasons, she said:

"'Twould be hard on the old man to uproot him and transplant him for the short remnant of his days," and then she "wanted to be near dear Mrs. Rayburn."

And as John chose to think that everything Lettie willed and proposed was just the very best thing that could be willed and proposed, everybody was satisfied all round.

And ever since their marriage they have both chosen to be the very best sort of neighbors to "dear Mrs. Rayburn."

THE STORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S DIVORCE FROM THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

By Noel Ruthven.

The drama in real life performed on the great stage of France during the last years of the past and the earlier years of the present century, in which Napoleon Bonaparte played the principal *rôle*, is one of the most sensational the world ever beheld, and from the rising to the fall of the curtain the spectator who now witnesses it through the pages of history sits fascinated, inthralled, and almost breathless.

The heroine, so to speak, in this wondrous melodrama, is Josephine, *née* La Pagerie, a girl destined to wear the diadem of an Empress, and likewise destined to have it removed from her beauteous brow by "exigencies of state." With the inner history of this most memorable divorce this article has to deal, and, in order to lead up to it, I give a brief sketch of the character and career of the fascinating "daughter of destiny," who for many a long year held the greatest man of his age in the hollow of her shapely and dimpled hand.

The Marquis de Beauharnais, father of the general, who was the first husband of Madame Bonaparte, having been employed in a military capacity at Martinique, became attached to an aunt of Mme. Bonaparte's, with whom he returned to France, and whom he married in his old age.

This aunt brought her niece, Josephine de la Pagerie, to France. She conducted the girl's education and made use of her ascendency over her aged husband to marry the niece, at the age of fifteen, to young Beauharnais, her stepson. Although he married her against his inclination, there is no doubt that at one time he was very much attached to his wife. Of this marriage were born Eugène and Hortense. When the Revolution began, Beauharnais's love for his wife cooled. At the commencement of the Reign of Terror, M. de Beauharnais was still commanding in the French armies, and ceased to have relations with his wife.

It is not accurately known under what circumstances Josephine became acquainted with certain deputies of the Convention, but she had some influence with them; and as she was kind-hearted and obliging, she used it to do as much good to as many people as possible. From that time her reputation became sadly smirched, but her kindness, her grace, and the sweetness of her manner, proved omnipotent.

In those evil days, when every one was forced to seek a place of safety from the persecutions by which all classes of society were beset, Mme. de Beauharnais was lost sight of. Her husband, being suspected by the Jacobins, had been thrown into prison in Paris, and condemned to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal. Josephine was also imprisoned, but escaped the guillotine, scandal averring, through the influence of her personal charms. Being a friend of the beautiful Mme. Tallien, she was introduced into the society of the Directory, and was especially favored by Barras. Mme. de Beauharnais had very little fortune, and her taste for dress and luxury rendered her dependent on those who could help her to indulge it. Without being precisely pretty, she possessed many personal charms. Her features were delicate; her expression was sweet; her mouth was very small, and concealed her bad teeth; her complexion was rather dark, but with the help of red and white, skillfully applied, she remedied that defect; her figure was absolutely perfect; her limbs were flexible and delicate; her movements were very easy and elegant. La Fontaine's line could never have been more fitly applied than to her:

> "Et la grâce, plus belle encore que la beauté."

She dressed with perfect taste, enhancing the beauty of what she wore; and with these advantages, and the constant care bestowed upon her attire, she contrived to avoid being eclipsed by the youth and beauty of many of the women by whom she was surrounded. To all this she added extreme kindness of heart, a remarkably even temper and great readiness to forget any wrong that had been done to her.

Josephine was not a person of remarkable intellect. A creole, and frivolous, her education had been a good deal neglected; but she recognized her deficiencies, and never made blunders in conversation. She possessed true natural tact; she readily found pleasant things to say. Her memory was good—a useful quality for those in high position. Unhappily, she was deficient in depth of feeling and elevation of mind. She preferred to charm her husband by her beauty rather than the influence of certain virtues. She carried complaisance to excess for his sake, and kept her hold on him by concessions which, perhaps, contributed to increase the contempt with which he habitually regarded woman. She might have taught him some useful lessons; but she feared him, and allowed him to dictate to her in everything.

She was changeable, easy to move and easy to appease; incapable of prolonged emotion, of sustained attention, of serious reflection; and although her greatness did not turn her head, neither did it educate her. The bent of her character led her to console the unhappy; but she could only dwell on the troubles of individuals—she did not think of the woes of France. The genius of Bonaparte overawed her. She only criticised him in what concerned herself personally; in everything else she respected what he called "the force of his destiny." He exerted an evil influence over her, for he inspired her with contempt for morality, and with a large share of his own characteristic suspicion; and he taught her the art of lying, which both he and she practiced with no little skill and effect.

It is said that she was the prize of his command of the Army of Italy. She has often stated that at that time Bonaparte was really in love with her. She hesitated between him, General Hoche, and M. de Caulaincourt, who loved her. Bonaparte prevailed, and the fashionable world of Paris was surprised at learning that the widow of M. de Beauharnais was about to marry a man so little known as Bonaparte.

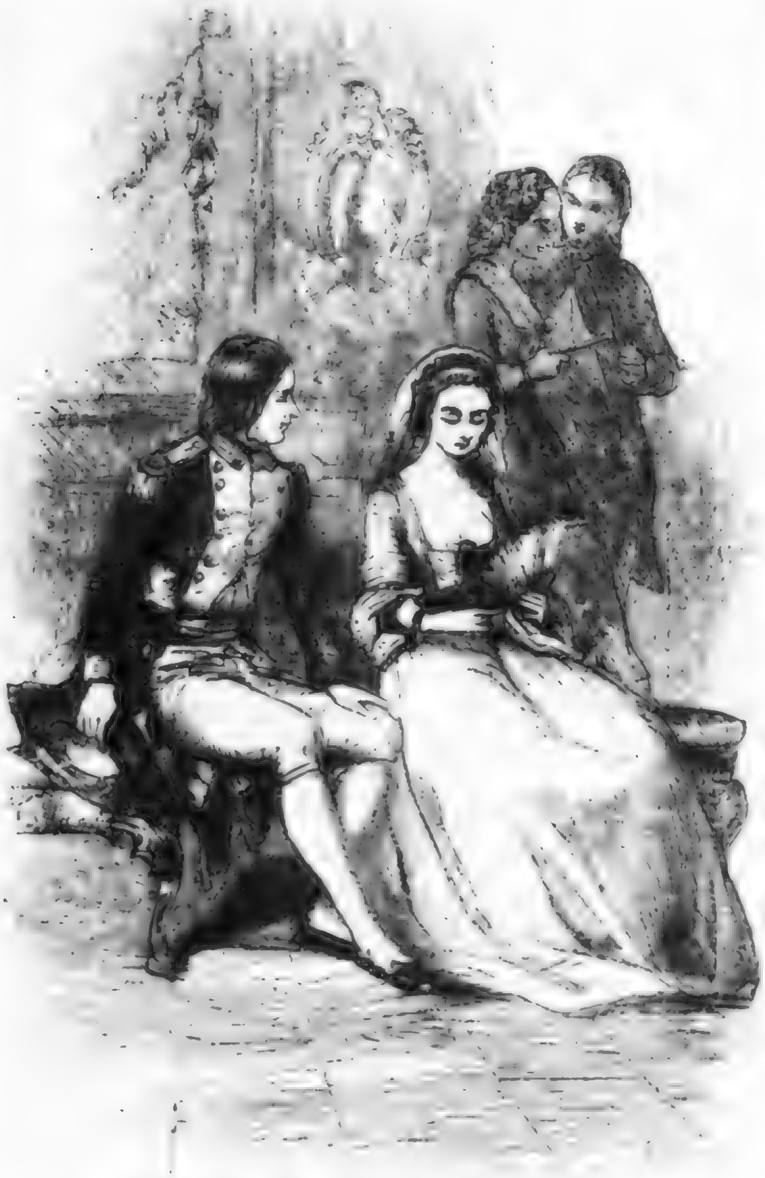
When questioned, in later years, as to what Bonaparte was like in his youth, she stated that he was then dreamy, silent and awkward in the society of women, but passionate and fascinating, although an odd person in every way. She charged the campaign of Egypt with having changed his temper, and developed that petty despotism from which she afterward suffered so keenly.

Letters written by Napoleon to Mme. Bonaparte at the time of the first Italian campaign are very singular. She accompanied him to Italy, but he sometimes left her with the rear-guard of the army until a victory had secured the safety of the road. The writing in these epistles is almost illegible; they are ill-spelled; the style is strange and confused. But there is in them such a tone of passionate feeling; their expressions are so animated, and, at the same time, so practical; they breathe a love so different from mere "amours," that there is no woman who would not have prized such letters. They formed a striking contrast with the graceful, elegant and measured style of M. de Beauharnais. How strange it must have been for a woman to find herself one of the moving powers of the triumphant march of an army at a time when politics alone governed the actions of men! On the eve of one of his greatest battles, Bonaparte wrote: "I am far from you. It seems to me that I am surrounded by the blackest night. I need the lurid light of the thunderbolts which we are about to hurl upon our enemies to dispel the darkness into which your absence has thrown me. Josephine! you wept when I parted from you—you wept! At that thought all my being trembles. But calm yourself! Würmser shall pay dearly for tears I have seen you shed!" And on the morrow Würmser was beaten.

The enthusiasm with which General Bonaparte was received in beautiful Italy, the magnificence of the *fêtes*, the fame of his victories, and the wealth which every officer might acquire there, the unbounded luxury in which she lived, accustomed Mme. Bonaparte from that time forth to all the pomp with which she was afterward surrounded; and she acknowledged that nothing in her life ever equaled the emotions of that time, when love came (or seemed to come) daily to lay at her feet a new conquest over a people enraptured with their Emperor. It is, however, plain from these letters that Mme. Bonaparte, in the midst of this life of triumph, of victory, and of license, gave some cause for uneasiness to her husband. His letters, sometimes sullen and sometimes menacing, reveal the torments of jealousy; and they abound in melancholy reflections, which betray his weariness of the fleeting delusions of life. It may have been that these misunderstandings—which outraged the first very keen feelings Bonaparte ever experienced—had a bad effect upon him, and hardened him by degrees. Perhaps he would have been a better man if he had been more or better loved.

When, on his return from this brilliant campaign, the conquering general was obliged to exile himself to Egypt, to escape from the growing suspicion of the Directory, Mme. Bonaparte's position became both precarious and difficult. Her husband entertained serious doubts of her, and these were prompted by his brothers Joseph and Lucien, who dreaded the powerful influence that she might exercise through her son, who had accompanied Bonaparte. Her extravagant tastes led her into reckless expense, and she was continually harassed by debts and duns.

Before leaving France, Bonaparte had directed her to purchase an estate; and as she wished to live in the neighborhood of Saint-Germain, where her daughter was being educated, she selected Malmaison. "There," says Mme. de Rémusat, whose Memoirs as Lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine are most fascinating reading, "we met her again when we were residing for some months at the château of one of our friends, at a short distance from Malmaison. Mme. Bonaparte, who was naturally unreserved, and even indiscreet, had no sooner met my mother again, than she talked to her very freely about her absent husband, about her brothers-in-law—in fact, about a host of people who were utter strangers to us. Bonaparte was supposed to be almost lost to France, and his wife was neglected. My mother took pity on her; we showed her some attention, which she never forgot. At that time I was seventeen years of age, and I had been married one



NAPOLEON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPHINE.

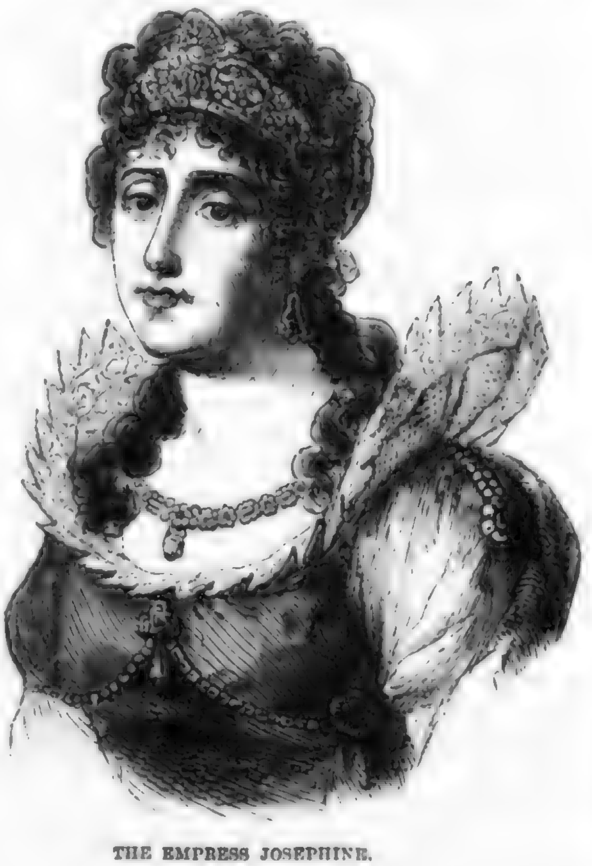
year. It was at Malmaison that Mme. Bonaparte showed us an immense quantity of pearls, diamonds and cameos, which at that time constituted the contents of her jewel-case. Even at that time, it might have figured in a story of the 'Arabian Nights,' and it was destined to receive an immense accession." Invaded and grateful Italy had contributed to these riches, and the Pope also, as a mark of his appreciation of the respect with which the conqueror treated him by denying himself the pleasure of planting his flag upon the walls of Rome. The reception-rooms at Malmaison were sumptuously decorated with pictures, statues and mosaics, the spoils of Italy, and each of the generals who figured in the Italian campaign exhibited booty of the same kind.

Although she was surrounded with all these treasures, Mme. Bonaparte was often without money to meet her everyday expenses; and to get out of this difficulty, she trafficked in her influence with the people in power at the time, and compromised herself by entering into imprudent relations. Dreadfully embarrassed, on worse terms than ever with her brothers-in-law, supplying too much reason for their accusations against her, and no longer counting on the return of her husband, she was strongly tempted to give her daughter in marriage to the son of Rewbell, a member of the Directory; but Mlle. de Beauharnais would not consent, and her opposition put an end to a project whose execution would doubtless have been highly displeasing to Bonaparte.

Presently a rumor of Bonaparte's arrival at Fréjus arose. He came back with his mind full of the evil reports that Lucien had repeated to him in his letters. His wife, on hearing of his disembarkation, set out to join him. She missed him, and had to retrace her steps, and returned to her home in the Rue Chantereine some hours after his arrival there. She descended from her carriage in haste, followed by her son and daughter, and ran up the stairs leading to his room; but her surprise equaled her chagrin upon finding the door locked. She called to Bonaparte, and implored of him to open it. He replied through the door that it should never again be opened for her. Then she wept, fell on her knees, implored for her sake and that of her two children; but all was profound silence around her, and several hours of the night passed over her in this dreadful suspense. At last, however, moved by her sobs and her perseverance, Bonaparte opened the door at about four o'clock in the morning, "and appeared," says Mme. de Rémusat, "as Mme. Bonaparte herself told me, with a stern countenance, which, however, betrayed that he too had been weeping." He bitterly reproached her with her conduct, her forgetfulness of him—all the real or imaginary sins of which Lucien had accused her—and concluded by announcing an eternal separation. Then, turning to Eugène de Beauharnais, who was at that time about twenty years old, "As for you," he said "*you* shall not bear the burden of your mother's faults. You shall be always my son. I will keep you with me."

"No! no! general," replied Eugène; "I must share the ill-fortune of my mother, and from this moment I say farewell to you."

These words shook Bonaparte's resolution. He opened his arms to Eugène, weeping. His



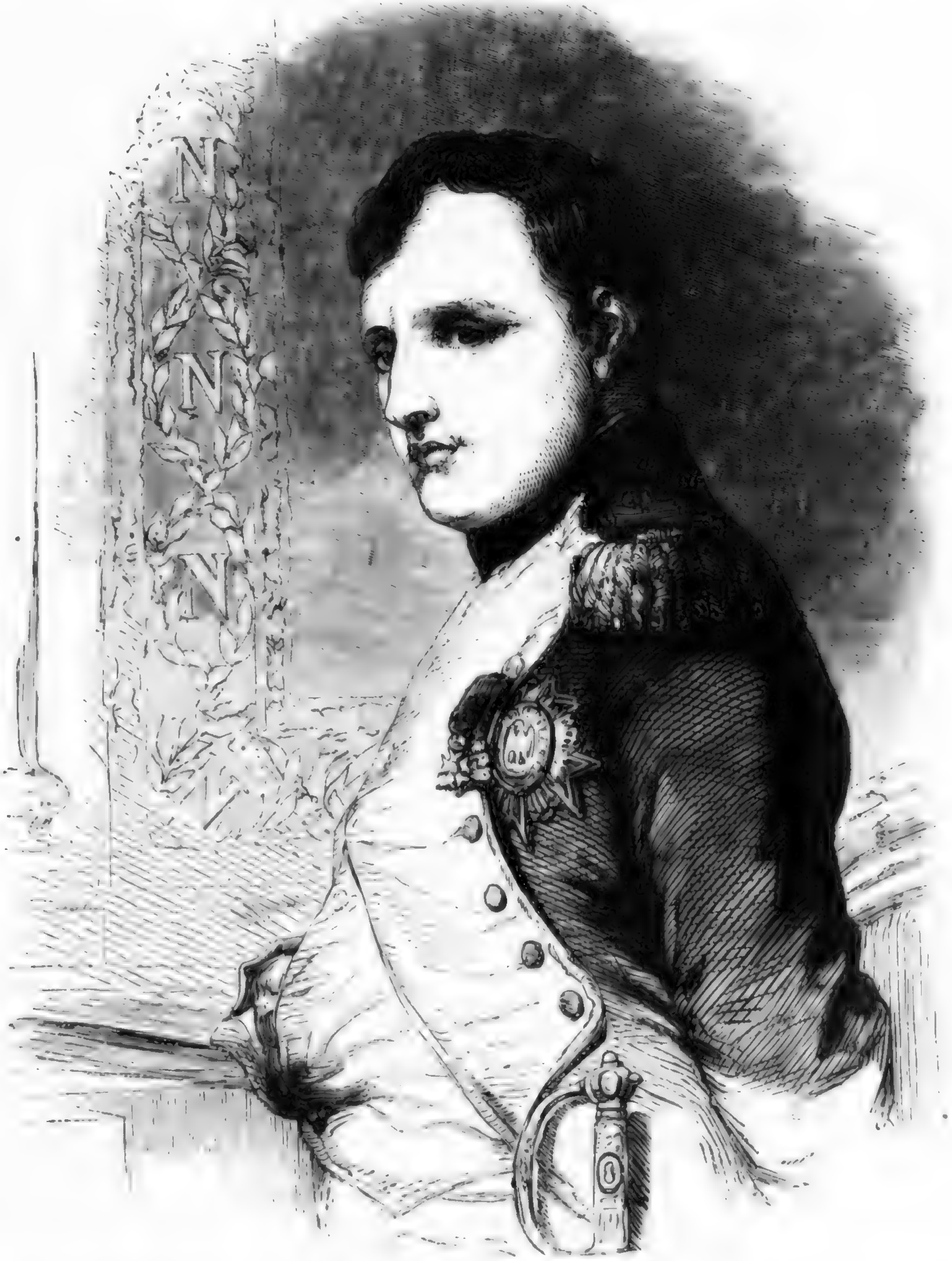
THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

wife and Hortense knelt at his feet and embraced his knees, and in a few moments *all* was forgiven. In the explanation that ensued Mme. Bonaparte succeeded in clearing herself from the accusations of her brother-in-law, and Bonaparte, then burning to avenge her, sent for Lucien at seven o'clock in the morning, and had him, without any forewarning, ushered into the room where the husband and wife, entirely reconciled, occupied the same bed.

From that time Bonaparte desired his wife to break with Mme. Tallien and all the society of the Directory. The 18th Brumaire completely severed her connection with these individuals.

When he became Consul, the gentle and gracious qualities of his wife, which attracted many persons to his court whom his natural rudeness would have otherwise kept away, were of great service to him. To Josephine he intrusted the measures to be taken for the return of the *émigrés*. She was the first link that united the French nobility to the Consular Government.

In the year 1804 Bonaparte entertained serious thoughts of divorce. Josephine, having to complain of his continued infidelities, was for ever having "scenes," not only with her husband, but with ladies whom he honored with his favors, and until her liege lord, in his imperiousness, nearly frightened her to death by allusions to separation for reasons of state. After a pitched battle on account of his *liaison* with a Mme. N——, although Napoleon became reconciled to his wife, he startled her by exclaiming: "I have not the courage to come to a final decision, and if you let me see that you are too deeply afflicted—if you can render me obedience only—I feel that I shall have the strength to oblige you to leave me. I tell you plainly, however, that it is my earnest desire that you


NAPOLEON WHEN EMPEROR.

should resign yourself to the interests of my policy, and yourself spare me all the difficulties of a painful separation.'

"The Empress told me," says Mme. de Rémusat, that he wept bitterly while uttering the terrible words."

Josephine now resolved upon playing a part. She wanted to be crowned Empress of the French. Assuming the attitude of a resigned and submissive victim, she excited the jealous anger of all the Bonapartes by her gentle demeanor; yielding, sad, considerate of everybody, entirely obedient, but also skillful in availing herself of her ascendency over her husband, she reduced him to a condition of agitation and indecision from which he could not escape.

At length, one memorable evening, after long hesitation, during which the Empress suffered mental anguish and suspense, the Emperor told her that the Pope was about to arrive in Paris; that he would crown them both, and that she had better at once begin to prepare for the great ceremony. It is easy to picture to one's fancy the joy with which such a termination to all her misery filled the heart of the Empress, and also the discomfiture of the Bonapartes; for the Emperor had not failed to acquaint his wife, according to his usual custom, with the attempts that had been made to induce him to decide on a divorce. On this occasion the Empress confided to Mme. de Rémusat the ardent desire she had long felt to have her marriage, which had been civilly contracted, confirmed by a religious ceremony. She said that she had sometimes spoken of this to the Emperor, and although he had not evinced any repugnance, he had objected that, even if a priest were brought into the palace to perform the religious rite, it could not be done with sufficient secrecy to conceal the fact that, until then, they had not been married, according to the Church. Either that was his real reason, or he wanted to hold this means of breaking his marriage in reserve for future use, should he consider it really advisable to do so. At any rate, he had rejected his wife's pleadings, firmly, but mildly. She therefore determined to await the arrival of the Pope, being persuaded, very reasonably, that His Holiness would espouse her interest on such a point.

Two days before the coronation the Grand Chamberlain and Keeper of the Wardrobe submitted to the Empress the superb diadem which had just been made for her. He found her in a state of delight and satisfaction which she could scarcely conceal from general notice. Presently she took him aside, and confided to him that, on the morning of the same day, an altar had been erected in the Emperor's Cabinet, and that Cardinal Fesch had performed the marriage ceremony between herself and Bonaparte in the presence of two *aides-de-camp*. After the ceremony, she had procured a written certificate of the marriage from the cardinal. She carefully preserved this document, and, notwithstanding all the Emperor's efforts to obtain it from her, she never could be induced to part with it.

When violent quarrels arose on the subject of the divorce, and the Empress went so far as to threaten her husband with the publication of the certificate in her possession, Cardinal Fesch was consulted upon the point. He repeatedly affirmed that the document was in good form, and that his conscience obliged him to declare the marriage so validly solemnized that it could not be broken otherwise than by an act of arbitrary authority. After the divorce, the Emperor wanted to get possession of the document in question, but the cardinal advised the Empress not to part with it.

On the 2d of December the coronation took place. The Empress looked superb—she was in her forty-first year, having been born at Martinique on the 23d of June, 1763—and her head was fairly incrusted with diamonds. She wore her hair in countless curls, *à la* Louis XIV. She was attired in a white satin gown, and a court mantle of the same material, both profusely embroidered in mingled gold-and-silver. Her ornaments consisted of a diadem, a necklace, earrings, and a girdle of diamonds of immense value; all this gorgeousness was worn with her customary ease and grace.

The ceremony was grand and impressive. A general movement of admiration was noticeable at the moment the Empress was crowned. She was so unaffected, so graceful, as she advanced to the altar! She knelt down with such simple elegance that all eyes were delighted with the picture she presented. "When she had to walk from the altar to the throne," observes Mme. de Rémusat, "there was a slight altercation with her sisters-in-law, who carried her mantle with so ill a grace, and kept so tight a hold on it, that I observed at one moment the new-made Empress could not advance a step. The Emperor perceived this, and spoke a few sharp, short words to his sisters, which speedily brought them to reason."

Notwithstanding her husband's injunctions, the Empress could never conform, in her own manner of life, to order or to etiquette. It was his desire that she should not deal directly with any shop, but on this point he was forced to yield. She had a mania for having her portrait taken, and would bestow it upon any one whomsoever—relatives, friends, attendants, or even tradespeople. Diamonds, pearls, shawls, stuffs and finery of every kind, were continually being brought to her; she bought everything, never asking the price, and, for the most part, forgetting what she had purchased.

From the beginning she gave her Lady of Honor and her Mistress of the Robes to understand that they were not to interfere with her dress. She arranged everything with her dressers. There were six or eight of these. She rose at nine o'clock. Dressing was a very long process, and a portion of it was devoted to minute personal embellishments, including paint. This done, she put on a very elegant dressing-gown, trimmed with lace, and placed herself in the hands of the hairdresser. Her undergarments were embroidered and trimmed with lace. She changed every article of her attire three times a day, and never wore any but new stockings. If ladies went to her door while her hair was being dressed, she would have them admitted. When that stage was passed, large baskets were brought in, containing gowns, bonnets and shawls. In Summer these gowns were of muslin or cambric, richly worked and trimmed; in Winter they were of woolen materials or of velvet. She then selected her dresses for the day. In the morning she always wore a hat trimmed with flowers or feathers, and full gowns that wrapped her up a good deal. She possessed from three to four hundred shawls; she sometimes had them made into gowns or bedquilts, or cushions for her dog. She kept a shawl round her shoulders all the morning, and wore it with a grace never seen equaled. Bonaparte thought that she wrapped herself up too much, and would sometimes pull her shawl off and fling it on the fire; she would then send for another. She purchased all that were brought to her, whatever their price. She has been known to give eight, ten or twelve thousand francs for a Cashmere shawl. This was, in fact, one of the extravagances of the Court; no one would condescend to wear a shawl that had cost only fifty louis, and the sums given for those worn by the Court ladies were subjects of boasting.

The manner in which Mme. Bonaparte passed her life scarcely ever varied. She never opened a book, she never took up a pen, she worked scarcely at all, but never seemed to be dull. She did not care for theatres; the Emperor objected to her going to them without him, and receiving applause in which he did not share. She took walking exercise only when at Malmaison—a residence on which she had spent large sums of money, to the great displeasure of Bonaparte. When he reproached her with this, Josephine would shed tears, promise to be more careful, and go on exactly as before. In the end Bonaparte had to pay.

Her evening toilet was conducted in the same manner as that of the morning. Everything was of the greatest elegance; a dress or a wreath was seldom worn a second time. The Empress's hair was generally dressed, in the evening, with flowers, pearls or precious stones. She wore very low gowns, and the richer her attire, the better she looked. The quietest party, the smallest dance, was an opportunity for ordering a new dress, in spite of the quantity of finery stored in each of the palaces; for she had a positive mania for hoarding. It would be impossible to name the sums she spent on clothes of every kind. In every fashionable shop in Paris there was always something being made for her. She wore lace trimmings worth forty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand francs.

It seems almost incredible that this love of dress, which she could so fully gratify, never passed away. At Malmaison, after the divorce, she led the same luxurious life, and appeared in full dress even when she expected no one. On the day of her death, thinking that the Emperor of Russia would perhaps come to see her, she desired her attendants to dress her in an elegant morning-gown. She breathed her last sigh attired in pink satin, with ribbons of the same color.

* * * * * * *

The November of 1809 beheld a very constellation of crowned heads in Paris. The King of Wurtemburg, the King of Saxony, the King and Queen of Holland, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the reigning Princes of the Rhine Confederation, all had assembled in glittering Lutetia to pay their respects at the Court of the Sovereign of Sovereigns. The concourse of monarchs was so great that the Count de Ségur, the noble who was destined to write the best and most reliable work on the fatal expedition to Russia in 1812—Grand Master of Ceremonies—was compelled one morning to excuse himself for being late in his attendance upon the Emperor by pleading "an embarrassment of sovereigns."

It was in this crush of Princes that the cruel operation, or sacrifice, rather, of the divorce was to be consummated, and, as if by a very mockery of destiny, the Imperial Court was never more brilliant than at the hour when its Empress was about to be compelled to leave its glittering glories for ever.

The restraint and *gaucherie* of the Emperor, when he found himself face to face with his resigned and unhappy wife, increased in proportion with the disquietude and vague preoccupation of Josephine, who was silently engaged in calling upon all her nerve-forces to support the impending and inevitable catastrophe. On his side, Napoleon, so prompt, so quick in decision that every second seemed a century, until even his most daring resolutions were carried into effect, still hesitated on the question of breaking with a woman who, for fourteen years, had been linked with his destinies, and who at once recalled the most brilliant days of his youth, of his passion, and of his glories.

The method, the right moment to select at which to inform Josephine of the fatal truth, the words, the medium, all seemed to render his embarrassment unendurable. This man, so accustomed to brave perils, to face obstacles, for the first time recoiled and became weak, timid and vacillating. A week had already elapsed since he had demanded the hand of the sister of the Czar of Russia, and yet he had not the pluck to utter to Josephine the painful declaration, which he postponed from day to day in the feeble hope that it might be forestalled by her voluntary devotion, for which he counted upon Prince Eugène, in addition to the latter's sympathy and devotion to the Empress in her hideous tribulation. The moment for breaking so tender and generous and loving a heart confronted him, and Napoleon cowered before the hand on the dial. The charm of the past came to him like a delicious perfume. He called up to his imagination the most delicious dreams of love and passion; of charming traits in her character, and he, who without an additional heart-beat, without the movement of a muscle, or the "passing tribute of a sigh," had seen many thousands perish on the battlefield, quailed before the thought of causing tears in the eyes of—a woman—only a woman! His love, which he had imagined extinct, revived at this the eleventh hour, and he was fain to apply to himself the line of Virgil:

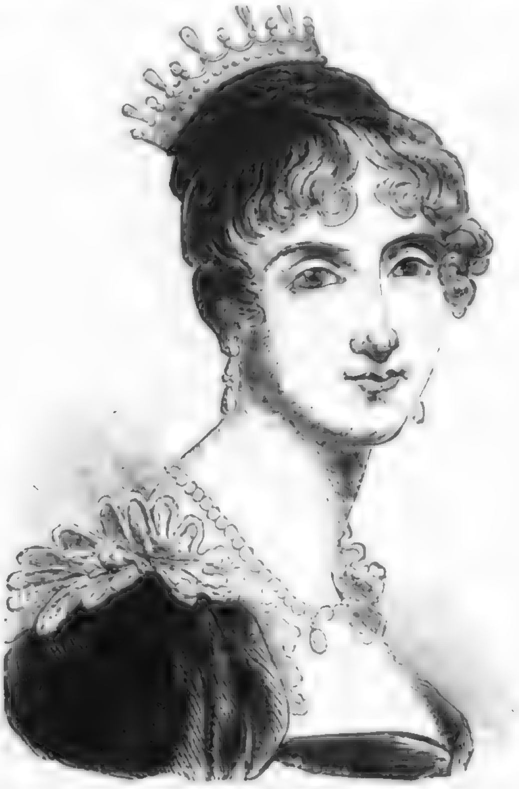
> "Dulciaque agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ."

Josephine was still very seductive—what Englishmen are pleased to term "awfully fetching!"—and her melancholy but served to add an additional and more potent charm. M. de Bausset, who assisted at this pathetic divorce-drama, thus depicts her: "The Empress at this crisis was forty-six years of age. It is impossible to conceive greater grace of manner, or elegance of mien. Her eyes were perfectly enchanting, as, indeed, was every feature. Her smile was an absolute charm, coquettish yet bewitching; her face, as her voice, was soft and appealing; her figure was as noble as it was *svelte* and lissome, and perfect in every detail. The most exquisite taste characterized her attire, and it was so deftly chosen as to cause her to look ten years younger than she really was. But all these wondrous attractions were flung into the shade by the goodness of her heart. Her mind was overflowing with the very honey of amiability, and though witty and full of repartee, she never yet was known to hurt the susceptibilities of a human being, never having anything but what was agreeable to say. Her temper was equable, and ever sweet and sympapathetic. Devoted to Napoleon, she impregnated him, without his being aware of it, with her sweetness and benevolence. Nature had endowed her with truth, and with an inner life of pure and noble sentiments. Very few women have possessed in the same degree the fascinating faculty of self-forgetfulness in their desire to aid and encourage others."

It was upon the 30th day of November, 1809, that Napoleon resolved upon breaking to Josephine the blighting intelligence of the divorce.

"What a scene for a tragedy!" said the Emperor, in subsequently speaking of what passed on that black day in the Palace of the Tuileries. M. de Bausset, Prefect of the Palace from November 27th, narrates the memorable scene of which he was one of the spectators, and even one of the actors: "The Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday," he says, "cut furrows into the face of the Empress, while a constrained silence hung upon Napoleon. If, during dinner, he broke the silence, it was to put a few short questions to me. To the replies he paid little attention, and vouchsafed no response. During these days the dinner only lasted ten minutes. The thunderstorm burst on Thursday, the 30th."

Napoleon and Josephine dined together on the first *étage*, in a room adjoining the Emperor's private chamber. Josephine wore a large white hat, the flowing ribbons tied in so big a knot under her chin as to cover a portion of her face. Napoleon kept his eyes lowered, scarcely ever raising them. One only heard the noise of the plates and cutlery being removed or replaced by the officials on service. The two hosts did not even touch the dainties placed before them. The Emperor only broke the silence by asking of M. de Bausset the commonplace question, "What sort of weather is it?" Then he passed with the Empress into the large apartment, designated by the name "Salon de l'Empereur," and which was situated between the Throne Room and the Gallery of Diana. The two most notable personages were alone, and face to face. Napoleon resolved upon speaking. He said that the safety of the Empire exacted a supreme resolution—a supreme sacrifice—and that he relied upon the devotion and the courage of Josephine to consent to a divorce, to which he, after a most fearful mental struggle, had at last brought himself to consent. The Empress made no reply. She burst into a flood of tears, and fell back in a swoon.



HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS.

Napoleon then called M. de Bausset, who was close to the door, and who heard the one doleful cry of the Empress.

"Come in, Bausset," called the Emperor, "and shut the door."

The Prefect of the Palace entered the *salon* and discovered Josephine prostrate on the floor, and now uttering the most piercing screams.

"No," she cried; "no. I shall not survive this."

Then the Emperor said to M. de Bausset:

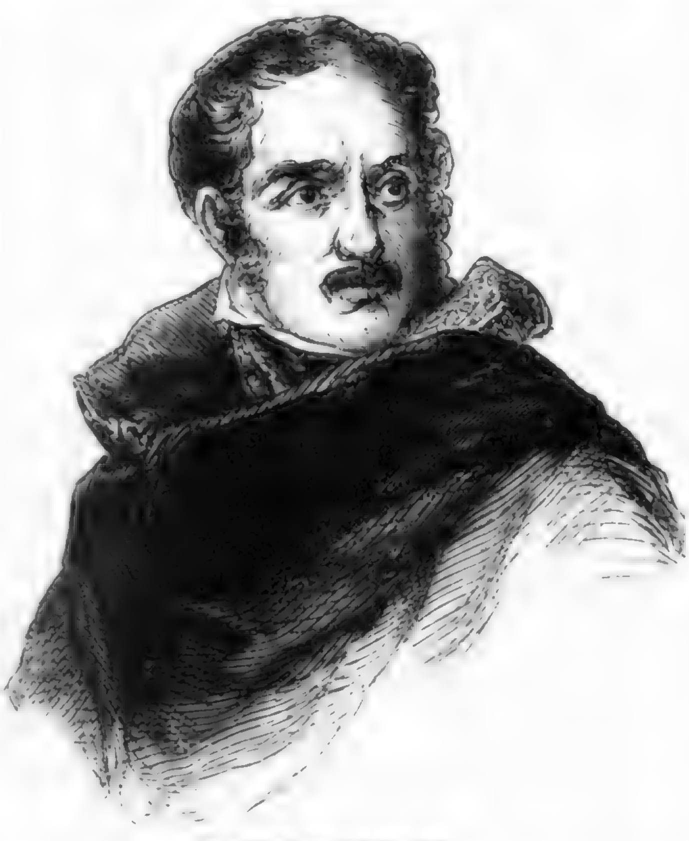
"Are you strong enough to lift the Empress, and carry her to her apartments by the interior staircase that communicates with these, in order to afford her all the care and relief that her condition exacts?"

The Prefect of the Palace then took Josephine in his arms, while the Emperor opened the door of the *salon*, and passed in advance into the dark passage which led to the little staircase.

This staircase was so straight, that it was scarcely possible for a man laden with a bundle to descend without risking his neck. M. de Bausset having hinted this to Napoleon, the latter summoned the keeper of the door, who was posted at the top of the staircase. This functionary descended first, preceding the Emperor and M. de Bausset, one holding the legs and the other supporting the head of the Empress, and who, after having accomplished the descent without accident, but not without considerable trouble, arrived at the bedchamber of the unfortunate sovereign, where they gently placed her upon the bed.

Napoleon furiously rang the bell, and the Ladies of the Bedchamber having rushed in in hot haste, he retired, his eyes full of tears, and passed into the neighboring apartment, a visible prey to the most poignant emotion. In the paroxysm of his grief he so far thawed in his nature as to inform M. de Bausset of the cause of his anguish, and of the agonizing scene just witnessed, while uttering the half-pronounced words, choked with emotion: "The interest of France and of my dynasty has done outrage to my heart . . . divorce has become a supreme duty for me. . . . I am the more afflicted at the scene that Josephine has made, since, for three days, she has been aware through Hortense, of the horrible complication which has condemned me to separation from her. . . . I deplore it with all my soul. I thought she had more strength of character, and I was not prepared for these outbursts of grief."

Between each sentence he placed a long interval, and stopped short as if to catch his breath. Then he sent officials of the palace in search of Corvisart, Queen Hortense, Fouché, Cambacérès, and before returning to his own apartments he personally assured himself of Josephine's condition, whom he found more calm, more resigned, and whom he confided to the care of Dr. Corvisart



EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.

He received Fouché and Cambacérès at the head of the staircase. Then he closeted himself with the Queen of Holland, and his interview with her was but a scene of renewed emotion.

At first, in speaking with the young Queen, Napoleon affected a certain hardness, as if to fortify himself against his actual tenderness.

"My decision is taken," he cried; "tears, screams, shall change nothing in a resolve that has become inevitable — a resolve absolutely essential to the safety of the Empire."

"Tears! cries!" responded Queen Hortense. "Sire, you shall not hear them. The Empress will not fail to submit to your wishes, and to descend from a throne as she ascended it, by virtue of your will. Her children, satisfied to resign grandeurs which did not bring happiness, will willingly devote their lives to the loving task of consoling the most tender and the best of mothers."

Napoleon, deeply moved, cried:

"This may not be. It would give rise to a rumor that there was secret discontent, you with me, or I with you, or against your mother and her family."

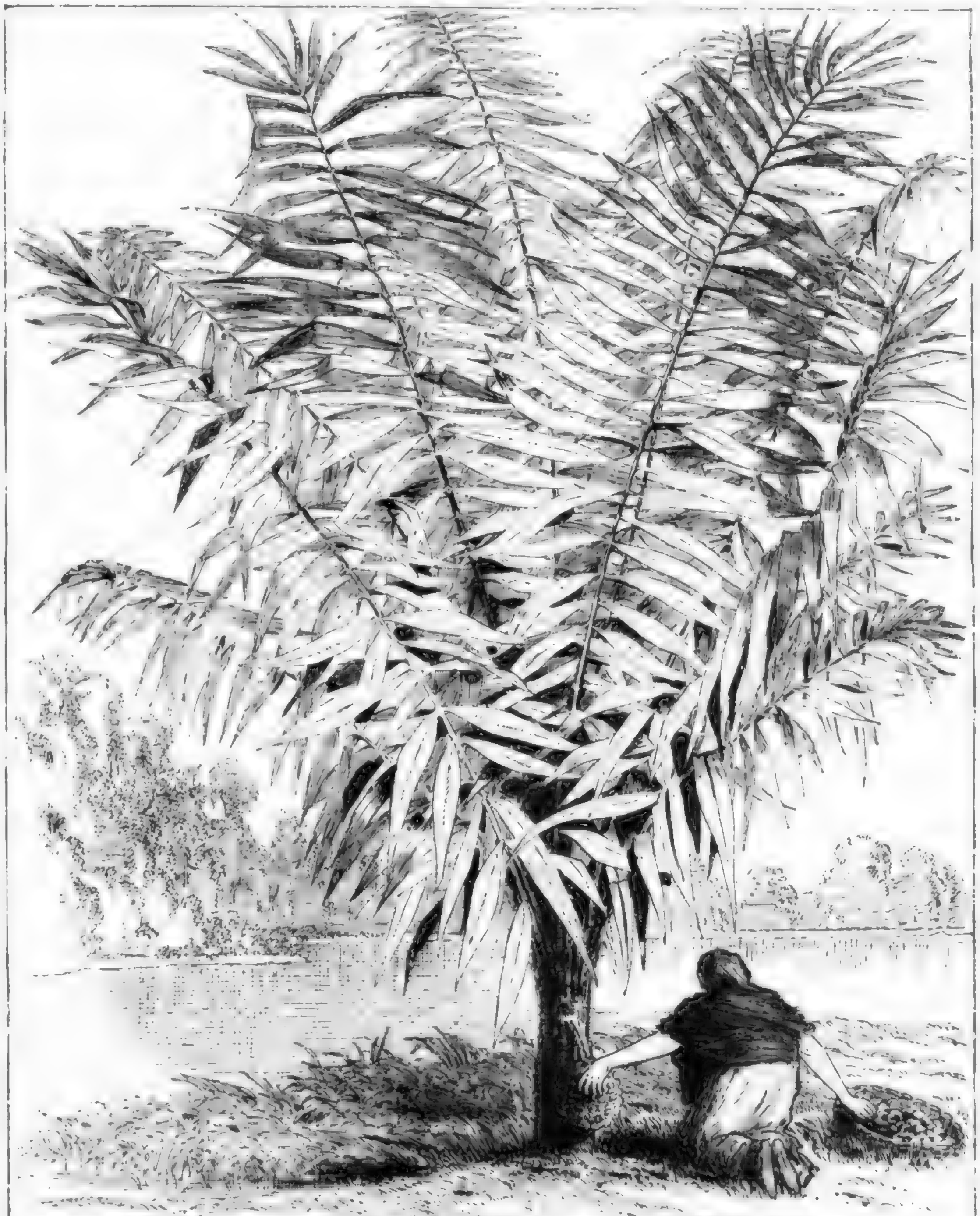
"In our exile," retorted Hortense, "we shall never forget what we owe to the Emperor."

Napoleon commenced to weep.

"What!" he sobbed. "*You* abandon me—you to whom I have been a father! No, you shall not do it. You will remain with me; the future of your children imposes this condition upon you.* However great the sacrifice on both sides, it must be accomplished with the dignity that the circumstances impose."

Napoleon then proceeded to explain all that he wished to do for Josephine, so as to make the situation, consequent upon the divorce, as rosy as possible. Palaces, châteaus, enormous revenues; the first rank next to that of reigning Empress, Josephine was to possess all these. Queen Hortense left Napoleon and repaired to her mother with a view to consoling her.

It was cruelly sad for Napoleon, as well as for Josephine, that night of November 30th merging into the 1st of December.



THE VEGETABLE-IVORY PLANT.—SEE PAGE 687.

---

* One of these children was destined to ascend the French throne as Napoleon III.—"The man of Sédan."

"The Emperor did not sleep a wink," Constant, his valet, informed M. de Bausset. He rose several times to ascertain for himself how the Empress really was. During all that night he never uttered a word, and his valet declared he had never beheld such mental grief.

In the morning, when the window-shutters were opened, Josephine called Mlle. Avrillon and said to her:

"My dear girl, approach my bed! I have a number of things to say to you; but first of all ascertain that the doors are all close shut!"

Then she related what had passed on the previous night. Her words were broken with sobbings. On beholding Mlle. Avrillon's consternation, Josephine excused the Emperor.

"He is desolated at having to separate from me. He has given me proofs of it. He wept like a child, crying, 'It is the greatest sacrifice I could make for France.' Yes, I *feel* that he requires an heir to his glory, a child to consolidate his Empire. He has told Hortense that he will be always the same to her and to Eugène, and that he will very often come to visit me in my retreat. He has sworn that he will never exact that I shall leave France. He will permit me to occupy Malmaison. He desires that I shall be treated with the highest consideration, and that I shall have an enormous revenue at my disposal."

The good Empress did not allow a single word against the Emperor to escape her. She was, in fact, much more desirous of pitying than of accusing him.

The sovereign then arose as usual, but the few people in the secret surrounding her were discreet. They spread the report that the Empress had been ill; they did not say that she knew that she was about to be repudiated.

Friday, the 15th of December, was the day chosen by the Emperor for the dissolution of his civil marriage. At nine o'clock in the evening Napoleon, Josephine, King Louis, King Jerome, King Murat; the Queens of Spain, Holland, Naples and Westphalia; the Princes Pauline Borghese and Prince Eugène: Prince Cambacérès; the Duke de Parma, Arch-chancellor of the Empire; and the Count Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, Minister of State and Secretary of State to the Imperial family, found themselves gathered together in the Palace of the Tuileries, in the apartment known as the Grand Cabinet of the Emperor's Salon, situated between the Throne Room and the Gallery of Diana. Napoleon, deeply agitated, read the following, in a voice deep, hoarse and faltering: "My cousin Prince Arch-chancellor, I sent you this morning an autograph letter, dated to-day, ordering you to attend here, with the view of acquainting you of a resolve taken by myself and my dear wife, the Empress. I am exceedingly pleased that the kings, queens, and princesses, my brothers and sisters, my brothers and sisters-in-law, stepdaughter, and my stepson become my son by adoption, also my mother, are here present to hear what I have to communicate to you. The policy of my monarchy, the interest and requirements of my people, which have ever guided my actions, demand, that in succession to me I shall leave children, heirs of my love for the people of this throne whereon Providence has placed me. For, now many years, I have lost hope of having children of my marriage with my well-beloved spouse the Empress Josephine. It is this unhappy condition of affairs which impels me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, and to hearken to naught save the welfare of the state, and to design—if not to desire—the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may safely nurse the hope of living long enough to rear, after my own mode of education, such children as it may please Providence to send me. God only knows what such a resolve has cost my heart! But there is no sacrifice, however great, beyond my courage, when such a sacrifice is conducive to the interests and well-being of France." From the commencement of the reading of this document Josephine had betrayed the most acute nervousness. She was pale and trembling, and kept clutching at her dress as though she would pluck pieces out of it. When Napoleon came to read the following a paleness of death overspread her handsome features, while her lips became almost blue, and the ladies surrounding her prepared for a faint, if not death itself. "I wish to add," said the Emperor, in a quivering voice, "that far from having any fault, I have nothing but admiration and praise for my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, the souvenirs of which will ever remain engraven on my heart. She has been crowned by my hand. I wish that she shall retain the rank and title of Empress, and above all, that she shall never doubt my affection for her, and that she will always consider me as her best, dearest and truest friend."

It was now Josephine's turn to speak. She made several frantic efforts. She failed absolutely. Her blue lips crackled, but came forth never a sound. Turning her burning eyes, blinded with tears, upon the paper which she held in her hand, she endeavored to read it, but her sight failed her, sobs strangled her choking voice, and in despair at being unable to conquer her emotion, she tremblingly passed the paper to Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, who then proceeded to read on her part the following touching document: "By the permission of my august and dearly loved spouse, I wish to declare that since all hope of having children has died out—children that would satisfy the requirements of his policy and the interest of France—it rejoices me to give to him the greatest proof of earthly attachment and devotion. I owe everything to him. It was his hand that crowned me, and, on the height of the throne, I have received nothing but testimonials of love and affection from the French people. I hope to recognize all these sympathies, all these sentiments, by the dissolution of a marriage that presents an obstacle to the well-being of France, and which deprives her of the happiness of being one day governed by the descendants of a great man, so evidently created by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible Revolution, and to re-establish the altar, the throne and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage shall change nothing in the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor shall ever find in me his best friend. I am aware of how this act—the outcome of a political necessity, and in the necessity of great interests—has torn his heart; but both of us glory in the sacrifice that we offer for the good of the country."

The reading of this speech ended, Napoleon embraced Josephine, and reconducted her to her apartments, where she remained half-dead in the arms of her attendants.

The night was equally dolorous for her as for him. Constant, Napoleon's valet, has related how Napoleon, at the moment he was preparing to retire, was astounded by the arrival of the unhappy Josephine, who yearned to pass a few hours with him who was about to cease to be her husband. She entwined her arms around his neck, and he, rising from where he was seated, pressed her closely to his heart, exclaiming, his eyes full of tears:

"Come! come! my dear, good Josephine; be more reasonable. Come! come! Courage! I shall always be your friend."

On the morrow, Saturday, December the 16th, 1809, the woman who had been the Empress of the French and Queen of Italy was destined to take leave of the Tuileries for ever. From early morning, after a night of agony, she made feverish preparations for her departure. Her children were around her. Eugène was compelled to leave her at eleven o'clock in the morning to repair to the Senate, where a Senatus Consultum was about to declare the annulment of the Imperial marriage.

While the last echoes of official adulation were dying beneath the dome of the Senate, Josephine departed from the Tuileries. It had been arranged that during the day she should set out for Malmaison, her favorite dwelling, while the Emperor would repair to Trianon. It was Napoleon who first set out at four o'clock in the afternoon. Less insensible than his enemies suppose, he had suffered horribly. Napoleon had wept; the heart of the man had throbbed beneath the robe of the sovereign. He mused in deep melancholy over the fact that the sweet voice of Josephine would never again be heard in the Tuileries, a voice that now seemed sweeter to him than all the harmonies combined, and the ancient palace of the sovereigns of France appeared to him so sad, so gloomy, that he sought distraction by leaving it, if not oblivion. In burying himself at Trianon he evoked the souvenirs of a woman more unhappy still than Josephine—the memory of the hapless Marie Antoinette.

When the palace official announced to him that the carriage was in readiness in the court of the Tuileries, he quickly seized upon his hat, and cried to his secretary Méneval: "Come with me!" The latter followed the Emperor by the small stairway that led to the entrance to the apartments of the Empress. Josephine was alone and plunged in the saddest of reverie. On beholding the Emperor and Méneval she leaped to her feet, and rushing forward, flung herself on Napoleon's neck, where she clung sobbing as if her heart would break. The Emperor, clasping her close, embraced her after the most impassioned fashion. Then she swooned, and as M. de Méneval hastened to ring for help, Napoleon, being desirous of cutting short the melancholy situation, placed the unhappy Josephine in the arms of his secretary the moment he perceived that she was coming to, and having ordered M. de Méneval not to leave her, he quickly retired, leaped into his carriage, and started for Trianon.

The disappearance of the Emperor redoubled the sobbings of the unfortunate Empress. Her ladies, who entered the chamber, laid her on the bed, rendering her the uttermost attention. In the paroxysm of her misery she seized the hands of M. de Méneval, crying, "Say to the Emperor that he is not to forget me. Assure him of a love that will survive any event. Promise to let me have news of him the moment you reach the Trianon, and see that he writes to me!" She would scarcely permit Napoleon's secretary to leave, as if his departure would snap the last link which still bound her to the Emperor.

The fatal hour was sounded. Josephine in her turn departs. The vestibule is filled with the residents of the palace, who are desirous of saluting her in passing. Everybody regrets her. Tears are in many eyes. And how could it be otherwise? She had always been so good. When they had any favor to ask, any wrong to be righted, any kindness to be rendered, it was always to her that they repaired. Every servant of Napoleon, every follower, important or menial, regarded her as their good angel.

What a difference, what a contrast, between that 19th day of February, 1800, when she entered the Tuileries, and the day of the 16th of December, 1809, when she quitted them!

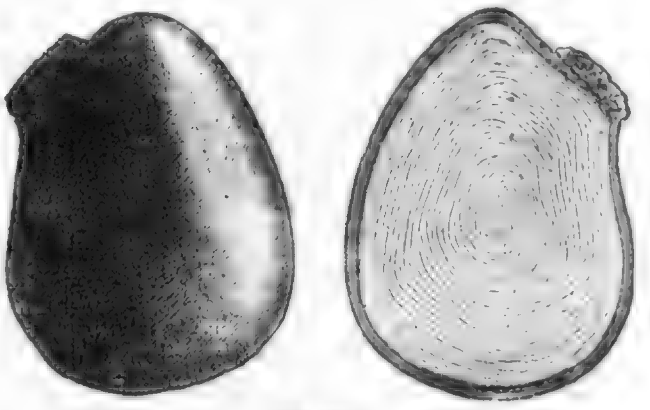
The history of Josephine ends here. Of the condition of her mind consequent upon the divorce, the following extract from a letter of Madame de Rémusat gives direct evidence. The letter is dated Malmaison, December, 1809:

> "I was received here with real affection. All is very sad, as you may suppose. The Empress, who has no more need of effort, is greatly cast down; she weeps incessantly, and it is really painful to see her. Her children are full of courage. The Viceroy is come— he keeps her up as much as possible; they are both of the greatest use to her.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> The Empress has passed a wretched morning. She receives visitors, who renew her grief, and then every time anything reaches her from the Emperor she gets into a terrible state. We must find means, either through the Grand Marshal or the Prince de Neuchâtel, to induce the Emperor to moderate the expression of his regret and affliction when he writes to her, because, when he dwells in this way upon his grief, she falls into real despair, and seems to lose her head completely. I do all in my power for her; it gives me terrible pain to see her. She is gentle, sad and affectionate; in fact, it is heart-rending. By affecting her so deeply the Emperor increases her sufferings. In the midst of all this she never says a word too much, she never utters a bitter complaint; she is really like an angel. I induced her to take a walk this morning; I wanted to try to fatigue her body in order to rest her mind. She complied mechanically. I talked to her, I questioned her, I did all I could; she seconded my efforts, understanding my intentions, and seemed grateful to me in the midst of her tears. At the end of an hour, I acknowledge that I was almost fainting with the effort that I had made, and for a few minutes was almost as weak as herself. 'It seems to me sometimes,' said she, 'that I am dead, and that there remains to me only a sort of vague consciousness that I am no longer living.'"

VEGETABLE IVORY—THE PLANT AND THE NUT.

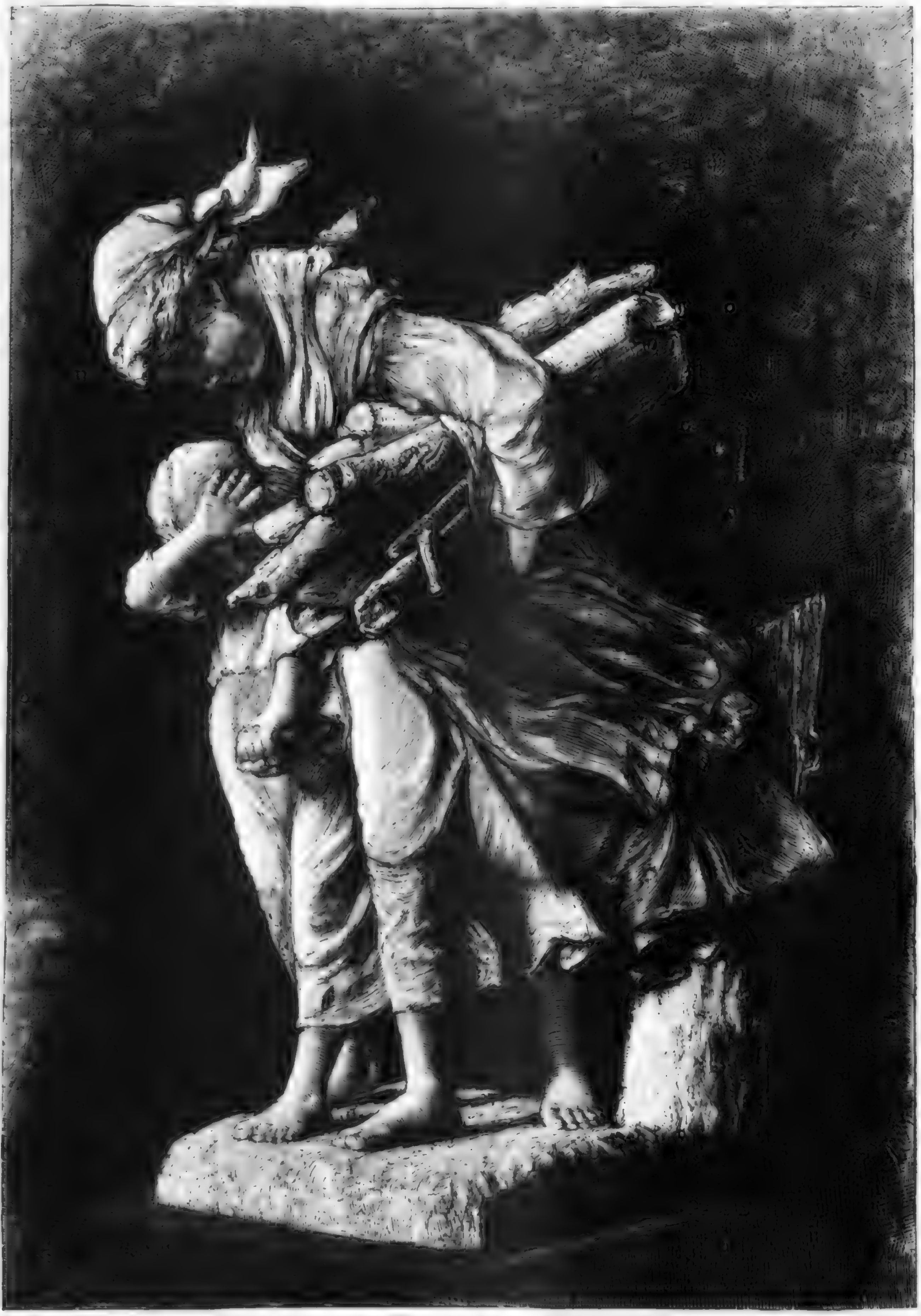
This plant is at last ranged among the Palms, a family that gives man a greater variety of articles for his use than any other; house, roof, food, wine, hats and clothing, fans, paper, brooms, mats, ropes.

The *Phytelephas macrocarpa* has a stem about twenty feet long and a foot thick. At the top of the trunk is a tuft of leaves each twenty feet long, and divided so as to seem a series of leaves. The blossoms have a pungent odor; the male and female blossoms are on different trees. The fruit, which starts from the trunk, contains six or seven clusters in a globular case, and weighs twenty-five or thirty pounds. Sometimes as many as eight of these will be seen hanging from a section of the trunk not more than a foot long. The interior of the nut is the vegetable-ivory, hard, almost bony.



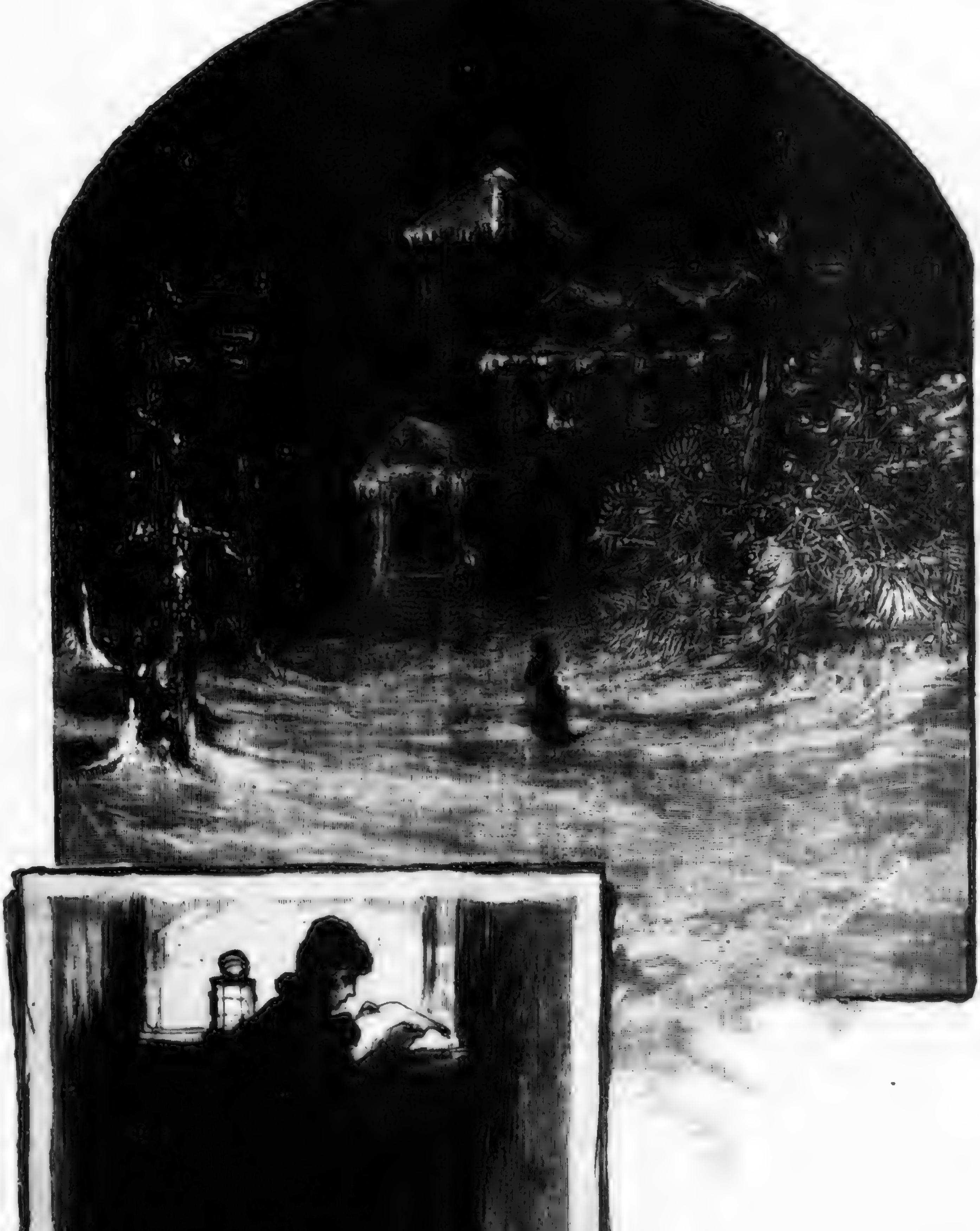
THE NUT.

This curious plant is a native of South America, and is found between eight and nine degrees south of the equator. It grows in moist valleys, on the banks of rivers and other places of great moisture; but is sometimes found at an altitude of three thousand feet. It is met with in Colombia, on the banks of the Magdalena, and grows in clusters.



BREASTING THE STORM.

With respect to the goods of this world, it might be said that parsons are preaching for them; that lawyers are pleading for them; that physicians are prescribing for them; that authors are writing for them; that soldiers are fighting for them; but that true philosophers alone are enjoying them.



THE GHOST'S THANKSGIVING.—"FIVE MINUTES LATER SHE HAD HER CLOAK ON, A LANTERN CONCEALED BENEATH IT, AND WAS ON HER WAY TO WYMINGTON HALL. . . . . SHE FELL UPON HER KNEES. SHE REACHED DOWN INTO THE HIDDEN PLACE. SHE DREW OUT A PAPER. SHE UNFOLDED IT. IT WAS THE MISSING WILL!"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE GHOST'S THANKGSGIVING.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

I.

It was March when old Gerard Wymington died ; and never was night darker or storm fiercer than when he lay, white and wan, fighting out the last feeble fight he would ever wage—fighting hopelessly against death—he who had been so quick and merciless, and so sure to succeed in every wicked wish and whim of his long, harsh life.

It was past midnight. The rain fell in torrents. The wind beat against the windows like a giant's hand, or wailed in the huge chimneys of Wymington Hall like a soul in torment.

The face on the pillow looked whiter and yet more wan. The watchful doctor stooped nearer. The nurse on the other side of the bed came nearer, too. They were well paid, these two, for the work they were doing ; they had, besides, a professional pride in doing *all*—all until there should be nothing left to do. And there was in their hearts the natural sympathy for suffering which is common to all humanity. But no dryer eyes ever looked on a bed of death, no steadier hands ever did their swift and silent duty than those that watched and waited on Gerald Wymington's dying hours.

The doctor stooped nearer ; the nurse stooped nearer, too. The white eyelids slowly and tremulously unclosed, letting the fierce black fires beneath the brows of the stricken man blaze up to them.

"Water," moaned the sufferer.

The nurse silently held the desired draught to his lips.

"I—I—I'll be better in the morning, won't I, doctor?" he said, in a pleading whisper, so low that the man addressed scarcely caught the words.

This was the first time he had asked regarding his condition during the weeks of his lingering illness. The doctor turned aside his head, and made no answer. What could he say?

The question was repeated—repeated in a stronger voice, and a little petulantly :

"I'll be better in the morning, won't I, doctor?"

"I—well—God knows I hope so," said the doctor, without looking at him.

There was silence in the room for a minute. It lasted so long that the doctor looked at his patient at last. The deep black eyes met his firmly.

"Do you mean, doctor, that—that I must—must——"

He closed his eyes without finishing his question, and seemed to sink deeper among the pillows than he had been before.

"Come, doctor," he said, after a little, without opening his eyes, "tell me the truth. I've had my own way all my life, and I will have it now. Will I die?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "you will die. I have done my best for you. I can do no more."

Silence again—silence in the room, unbroken by the faintest sound ; but *not* silence when one gave his mind to the mad night outside ; silence for so long that the doctor half doubted whether the eyes or lips of the man before him would ever open to the world again. But suddenly the quiet question came :

"How long shall I live?"

"Possibly until morning. Not later."

Gerald Wymington sat suddenly bolt upright in bed, manifesting an energy that no one would have thought was possible. His face bore a look of horror.

"I can't die so soon. I will not, I say. I cannot and I will not," he cried.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Wymington," said the doctor, kindly ; "but I have told you the simple truth. You are lessening the time you will last, by thus exhausting yourself."

"Send for Case," said Wymington, briefly.

"For Case?" replied the doctor, slowly. "I fear it is too late for that. Besides, it is a terrible night for one to be out."

"The night never was that was too bad for the need I have," whispered Wymington, "and it's my money that pays the servants—*my* money until morning, possibly. And I made Case's fortune for him, too ; surely he cannot refuse to come."

"I think not," said the doctor, half doubtingly.

"Think not!" moaned the dying man through unclinched teeth ; "think not ! If he fails me now, may the curse of a dying man, cheated of the chance to right a wrong, abide with him for ever. Send for him, anyway, and at once. I command it."

Command ! With his cheek whiter than the pillow against which it rested, and his brow more than a match for the snowy hair above it ! Command ! With his strength gone ; with his eyelids drooping over his failing vision ; with his feeble, faltering breath. Command !

Yes, despite it all ! The doctor sent the nurse to give the order. Command ! Yes, thank God ! Lips may grow cold and white, and the light may beat vainly on sightless eyeballs. But the force and vigor of personality live, down to the very brink of the dark river. What then? Shall we deny the wind because the windmill burns, or the river, because the water-wheel rots away? He is mad who dares doubt the immortality of the soul.

The minutes dragged slowly on. An hour passed. There had been no word or look or motion from the waiting sufferer after the hoof-beats of the messenger's horse had died in the distance ; he was evidently saving himself for some task which lay before him.

"Keep me alive—and—and—and rational—until he comes," had been his pleading cry as he heard the horse dash away down the drive. As no one living had ever seen a suspicion of tears in his eyes before, it was evident that he felt deeply the need of his lawyer.

It is undoubtedly a fact that enthusiasm is contagious whether those exposed to its influence understand the occasion for it or not. The doctor found himself listening for the return of the messenger who had gone for the lawyer, with as much interest and earnestness and impatience as was shown in the lines of the suffering face before him. He found himself using the strongest stimulants too, and with a freedom which startled him when he thought from time to time how closely it bordered on recklessness.

There came a distant sound, after a time, which might have been only the echo of the thunder of the storm. The ears of the patient were keener than those of the doctor.

"They—he—some one is coming," he said, in a tone which was half-question and half-assertion.

The doctor paused a little, and then answered :

"Yes, they are coming. I hear the horses."

"One, or two?" demanded the doomed man.

The doctor listened again, with more care and longer this time.

"Two; there are two horses," he said.

"Thank God!" muttered Wymington.

A little later Case entered the room. Some one stood just outside the door after he went in, and motioned the doctor to step outside.

"Who is it?" asked Wymington.

"Only Elsie, uncle," said a girlish voice, and a slender little woman stepped just into the room, and paused near the door. She was beautiful, beautiful even then; and one who could submit to the test of the circumstances under which she presented herself, and claim a second thought from an observer for her blue eyes or blonde hair, must have been a remarkable young person at ordinary times. She was as wet as though she had recently been the heroine of a drowning sensation; she was plentifully furnished with samples of the rich soil of the country road from Wymington Hall to town; there was a look of genuine terror and distress in her lovely eyes.

"Elsie—girl—was it you who went for him?" asked the old man.

"Yes, uncle," she said.

"But why was that? There are servants, and——"

"Yes," she interrupted him; "but Prince is the swiftest horse in the stables, and you know no one but myself can ride him. Besides, I feared a message carried by a servant would not be heeded."

The old man smiled strangely, and a tear or two rolled down over his wasted cheeks.

"You're a good girl, Elsie," he said, faintly; "I love you! Never forget that your uncle loved you. Now go!"

She left the room. Wymington turned to Case.

"I told her the truth," he said, bitterly; "how terrible to be obliged to strangle one's affections to satisfy one's conscience!"

The lawyer bowed.

"I—I sometimes think George wasn't so much to blame after all."

"I always thought George was good at heart," said the lawyer, "and you will remember I always said so."

"Well," very faintly and slowly; more faintly and slowly than one would have looked for even in a dying man; "well, I've thought I must make amends for what was possibly my harshness and lack of tact with the boy. He must have the money and the Hall after all."

The lawyer frowned and shook his head.

"Eh? You heard me, didn't you?" persisted Wymington. "I tell you I'll have my own way. Dead or alive I'll have my own way! Draw up a will giving it to him. It is right. God help poor Elsie! If my boy wasn't a fool I'd hope that——"

"A will isn't necessary," interrupted Case, "for the boy is your heir if there is no will. There was a will, you remember?"

"Yes—yes," eagerly assented Wymington; "I drew it up, if you recollect?"

"Yes."

"It gave everything to your niece, Elsie?"

"Well, all you have to do is to destroy that. Tell me where to find it, and I will bring it to you."

The sick man lay thinking for a few seconds. Then he started up with a mad terror in his eyes.

"I—I—I hid the will—somewhere—and I cannot tell where. It cannot be found; it cannot be found. And I must die, leaving it behind me. I love Elsie better than my own son, wild and wicked and wayward as he has been, but I cannot rest in my grave unless he has his own."

And Wymington burst into a passion of tears. The doctor was with him in an instant, and he took a terrible risk in what he administered next.

"Do what he wants, and do it in a hurry," he said to the lawyer, "or it will be too late!"

"A new will will make the old one void," suggested the lawyer.

"Draw it up, then," commanded the doctor, his finger on his patient's wrist.

"What shall I write?"

"A month's wages to the servants; all the rest to George," growled Wymington.

A half-minute of silence. Then the tenderness of the man found its way forward again.

"He went away years ago," he said; "years ago, and I've never seen him since. But she—she has loved and cared for me all these years. There is enough for them both. Give each one half."

The sound of the storm was dying away in the distance. The early light of a rainy dawn was creeping slowly into the room. There was no sound, for a long time, except the lawyer's pen as it hurried over the paper.

"It is finished," said Mr. Case, at last.

"Call Elsie," said Gerald Wymington.

They sent for her.

"Lift me up," he said, "and show me where to sign."

They were holding him up in bed when she entered the room. He held the pen in his hand. He looked lovingly at her as she came toward him.

"I've done right at last," he said, "and have shown my gratitude and my love, too. There is enough for both."

He dipped the pen in the ink.

"If—if it should seem well to bring it all together again, when George comes home and learns to know you, I shall be glad if I know it in the world to which I am going."

There was a sudden opening of the front door; there were hurried steps on the stairs. A smile of tenderness transfigured the face which had been stern for more years than any of those present had known it, and it seemed almost young again.

"It is George," he gasped, with the hurrying footsteps half-way up the stairs; "George has come home to me again, and——"

That was all! There was a frenzied dash at the paper. The pen fell from the nerveless fingers, and rolled to the floor. The smile faded into a look of baffled effort. It was the face of an old man that looked up at them from the pillow where the doctor had reverently laid him down, the face of a very old man.

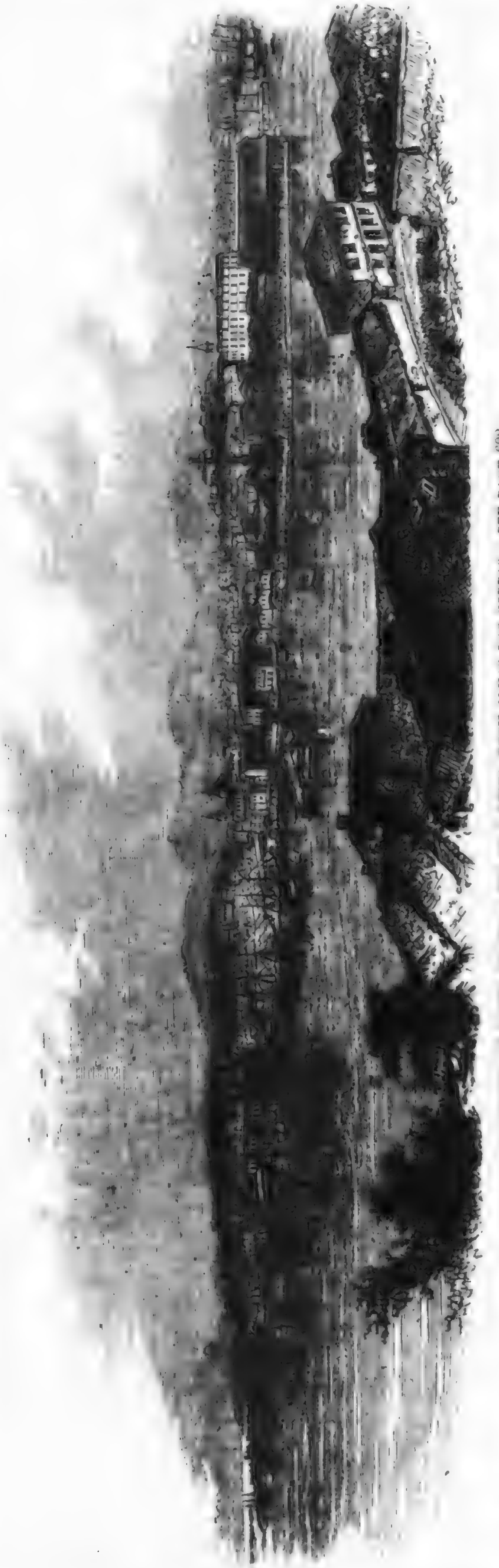
The door opened; but no one turned to greet the one who came too late—just later than Death!

A sunbeam crept into the room, and lay in a long line across the eyes which would never see again. A bird swung on the tree just outside the window, and sang as loudly and sweetly as though there was no one lying with deafened ears so near him.

But he sang of the morning! Thank God for that!

II.

I VENTURE the assertion that you never knew a haunted house with a well-kept lawn and well-trimmed trees and shrubs about it, nor one which was itself guiltless of disorder and decay. Blinds hanging by one hinge will swing and creak, wind or no wind, when the night is moonless and the stars half vailed by clouds. You never heard of ghostly midnight lights shining out of windows,



GLIMPSES OF SOUTH BRAZIL.— RIO DE JANEIRO, FROM ILHAS DAS COBRAS.— SEE PAGE 698.

unless there was a screen of cobwebs for them to filter through, with little else to shut the cold of Winter or the heat of Summer out. You never heard of a ghost who had a comfortable home or cheerful surroundings. Paint precludes phantoms. Whole roofs and windows never shelter restless ghosts.

But, before the Summer had fairly come, nearly every one in the village of Wymington knew that Wymington Hall was haunted. Little had been heard, it is true, and less seen; but no reasonable person could possibly require a weary ghost to be always busy. From midnight to dawn were his hours for making night horrible with his antics, and no one ever went near Wymington Hall at those hours, of course, unless through necessity or forgetfulness.

George Wymington was a very self-willed young gentleman. His cousin, Miss Elsie, was an equally self-willed young lady. If old Gerald Wymington had been granted the half of some one of the wasted minutes of his long and idle life, just at its close, each one would have had half of the great fortune that the old man left, and it would not have been strange if they had compromised on the open question as to which should take the Hall, *by both taking it!* For Elsie was as good as she was beautiful, and George was a manly fellow, with a stout form and clear gray eyes, through which an honest soul looked out. His years of absence had done him good and made him better, albeit Case's verdict that he had never been very bad, was true. It was no wonder that so stubborn and self-willed a man as Gerald Wymington had been should have driven from home one so much like himself.

Neither said much regarding the fortune. Even good Mr. Case could get only short answers from either. The unsigned will was of no legal force, of course. There *had been* another will, giving all the property, except a few hundred a year, which went to George, to Elsie Wymington. Case had drawn it. The dying man had admitted its existence in the presence of the doctor and the nurse. It was most likely in existence yet, so George refused to enter the old Hall after the funeral, or to touch a penny of the property.

The missing will might have been destroyed, in which case George was the heir to it all; in fact, in its absence he was the legal heir, and might have taken undisputed possession of the estate. So Elsie took the few things which were her own, and moved to a humble boarding-house in the village the day after they shut the sad face of Gerald Wymington, stamped with its weary look of baffled effort, away from the light of the sun for ever.

Good Mr. Case was very much annoyed. In all his legal experience he had never known such difficulties as the utter inactivity of his two young friends threw in his way.

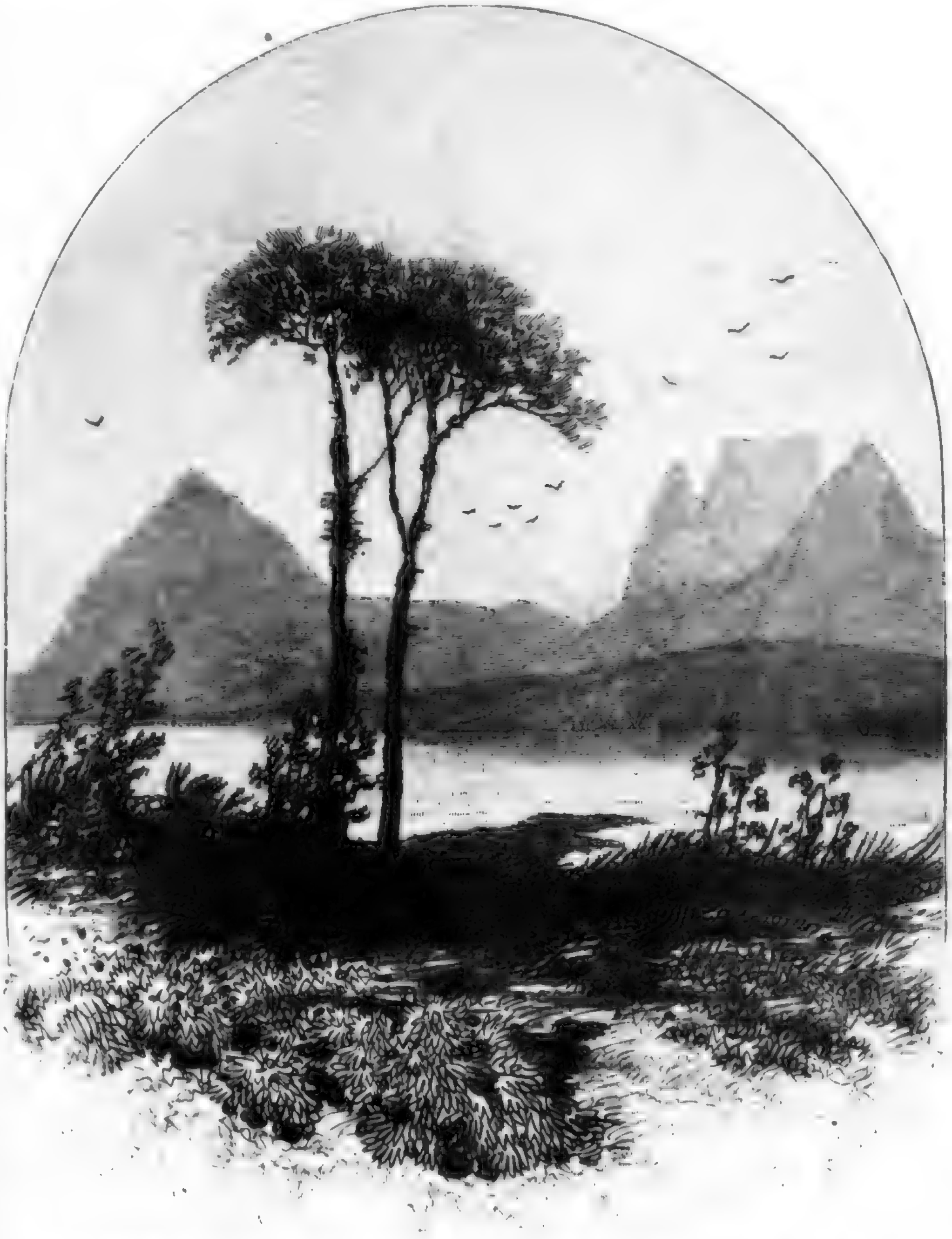
"The fortune is mine, mine alone. I will give nothing from it to another," that would have been the usual, and, to Case's experience, the natural thing for them to say under the circumstances. If either or both had said this; if he could have coaxed or threatened, frightened or cajoled them into doing that, he would have felt that he had beneath his feet the sure ground of precedent. But neither said anything like it, and, while such a thing would be new to *his* legal lore, he sometimes doubted if they even thought it. "Touch a penny, not I, if it's to be proven hers afterward," said George, over and over again, with a scowl on his face that reminded Case of old Gerald. "Do you think I'd touch his money, or run the risk of it? Never," that was always Elsie's answer. Neither would consent to take half. Case sometimes suspected that either would be ready to make generous concessions to the other, from the heroic altitude of undoubted right and power; though neither ever hinted that. Love of power had always been the corner-stone of the Wymington pride, not love of gold; and George and Elsie were true Wymingtons.

The villagers wondered, decorously and under their breaths, of course, how Gerald Wymington could rest easy in his grave while the rank grass grew on the lawn in a riotous rivalry of the rank weeds in the garden. They wondered how he could rest while the windows fell under the hands of the reckless boys of the neighborhood; while storms dashed in to wreck and ruin; while bats and foul birds of night made it their shelter; while spiders hung their webs across the sunny windows—and in the damp, dark corners as well. And *he had said he couldn't!*

There were strange sounds about the old house; hurrying feet along the walks, feet of viewless wanderers—an open question between cats and ghosts, possibly; with the popular voice giving heavy odds against the cats. When April's rain fell slowly, a passer-by heard the sound of weeping in the deserted house, one night; the old man had wept there, only one little month ago. Beyond the fireflies, dancing to soundless music over the lawn, there were flashes of light at the windows of the Hall, later in the season—in June, I think; the house was getting uncomfortable enough for a ghost of not too severe tastes, and the villagers knew that the old master had moved in again. One shivering wretch had the proud distinction of outdoing all others, one night in August, and making it unlikely that nightfall would ever find one near the Hall again; he stumbled into the tavern; one evening, when the air was like a furnace, shaking as though he had an ague fit and would never be warm again. He had passed the Hall a little time before, and had seen the dead man hiding something white in the room in which he had died. How the trembling wretch pleaded for brandy! But the law was very rigid regarding the sale of liquor to men who already had too much, and was very strictly enforced; so he reeled home, cold with fear, without it.

George and Elsie could not live in so small a place as the little village and not be together more or less. There was no little gathering, quiet and sedate, at which each was not present. There was no meeting for purposes of charity from which either was ever absent. George always met her with studied politeness; she always greeted him with stately reserve. Sometimes he walked by her side as they came home from church, but their talk was as commonplace as one could well imagine. They were not enemies; they could not well be strangers; but their relations to each other stopped far on the wrong side of friendship. They were as far away, in sorry truth, as though they had lived a century apart, with little chance of ever getting nearer each other. Alas and alas! If Gerald Wymington could only have lived to write his name at the bottom of what had been the will of his heart, whatever doubts as to its validity human conceptions of legality might throw upon it!

Every one liked both George and Elsie. So there were many to look sad and shake their heads. No restless ghost, up at the deserted Hall, wandering at all unholy hours of the night through Spring and Summer and



GLIMPSES OF SOUTH BRAZIL.—THE GAVIA AND LAGOA DE FREITAS.—SEE PAGE 698.

Autumn, could lay claim to a monopoly of dissatisfaction.

"I wish you'd marry George," said Mr. Case to Elsie one October evening.

Her look was unpleasant and discouraging.

"He wished you to ask me?" she inquired, coldly.

"Bless me, no! He never even hinted at such a thing in my presence. But it would be such an excellent way to settle the property."

"I am very glad he has never hinted such a thing to you. I should feel it an insult, or almost one. I shall never gain a share of my uncle's estate in that way."

"But I've searched everywhere, high and low, and I cannot find the will," blundered the well-meaning man.

"Have I ever offered the slightest objection to Mr. Wymington taking possession?" she asked.

After that she wouldn't talk, answering him only in monosyllables. So that he went away very early, a very dejected and exceedingly puzzled lawyer. "Fools!" he said, vigorously, taking things in general, from the stars to the stone wall, into his confidence; "fools! H'm! Three of them, including Case!" And he went home in a very reflective mood.

Then he tried George, a day or two later.

"Say, young man, this fine property is going to waste, and every one is talking all sorts of nonsense about ghosts. Why not put an end to it?"

"Yes!" growled George, in a tone that sent the other's hopes far below zero; "I'd be pleased to know how?"

"Marry——" began the lawyer, who got no further than the first word.

"Great Heaven!" cried George. "does this man take me for a fortune-hunter?"

And he turned and walked away.

November was a cold month that year, a very cold month. It was Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving. A merry party gathered on the pond to skate. There were shouts and laughter and pleasant jokes; there were races and falls; among the younger ones, boys and girls, there was laughter and frolic; among the older, there was love and flirtation. All was pleasant and——

Suddenly there was a shriek of terror. There was a hole in the ice, with cracks extending in every direction. Some one—a woman—a young woman—was struggling for life in the black water.

"That settles the Wymington fortune!" said a thoughtless fellow on the bank, and the next instant he was picking himself up out of the snow, a little stunned and dazed, and looking after George Wymington, who was dashing down the hill toward the pond, throwing off his coat as he ran. The careless speaker stood directly in George's way, but he wondered then, and he wonders yet, whether his sudden overthrow and the huge lump on his forehead which prevented his wearing a hat for a week, were purely the result of accident.

Perhaps the danger was not very great. Possibly in George's absence another would have done as well as he. At any rate, he saved her, and took an intense pleasure in seeing her thoroughly wrapped up and in assuming all sorts of authority regarding getting her home. Poor Elsie resented it, in her heart, but was too frightened and cold to rebel. Oh, the Wymington pride! and alas, the Wymington pride!

"Thank you," said Elsie, when she had been duly deposited close to a huge open fire at her boarding place.

George bowed. Then he paused, awkwardly, and said, hurriedly, as though he were afraid he should break down if he took time to think:

"I—I have never said much, in fact, not anything about—about the—the—about my father's death. But, you see—that is, you've heard—at least I suppose you have—what they say about the ghost at the Hall. Ought we not to unite in some vigorous denial of the whole matter?"

Elsie turned so pale that he thought for a moment she would faint.

"I—I cannot," she said, brokenly, "for I believe it is true. Please go now."

I don't suppose George Wymington would have knowingly and purposely done an impolite thing, least of all toward his cousin. Let us attribute his action to astonishment, or "reflex action," or "unconscious cerebration," or some other mysterious thing, and say that it wasn't George Wymington's deliberate self which drew a chair up to the fire and coolly sat down.

"You believe it?" he asked.

"Certainly," she said. "I—I have seen him twice myself."

"Yes?" doubtingly, and as though waiting for more.

"Yes. In the night——"

"Dreams," interrupted George, "only dreams."

She shook her head.

"I wish I could think so," she said, sadly; "but I cannot. I was as wide awake as I am now. You know he said he couldn't rest unless—unless——"

"Well!" said George, very impatiently.

"And there *is* a will, and——"

George rose to his feet without a word. His face was very stern and white; but he put out his hand in token of farewell. She did not take it. If he had looked closely at her he would have seen the blinding tears in her eyes, which prevented her seeing his friendly gesture.

He left the room and the house, and went slowly down the steps. He said something very like what Case had said. "Fool," he muttered, the Wymington pride never stronger and never giving him greater pain than it did just then—"fool." And one would have guessed that, unlike Case, he meant only one—a clear case of "first person, singular."

* * * * * *

George Wymington sat by his fire at the hotel that evening, out of sorts with himself and the world.

"Thanksgiving," he muttered, "thanksgiving to-morrow, and I've very little to be thankful for. I little thought, when I resolved on staying here, what a fix I was getting myself into, or I'd have run away from it all. And yet, I suppose it's better for a man to suffer as I have than to miss knowing his capacity for suffering."

He rose and walked wearily the length of his room.

"Thank Heaven I have means enough to take me away from it all. Let me see, I've five—eight—a thousand dollars. That will take me to Europe and keep me a few months. It makes little difference what comes to me then, and she'll have the fortune when I'm dead and gone, and some lucky fellow will enjoy it with her. Well, I wish her all happiness, only—I wonder if she'll ever guess, or care." He took out his watch. "Eleven forty-five," he said, "and I must try to get a little sleep before Thanksgiving Day—Thanksgiving Day, indeed," he repeated, bitterly.

He went to the window, raised the curtain, and looked out. Three miles away the huge bulk of Wymington Hall stood out gaunt and black against the sky. The trees were bare, and scarcely interfered with his view of the distant home, the home where he was born; the home where the mother he could but dimly remember had died; the home of his sometimes wild and reckless, but oftener crushed and thwarted, boyhood; the home where his father had lived and suffered; the home where that father had died with the sound of his tardy footsteps in his ears, forgiving and thoughtful and loving at the last. He could see the huge tomb where Gerald Wymington had been laid, and there were tender tears in his eyes as he looked. Perhaps it was the shadow of the happy morrow that laid its spell upon his heart. In some way, by some power, the Wymington pride was running low that night.

"She said she believed he had come to her," he said to himself, in a whisper; "perhaps she is right. She is pure enough and good enough to see the spirits of the dead if any one deserves such privilege. There is only one way—one way—and still that will stands between me and what I crave. I cannot be a fortune-hunter—I will not be. But I shall love little Elsie all—— Good heavens!" he gasped, "*what was that?*"

A light shone out of the distant Hall. Not a bright and steady one, but a feeble and flickering gleam that would disappear for so long a time that he fancied it was gone for ever, but which would flash out again and again. No illusion, no freak of a deceitful sense; there was a light in the room where Gerald Wymington had died!

* * * * * *

"Thanksgiving Day to-morrow! What have I to be thankful for?"

Elsie Wymington sat in her room and asked herself that question. "Life?" Yes, she guessed she was thankful for life; it had been very terrible when she thought she had got to give it up that day, before her cousin reached her. But if she had died the fortune would have been his; the Wymington pride would no longer have stood between him and the old home. How strong his arms were; how tightly he had held her; she wondered if he was very sorry he had been in season. They had never been quite so near before as they had that day; they had never talked of her uncle before; and yet—she seemed to have lost something out of her life since morning; some hope, perhaps, which left the world very desolate. She pictured her future—a lonely and dreary one; would any one care when she died? Would she live to be very old—very old?

The logs in the fireplace dropped nearer together; there was no other sound than that. The room was warm and close; she wondered vaguely if she would lose consciousness and pain in sleep, a little later. The clock struck ten, such a distant, dreamy, drowsy clock. And then——

The door opened slowly.

"I love you, Elsie!" It was the voice of Gerald Wymington!"

"Yes, uncle!" She could scarcely say whether she spoke the words, or only thought them. Perhaps the dead would know her thoughts.

He stepped into the room. His face was white, but it was not stern; it was the look he had worn when he had tried to sign his will, that rested upon his countenance now.

"Third floor; third room; third window," he said.

Then, as though he had melted into viewless air, he was gone.

The door swung slowly and softly to its place; but, just before it closed, a distant muffled voice spoke again: "I trust you too," it said.

The logs fell closer together again in the fireplace. As though the sound had broken some spell which had been placed upon her, she started to her feet. Her clock struck eleven, clear and distinct and shrill.

"Third floor; third room; third window!" This was the third time she had seen and heard the same thing. She would have told her cousin of the two visits she had had before, if he would only have listened to her.

"Third floor; third room; third window!" What did it mean? Did it mean anything? Why should she not determine? She was no coward; was she not a Wymington? Perhaps it was possible that she could have Thanksgiving in very truth, after all. If she could find the missing will she was sure of it. Five minutes later she had her cloak on, a lantern concealed beneath it, and was on her way to Wymington Hall.

It was very dark and desolate in the grounds; the trees cast fantastic shadows on the snow; she crept by the huge tomb where the Wymingtons, dead and gone, had been laid away to wait the end of all things. Perhaps she trembled a little; but, after all, her stern old uncle loved and trusted her; she felt in her soul that she deserved it; so what had she to fear?

She could have cried to see the ruin which had been wrought in the dear old home in a few short months, but she kept back all emotion with resolution. She would doubtless need all her strength before the night was done. It lacked a quarter of twelve when she lighted her lantern just inside the front hall. Then she visited for a few moments the room where Gerald Wymington had died. She sat down and resolutely composed herself. Then she climbed up the stairs. On the first landing some bird flew close to her face, and dashed through a ruined window, with a loud, harsh cry, away into the cold night. She shrank into a corner of the staircase, half-fainting at the sudden shock. A coward? Not at all. She went on; would you have done it?

She reached the third floor. She counted out the third door from the staircase, on the left. It was locked. She went to the basement for something to aid her in opening it. She came back with a small bar of iron. She spent a quarter of an hour in opening the door. She spent another quarter of an hour in search about the third window. Her search was a failure. She found nothing. She tried the opposite door, also the third from the staircase. It took her even longer, partly because she was getting nervous, thinking she could hear some one moving in the rooms below.

At last the door gave way. She entered the room.

What was that she heard? It sounded like a footstep on the stairs.

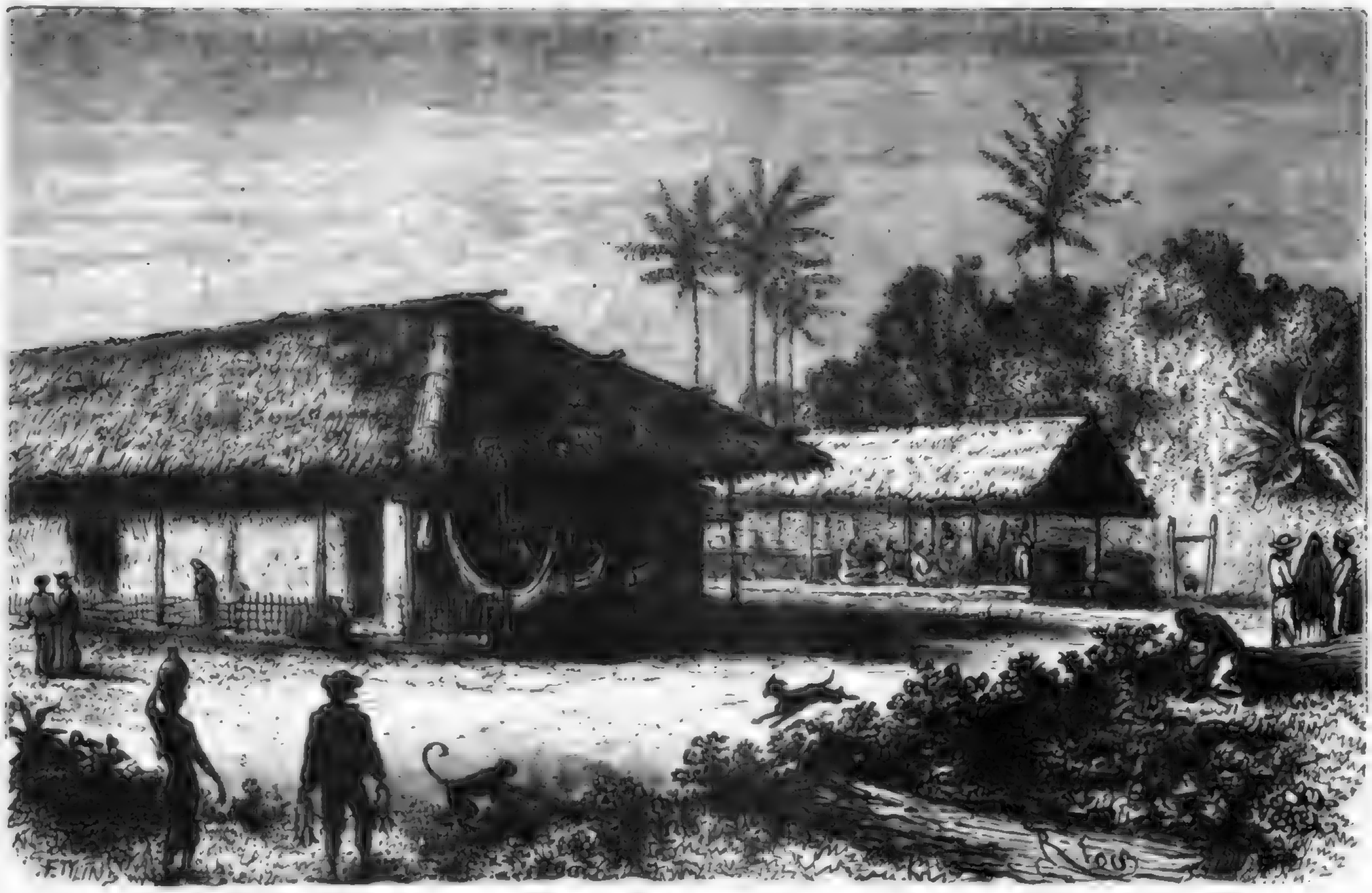
She put down her lantern in the room, and went out into the passage. All was dark and silent below her. Suppose it had not been? Did not the love and trust of her uncle surround her like a talisman against all danger?

She went to the third window. She laid her hand upon the window-ledge. It was loose! It moved! There was a crevice under it!

She fell upon her knees. She reached down into the hidden place. She drew out a paper. She unfolded it. It was the missing will!

She seemed to hear a step at the door. She was full of the belief in some one—or *something*—near her. She fancied she felt a breath fall on her cheek. She could not turn her head. Her blood seemed turning to ice. The room grew dark before her. She was in an agony of terror. She kept her senses with a terrible effort. She had much to do. She had a right to do it. Do it she would. Intruder or not, she would do it! Be he dead or alive, she would do it! Had not the Wymingtons always had their way, as long as they lived—and longer?

She must make no mistakes. She read the document



INDIAN HUT, SOUTHERN BRAZIL.—SEE PAGE 698.

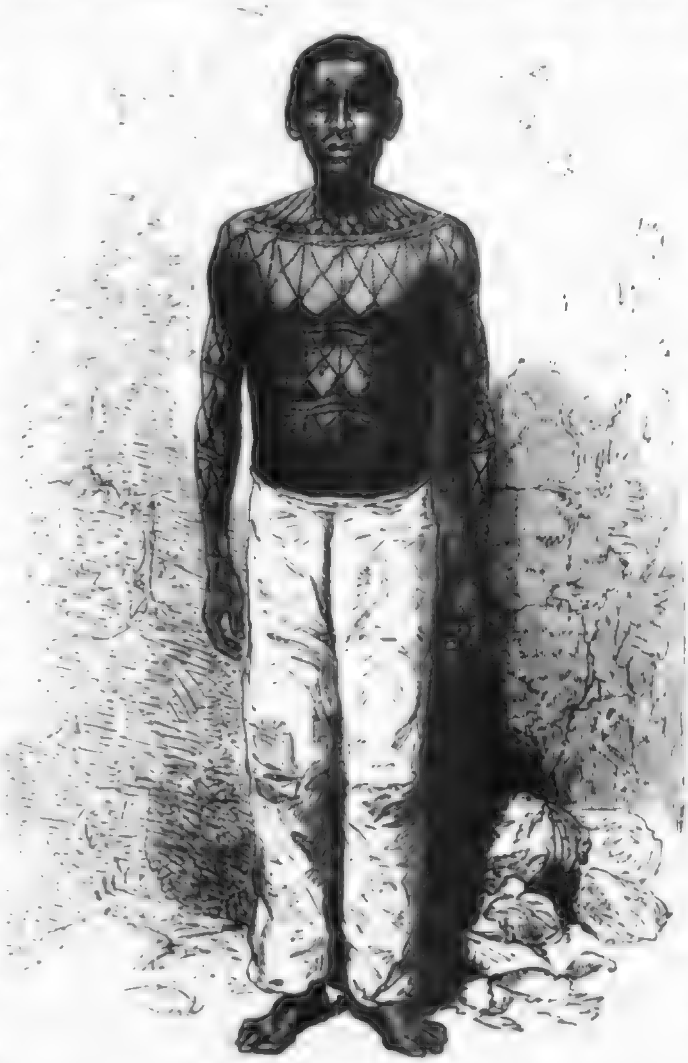
slowly through, aloud. She kissed the rugged signature of Gerald Wymington at the end. Was he at her elbow now? Or was the place behind her empty and vacant? It mattered not to her. Her ancestors had been doing as they pleased for twenty generations. She felt the might of all their past in her hand and heart. She kissed the name again.

"Partly because you love and trust me," she murmured; "partly because I have always deserved it; most of all—*because I love your son!*"

Then she opened the lantern, and touched the paper to the flame!

A strong arm was quickly stretched over her shoulder toward the will. She sprang to her feet, eluding the grasp, and fled. Around the room, once, twice, thrice, the footsteps behind, surely those of no ghost, until there were only ashes left of the document which had made her wealthy for a few short minutes. Then she turned, as she shook the last feathery ashes from her fingers, and found herself face to face with—George Wymington!

She did not faint. She did not cry. She looked him squarely in the eyes, saying: "There, sir, the fortune is yours! You cannot help yourself!"



INDIAN OF SOUTHERN BRAZIL.

"I know it. But, Miss Wymington, cousin Elsie, will you not take half?"

"Never," she began. But there was something in his face which stopped her.

A moment later she was crying on his shoulder; his strong arms were about her, and he was inconsistently smothering her speech with kisses, although "Yes" was what she was trying to say.

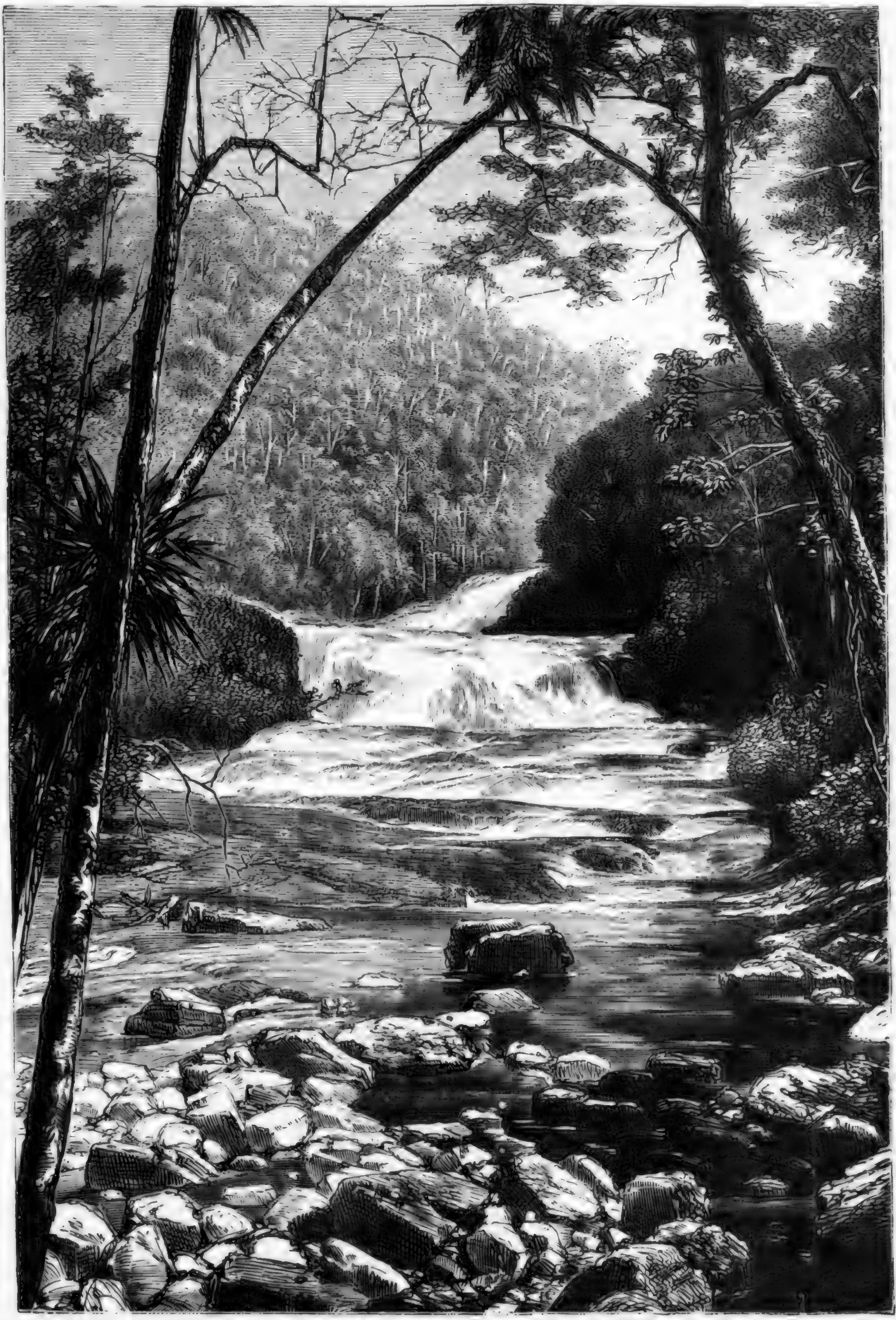
"Do you know what day it is?" she asked, shyly, a little later.

"Thank God, yes," he cried, and then proceeded to prevent her speaking again, just as he had before, for an indefinitely long time.

* * *

Wymington Hall has been a happy home for many long years. If Gerald Wymington, living and loving somewhere, because life and love are immortal, knows it, it must add to his happiness.

The Hall stood several months after that Thanksgiving Day before it was repaired and occupied. But no one ever saw an unusual



GLIMPSES OF SOUTH BRAZIL.—FALLS OF TIJUCA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

sight or heard an unusual sound there after George went home in the early day-dawn with his promised wife.

I offer no opinion regarding the general belief; but, unless you desire to be very unpopular, don't go down to the village of Wymington and express any doubts regarding the Thanksgiving Gerald Wymington enjoyed *the Autumn after he died!*

GLIMPSES OF SOUTH BRAZIL.

By Walter S. Baillie.

The fates were surely favorable on that lovely morning, early in May, 1882, when my wife and I started on the Lamport & Holt steamer *Calderon* from Rio de Janeiro, south.

Excellent accommodations, the best of commanders, pleasant fellow-passengers, a clear month's release from the dust and turmoil of the capital, unimpaired capacities for the appreciation of anything and everything of a novel or interesting character, and but little baggage. What more could we desire?

We got under way only two hours behind schedule time, which, in this land of "paciencia" and "amanha," was not particularly bad, and we were soon greedily absorbing all the wondrous sights of Rio Harbor passing in rapid panoramic succession before our bewildered eyes.

On our right the glancing city, with its florid architecture, its prominent cathedral and numerous churches of peculiar Hispano-Moorish features; the quaint red-tiled houses, creeping far up into the many hills; the giant Corcovado, a mass of tropical verdure clear to its summit of some 2,000 feet; the strong fort of Villegaignon; the lovely Praia do Flamengo, followed by that gem of Rio, Botafogo Bay, encircled by exquisite Summer residences, framed by stately royal palms, graceful tamarinds, umbrageous mangoes and quivering flamboyants, and its entrance guarded by that ever-wonderful Sugar-loaf Mountain.

On our left glitters in the sunlight the provincial capital, the antiquated town of Nietheroy, with churches, forts, ample bays, and a background of green hills, followed in rapid succession by the obsolete but highly decorative Fort of Boa Viagem; the altogether beautiful Bay of Icarahy, Nietheroy's most attractive suburban retreat, much frequented in Summer for its splendid surf-bathing; the sequestered Bay of Jurujubá, till finally we pass close under the embrasures of Santa Cruz, the most formidable fortress protecting the capital, situated at the left entrance of the harbor. Having duly saluted the powers that be on this fort, and hurled a broadside of gibberish at them, in response to their unintelligible challenge, we are allowed to proceed on our voyage unmolested.

Coastwise steamers of light draught being enabled to cut off corners, we pass quite close to our old friends and favorites, the Copacabana, the Rodrigo de Freitas and the Gavia Beaches, with the Tres Irmaos, the Gavia and the Tijuca Mountains frowning on us for our temerity. The Tijuca Valley, with its banana slopes, its joyous cascades, its Parrot's Beak and Tijuca Peak Mountains, looks particularly alluring and homelike, for in that happy valley we have spent several delightful years. The Gavia, with its solid 2,500 feet of granite precipice and square summit, provides an unmistakable landmark for sailors for fifty miles' distance in clear weather. The rugged giant always reminds one of the typical John Bull of the comic papers; heavy, solid, frowning, its conformation, at one and the same time recalling a stout, stanch, farmer-looking man, and a strong Gibraltar-like fortification, eminently respectable and mirth-forbidding, not to say awe-inspiring. By-the-way, this mountain has a most lifelike portrait of Darwin engraved on its side by the elements, a fitting tribute of nature to one of her greatest students. But we must leave the description of Tijuca, with all its wonderful attractions of forest, mountain, waterfalls, verdure, fairy-like views—its delicious "floresta," with all its enchantments of "Paul and Virginia's Grotto," its "Ladies' Mile," its "Admiral's View," and its other thousand-and-one beauties—to the poet and artist, who alone could give faint ideas of its tropical splendors and charms. We would like to proclaim the fact, however, that Tijuca is one of the most favored spots on the earth's surface, uniquely combining, as it does, tropical mountain scenery that impresses by its grandeur, with rural scenes of babbling brooks, bosky dells and shady lanes, that remind one of home, from their lovableness and simplicity, and ocean vistas that are an unending delight, and blessed all the year round with an almost celestial atmosphere and climate. But, enough: our lovely vision is quickly out of sight, and we soon pass Ilha Grande, notorious years gone by for the running of slave cargoes, and by night we are approaching San Sebastiao Island, which attained even a worse name during the slave traffic than the former. Captain James promises to take us between this island and the mainland on our return trip, which will be by daylight, the channel being too narrow and navigation too intricate to attempt by night. All along the South Brazil coast, from Rio to Santa Catharina, stretch, in full view, the bold outline of the Serra do Mar range of mountains, averaging from 2,000 to 4,000 feet in height, relieved by occasional giants, like Itatiaya in Sao Paulo, of about 8,000 feet, the highest point in Brazil.

Early next morning we pass the Alcatrazes, two barren rocks, named after the seagulls that are continually swooping around here, and important to the navigator for the taking of bearings on approaching or leaving the port of Santos. This town has been, from time immemorial, maligned by many foreign visitors and residents, as the "meanest place in the world," the "jumping-off place," etc. These malcontents assert that Santos has no society, there being only "the coffee trade" with which to interest oneself, in the intervals of combating yellow fever, or chills and fever, or of having a rollicking time out in the rain, which does come down here in bucketfuls.

But let us give Santos its due, like the dusky personage who is sometimes painted in rather sable colors, and we will discover that it does not always rain here, and that it is certainly free from "Glascae's" pastime, during its respites from rain, that of "snawing"; that the climate, although trying, by reason of the quick successions of extreme heat or excessive rain, is rather better than that of Rio; that the Santonians have their lovely "Barra" or seabeach, where every one able to afford it lives in pretty villas with modern comforts.

The sail up the Rio de Santos or Cubatao River is very pleasant, past the queer little fort of Santo Amaro on our right, at its mouth, from whence it narrows rapidly and winds perpetually. Land on both sides is swampy and innocent of cultivation, a few wretched but picturesque fishermen's huts occasionally lending animation to the scene. It may be well to confess at once that Santos itself is only reclaimed from the mangrove swamps, which constitute a greater part of the basin, hemmed in by this wonderful amphitheatre of hills, the Serra do

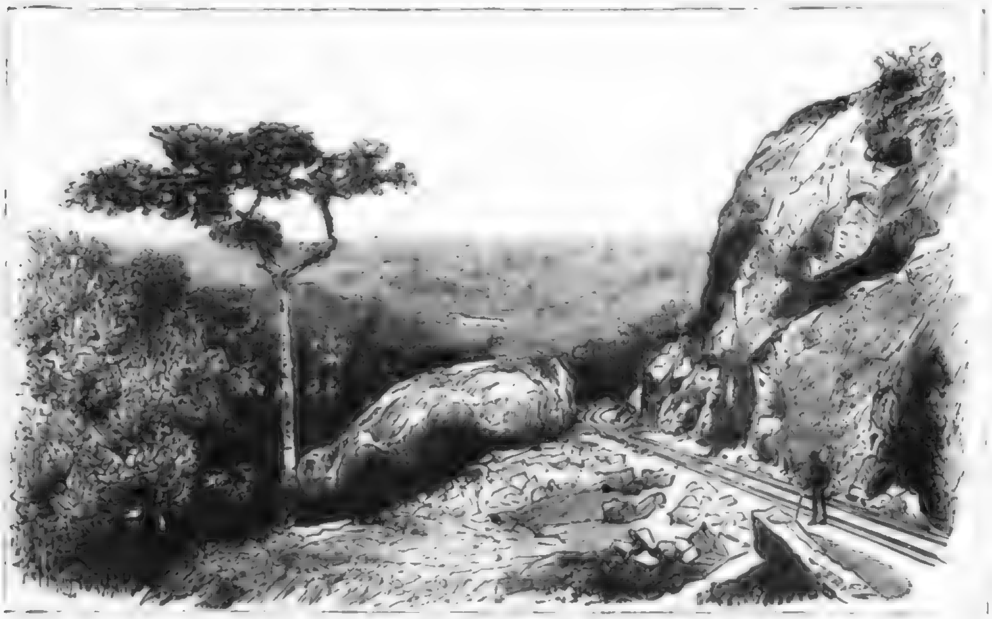
Mar, which here form in horse-shoe fashion, and collect moisture from every passing cloud, to hurl their contents on the devoted heads of the long-suffering inhabitants of Santos. After about half an hour's steaming we anchor off the town, and are rowed ashore in small boats. Landing, we quickly make our way to the horse-cars, which, as at Rio, are open, and of two-mule power. But a few minutes elapse ere we leave the uninteresting, dusty, sleepy little town, emerging into something resembling open fields, Montserrat on our right, with its chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Montserrat, being the only conspicuous object nearer than the distant and glorious Serra. The road presently dives into the swamp, and cuts through it in a straight line for several miles, until we reach the celebrated "Barra," facing the South Atlantic, but protected by promontories and islands. Here we were met by some kind German friends, who, aware of our coming, had improvised a picnic party in our honor, and we were soon driving off, closely packed, in two open buggies of primitive type, drawn by mules, along the hard, dark sands to the "Island," some two miles distant. This so-called island is really, at low-water, a peninsula, and a favorite of the people of Santos and the neighboring village of Sao Vicente. Projecting out into the ocean about a quarter of a mile, clothed with dense forest, studded with piled-up boulders here and there, in picturesque confusion, the entire island quite hilly, bounded on all but the land side with frowning, jagged rocks, lashed ceaselessly by the ocean; full of silent, shady nooks, peeping out timidly through the graceful tracery of giant tree-ferns and cable-like lianas upon the white-capped ocean, booming at our feet; this little island gem will always remain in our recollections as an idyllic dream of Southern tropical magnificence and ocean grandeur. Sauntering leisurely through the woods, up and down hill, we found myriads of ferns, unknown to colder latitudes, among which several specimens of Adiantums and Osmundas, growing to a greater height than we had ever seen elsewhere. Gorgeous Bromeliaceæ of all tints and sizes abound, gaining a foothold on clefts of rocks, on branches of trees, or out in the open, growing on the sand, exposed to the broiling sun. They relieve with their brilliant scarlet and white, white and yellow, or tender blue and pink flowers, the otherwise rather sombre woods. These plants, which are a species of pineapple, but not fruit-bearing, and are a striking feature of all Brazilian scenery, grow wherever they can get sufficient heat. They collect water, rain or dew, and retain it for long periods, thirsty travelers hailing their presence with delight and absorbing their pure, cool treasure by means of bamboos or reeds. The true Traveler's-tree, the *Urania speciosa*, is cultivated in Brazil, but is indigenous to Madagascar and the East only.

Wild, luxuriant Arums, tree-climbing species, speckled and streaked Calladiums, bright Anthuriums, and velvety clumps of Amaranthuses, gladden the eye at every turn, whilst formidable Agaves or flowering Aloes brave the noonday sun out on the rocks, with their bustling leaf-bayonets bidding defiance to close acquaintanceship.

Arriving at the highest point of the island, the apex of an enormous boulder, and intensely hot, we remained only time enough to enjoy the grand view stretched around us on all sides. Out to sea the dazzlingly blue ocean is only rivaled in beauty and intensity by the cloudless expanse of South American sky; to right and left of us extends this exquisite bay, bounded far off by hills and islands, and shoreward the "Barra," stretching some six or seven miles, lined at intervals by the châlets and villas of prosperous Santosdom, embowered in shade trees and crowned by royal palms; beyond the dreary swamp then glints in the sun Montserrat, its crude-looking church, in blue and white, gaining immensely by distance, and the town of Santos persistently baking in the sun, lined with quite an array of masts from the river; and a fitting frame to the picture is formed by the serrated peaks of the distant blue mountains.

Returning, we descend the other side of the island, quite as lovely as the one we had ascended, and finally reach a sheltered, cool spot, with a spring of clear, cold water. Here our friends' colored boy had already brought luncheon, which was so different from anything European or North American, that we must, with apologies to our kind Teutonic hostess, describe it a little. The *pièce de résistance* was a Brazilian "empada" or pâté, the crust very rich, crumbling and full of butter—contents, palmito, olives and prawns, which however incongruous a compound, makes a most delicious whole; cold fried fish, garnished with onions, capers and more prawns, was not to be despised; cold chicken and ham followed; claret and lager-beer, cooled in the brook, were our beverages; then "goiabada" or guava-paste, native cheese, bananas and oranges, formed dessert, all washed down with black coffee, made by ourselves, and for the men, a "chasse" of Benedictino, gratefully winding up the banquet with a large "Villar y Villar"! The lovely scene around us, the unexpected pleasure-party, the grateful rest and shade after our rambles and scrambles up and down hill, our rural banquet, the refreshing breeze and soothing lullaby of the waves breaking on the rocks—all tended to invite pleasant meditation. We became oblivious of the carking cares of the cold, unsympathetic world; a heavenly beatitude and feeling of peace, too deep for words, steals over us, and we are gently falling into a thrice-blessed dream of eternal peace, when, suddenly, the ladies, who would not appear to have been lulled to the same blissful state of repose as the men, astonished, just a little alarmed, and thoroughly aroused us, by their little shrill cries of half fear and curiosity at some object which they were examining, advancing and retreating therefrom, and making over it the usual kind of feminine commotion, giving one, by their exclamations, no clew to what it might be. "Isn't it queer?" "Oh, good gracious!" "Isn't it horrid?" "Oh, how loathsome!" "Oh, take it away!—it's coming upon me! I shall scream! Don't, don't, *don't!*" The innocent cause of all this tumult was the dropping from a tree, upon the dress of one of the ladies, of what looked like a small dead twig, but, which, on falling, at once came to life, making use of tremendous-looking side twigs for arms and legs, enabling this terrible-looking but perfectly harmless "Bixo" to move along awkwardly, like one learning to walk on stilts, constantly stumbling and falling. Once safely on the ground, we all had a good opportunity to investigate his points; and one cannot describe it better than by saying that if the poor fellow had only had sense or instinct sufficient to remain quietly where he fell on the lady's dress, he would have been brushed off for a veritable decayed twig, and not now be adorning an entomological collection. He is known as the *Bixo de Pao*, or stick insect, but is the *Spectrum femoratum* to the learned; and quite a spectre he proved in our midst.

Peace once more restored, we reluctantly left the enchanted island, and could only spend a short time at our friends' home, which was a lovely seaside cottage, overlooking the beach, with extensive garden front and back, the latter reclaimed from the swamp, and full of vegetables. They kept poultry, ducks, geese, goats, cows, cats and dogs, besides their driving-mules—the distance from

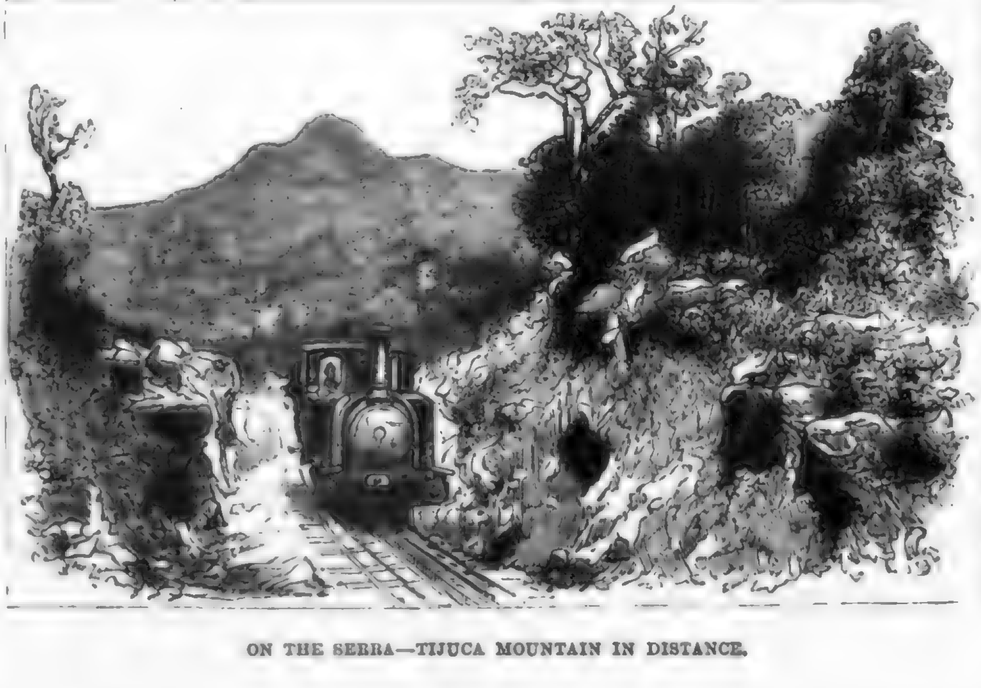


AT THE TOP OF THE SERRA.

town and the indifferent nature of the meat and vegetables supplied from there constantly throwing the "Barra" dwellers on their own resources. A charming residence truly, but withal dull and monotonous, as, with the exception of a few congenial neighbors, there is here an absolute dearth of the resources of Northern civilization; society, theatres, visiting, literature, art and science, all being conspicuous by their absence.

One must be somewhat to the manner born to thoroughly appreciate Brazil and its attractions. It is not that people are originally or deliberately lazy from choice, in the tropics, but that the climate gradually engenders a free-and-easy mode of thought and action, which, by succeeding generations, becomes more and more accentuated, and finally degenerates into positive sloth and indolence, so exasperating to the newly arrived full-blooded Northerner. Fresh arrivals are too apt to make well-intentioned but unfortunate attempts toward reforming this hereditary state of affairs, and by their energetic radical efforts to improve the people succeed only in estranging the sympathies of those in authority, who might, in their own time and manner, assist them. "John Bullismo" or "Yankeeismo," however admirable in their respective spheres, where the dominant races are Anglo-Saxon and ambitious of progress, are sadly misplaced in the tranquil and somnolent South, where all nature invites to repose, and the Latin races are in the ascendency.

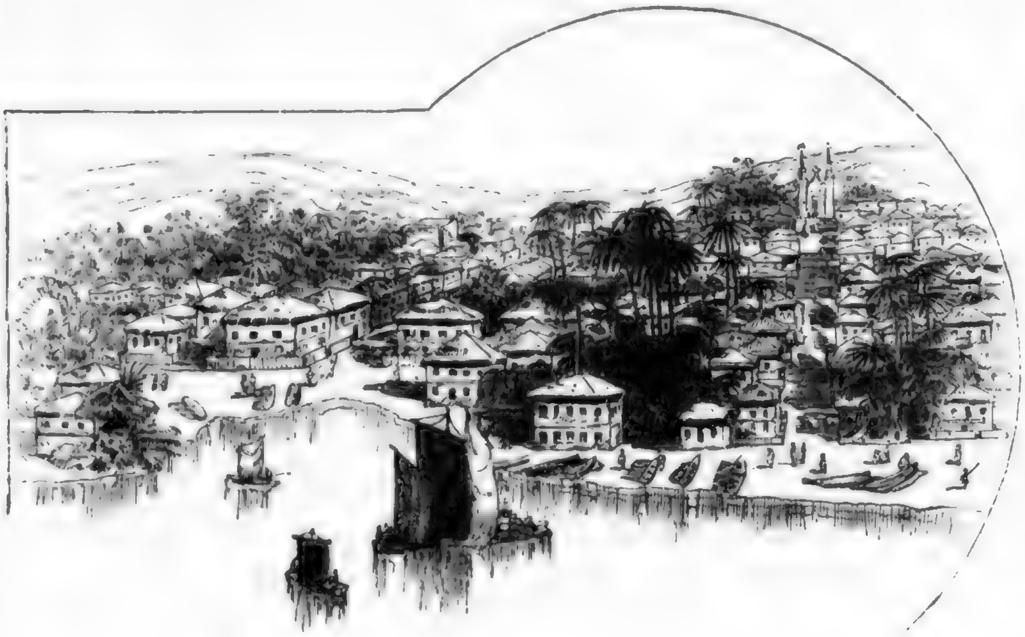
Santos is connected by rail with Rio *via* Sao Paulo, capital of the rich province of that name, the first section of which, to Sao Paulo up the Serra, being a most interesting and successful English enterprise. From Santos to the foot of the Serra, some fifteen miles, the railway winds through mangrove swamp; then, up the mountain, the Fell system line begins. Trains are drawn by wire rope, connected with four stationary engines at intervals. The grade is sometimes tremendous, equal in some parts to the Righi; the spans across wide chasms are terrifying, and great triumphs of modern engineering. At the Alto da Serra, some 3,000 feet above sea-level, the view down the mountain, along the coast, and out seaward, is superb. Sao Paulo is some thirty miles further on, situated on the tableland, the entrance to the richest coffee-growing district in the world. On this occasion we did not visit Sao Paulo, but hurried back to the *Calderon*, which had begun "tooting" for us, it being now late in the afternoon. How tired, how satisfied and how grateful we were to get back to our comfortable quarters on shipboard!



ON THE SERRA—TIJUCA MOUNTAIN IN DISTANCE.

In the night we pass the port of Iguape, near which the so-called English colony of Cananéa was started, but which has never prospered. Excellent rice is produced in this neighborhood, and enough might readily be grown for the wants of the entire Empire. But their methods of preparation are primitive; internal and coastwise freights are costly; whereas Rangoon rice, one of the largest food staples of Brazil, is prepared and cleaned by most improved machinery at Rangoon, shipped by fast sailers—sometimes even by steamers—travels some 8,000 miles, and is then laid down in Rio much cheaper than the home article, even after paying a considerable import duty, from which the native rice is exempt.

Next morning, early, we are outside the bar of Paranaguá, where we are obliged to take a pilot, the channel being dangerous and shifting. The surrounding country is bolder and grander than that of Santos, more resembling that of Rio. The mountains are higher, with several distinct peaks towering away beyond and above the Serra do Mar. Safely anchored at last in the river, which rises in the neighboring mountains, we look for the city, and see only a few isolated houses, dotted here

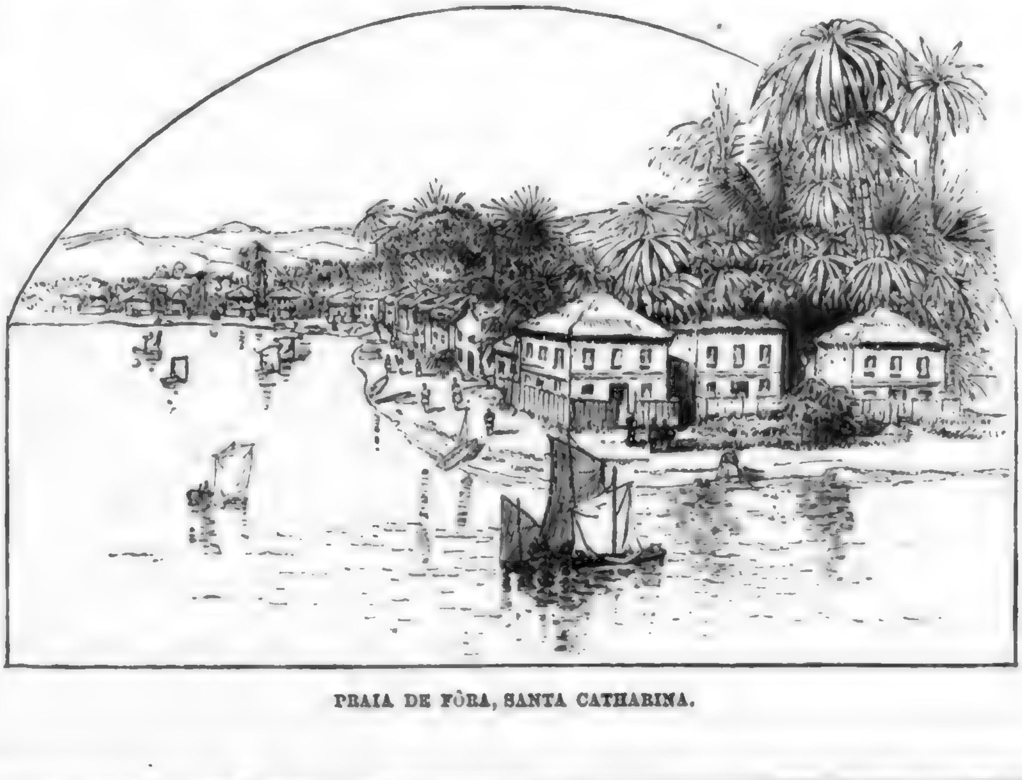


SANTA CATHARINA.

and there near the banks, but no perceptible wharves, quays or channels wherewith to approach the town.

As everything, however, comes to those who know how to wait, in Brazil as elsewhere, we breakfasted comfortably on board, and waited developments. Finally the agent came off, with a following of a few bumboats, selling fruit, enormous turtles and gaudy-plumaged birds—incongruous merchandise—and not many purchases were made.

The agent, a bright young Englishman, kindly put his boat at our disposal, and we, having neither acquaintances nor friends on shore, gratefully intrusted ourselves to his care. We soon solved the mystery of the entrance by turning sheer out of what appeared the main branch of the stream into what looked like an insignificant tributary, but which proved to be the only approach to the town. Wharf or landing-stage there was none; but with the aid of some planks and the willing hands of some casual tramps loafing aimlessly in the neighborhood, we managed to get ashore well enough. Still no town was in sight, and on questioning our new friend, he replied, pointing to a few desultory houses of mean appearance, "Why, this is the town, all around us!" and after a short walk we did come upon several *grass-grown* streets that looked as though they had never been inhabited. Still rather incredulous that this was the true Paranaguá, we kept steadily looking for the populace, but without finding any, save a few ragged children, white and colored. We were ushered into the most imposing-looking house of the place, and duly presented to the Marquez de G——, the largest merchant, capitalist and dignitary of the Province, who courteously made us acquainted with the Marqueza and his daughters. The *salon* into which we were shown was very large, square, with lofty ceiling, pierced at regular intervals with windows looking out upon balconies full of cane-bottomed chairs and sofas; neither carpets nor rugs to relieve a great Sahara of bare, unpolished floor. Walls and roof were plain, whitewashed, and on the former hung the portraits in oil of many generations of the family. At various points in the room two rows of chairs would spring out from the ends of a sofa, at right angles, toward the middle of the room, and to one of these sofas we were conducted—the place of honor—and the entire family opened fire upon us with innumerable questions. Whilst expressing pleasure in making our acquaintance, they were astonished at seeing foreigners in Paranaguá without having any pretext of business to account for their presence. "But then you foreigners are so eccentric"—this said with such conviction as though it explained so much. Our turn for questioning came, and we ascertained that the population of the town was about 5,000—more or less; that it depended for existence on the maté and the hide businesses, which would probably increase materially on the opening of the railway, still in process of construction, between this port and the capital, Coritiba, by a syndicate of French capitalists; that it would be quite a healthy place were it not for the dreaded "sezoes" (fever and ague); that the young ladies amused themselves almost altogether with music; that they, particularly, would be delighted when the railway was finished, to allow them to visit the capital frequently, which, situated some 100 miles away, up in the mountains, was a very healthy, gay place. Excellent black coffee was next handed round. One of the young ladies



PRAIA DE FÔRA, SANTA CATHARINA.

played us a selection from "Aïda" (of all operas, after "Guarany," the most admired in Brazil) with considerable execution and taste; after which we took leave, the ladies of the family all kissing my wife on both cheeks.

We lunched with our young English friend, who is married to a Brazilian lady who does not speak English; and their children—bonnie little Anglo-Brazilians—could only speak their mother's language, which struck us as rather unfortunate. The Herva Maté, or *Ilex Paraguayensis*, is grown extensively all over the Province of Parana, the dried leaves only being utilized. These are packed in ox-hide serons, secured on the backs of pack-mules, and troops of them thus find their way to the coast, occupying many days in the journey. Maté is drunk, by rich and poor alike, along the River Plate, the "gauchos" preferring it to tea or coffee, saying that they can subsist for many days without food, provided they can have plenty of maté. Chilians, Peruvians and Bolivians also use it to some extent. It is an infusion of the leaves, pounded almost to powder, and imbibed through a "bombilha," or silver tube, with perforated bulb, to keep the grounds out of one's mouth. The taste is an acquired one, but maté must possess valuable nerve-soothing properties, as physicians are constantly prescribing it in South America, as a beverage, to those suffering from nervous complaints, with well-authenticated good results.

By the afternoon we are off again, leaving our pilot at the bar, passing in the night the thriving ports of San Francisco do Sul and Itajahy. Near the latter, on the river of the same name, is located the oldest German colony in Brazil, that of Blumenau. Early next morning we find ourselves in smooth water, slowly steaming up the channel between the Island of Santa Catharina (or, to give its full title, "Nossa Senhora do Desterro"—literally "Our Lady of the Desert")—and the mainland, and a very lovely scene indeed it is. Why this fertile land should be under the protection of "Our Lady of the Desert" does not appear; perhaps because the first settlers were desirous of preventing strangers from sharing its bounties with them; or can it be that our good Lady of the Desert found this place a howling wilderness, and out of compassion for the devout settlers, made it to bloom as the rose? However it may be, 'tis a charming spot, the mountain scenery on both sides reminding one of Scotch lochs and their surroundings, whilst the tropical vegetation recalls to our mind the manifold beauties of the islands in the Caribbean Sea.

The town of Santa Catharina, and the capital of the province, is situated on the inner side of the island, facing the mainland, stretching irregularly along the coast, terminating to the north in its "Praia de Fôra," a dear little watering-place, where many handsome residences testify to both the taste and wealth of the inhabitants.

The commerce of the province is principally in the hands of a few German firms, established at the capital, who supply their compatriots, composing the various colonies of Blumenau, Doña Francisca and Joinville, with imported necessaries, and receive in exchange corn, rice, beans, bananas, mandioca, etc. The climate is delightful all the year round, and the soil capable of producing anything intertropical or temperate; and railways, now beginning to spring up, bringing the colonies into regular communication with the coast, must result in developing the natural wealth of the province. The enterprising Visconde de Barbarena, who owns coal-mines about one hundred miles from the coast, has lately had built, by an English company, a narrow-gauge railway, the Doña Christina, enjoying Brazilian Government guarantee, which connects his mines at St. Jeronymo with the new port of Ubasuba, and opens up this entire district to cultivation.

There should be ready markets all along the coast for the output of this mine, provided the native fuel proves as economical and good as Cardiff, and it can be mined and landed in consuming centres in competition with the English article. The manufacturing of fish-scales and shells into flowers is done admirably here, and has quite a local celebrity. The colored population appear in force on the arrival of steamers, and by their pertinacity generally succeed in working off some of their pretty flowers on the unsophisticated strangers at several times their store value.

Tropical Orchids are still plentiful this distance south, a fair collection of which we saw in a friend's garden. Amongst others, he had several beautiful varieties of Cattleyas, the Guttata, Leopoldii, etc., and a glorious specimen of *Lælia purpurata*, white and rose, all got from the neighborhood of Blumenau. Collectors from Europe periodically send out agents all over Brazil, and we ran against one of those emissaries here who had a room full of Orchids, all got in this province, and which he was packing to send home to England. Such wholesale depredations must shortly denude the Brazilian forests near the coast-line of one of their greatest attractions, and it might be a feasible plan that the Brazilian Government, awakened to their commercial value, should regulate or modify their export.

We drove round the town and suburbs in a friend's carriage, curtailing our stay on account of the threatening appearance of the weather.

In hiring a rowboat to take us on board the *Calderon*, we expressly stipulated with its owners that they should not hoist sail, as a storm was now undoubtedly coming on, and they solemnly agreed to row us all the way.

No sooner, however, had they fairly got us on board, than, with true Galician duplicity, they laid down their oars, and, despite our remonstrances, deliberately hoisted sail, with a living gale blowing. The thunderstorm, so long threatening, now struck the bay, and it began to rain in torrents, in sheets—ay, in solid masses—as it rains sometimes only in the tropics.

Drenched to the skin, holding on to the upper gunwale of the boat, the other being flush with the water, almost at an angle of 45 degrees, argument and invective were alike out of place, our sole object left in life being to hold on to our gunwale and kick off our boots and prepare for a swim! A sudden movement on any of our parts would have surely brought about a catastrophe; but the suddenness of the danger, the rapidity with which we were being carried through the now seething waters, and the instinct of self-preservation, fortunately prevented our doing anything.

Our boatmen, meanwhile, quite as much alarmed at the unexpected result of their laziness as their fares, alternately invoked "Nossa Senhora," and conjured up all the devils, with their "Aie! Co'os diabos," to their assistance. Fortunately this trip, which appeared to last for hours, was really over in a few minutes, and after a supreme effort, the boatmen managed to get in under the lee of the steamer, and we were assisted up the gangway, limp and dripping, more like drowned rats than reasonable human beings returning from a pleasure-trip.

A complete change of clothing, a good dinner, much sympathy and a clearing-up of the weather as sudden as its late outburst of tropical fury, rendered us happy once more, and in a condition to appreciate the beauties of the sail through the south channel toward the open sea. The sun was setting in increased splendor over the distant purple mountains. All nature appeared in a joyous mood. Vegetation seemed to revive, glistening with the rain, the palms and bananas waving and dancing their delight. The waters of this strait, now as peaceful as any pond, surrounded on all sides by verdant mountains, completed a picture of majesty and peace difficult to describe, but peculiarly soothing to enjoy.

The transition from the lake-like waters of the channel to the comparative roughness of the ocean was sudden and disagreeable, particularly so as our steamer had now discharged the greater part of her cargo to enable her to cross the Rio Grande bar easily, and the propeller began to race.

Captain James did not like the looks of the weather, telling us that we were about to make the acquaintance of a "pampero" by meeting it full in the face; and a rough enough customer it proved.

All that night this terrible wind from the "pampas" of the south blew furiously, dead ahead. Our propeller pounded and raced, frequently being longer out of the water than in it, making a most deafening din at times, as though it were tearing the steamer to pieces, submerging again for a few seconds, only to rattle and roar with continued fury on its reappearance. Our only danger, if any, was in the possible snapping of the propeller's shaft, and even this we began to feel would be a mercy if it would only free us from the constant torture of the thumping, banging and grinding noise of the screw in midair. The North Atlantic in midwinter on a Cunarder or White Star boat is plain sailing to what we experienced in this little, barely ballasted steamer of but 1,000 tons, in the teeth of a "pampero." Sleep was impossible, and next morning we got up, fondly hoping that we might be off Rio Grande bar; but nothing was in sight but a stormy, green sea, lashed into white foam and fury by the violence of the wind, which continued unabated. At noon we got an observation, and discovered that we had made some forty miles since leaving Santa Catharina the evening before. This kind of weather continued until nightfall, when the wind gradually lessened. By next morning the storm had quite passed over, and about midday we found ourselves outside the bar of Rio Grande.

Here, we are in company of three other steamers, and quite a fleet of sailing-vessels, arrived from the River Plate, the northern ports of Brazil, and Europe, all waiting with enforced resignation for the signal from the bar-station to indicate when there might be sufficient water on the bar to permit of their crossing.

Quite close at hand we see the breakers tumbling ominously, where the waters of the Lagoa dos Patos come into collision with the ocean, and the dangerous banks of sand and the siftings of the lake are forced up into wall-like barriers, rendering navigation both difficult and dangerous. Several wrecks in our near vicinity do not tend to make the outlook more reassuring. Finding that there was no prospect of a release that day, we lowered a boat and paid a visit to our friend Captain Booth, of the steamer *Canova*, who had arrived from Montevideo shortly before us, driven up with almost miraculous speed by the same furious "pampero" that had so retarded us. Returning to our own steamer, we saw the "catraia," or large, flat-bottomed sailboat, taking soundings, but no signal on the tower of our depth of water, some 10 feet only.

The town of Rio Grande do Sul is invisible from our steamer, being ten miles up a winding channel, with sand-banks on both sides, on the inner southern entrance to the Lagoa dos Patos, which is about 180 miles long and 40 miles wide, flowing almost directly north to south. Upon the left bank of the lake, some thirty miles from Rio Grande, is situated the thriving town of Pelotas, communicating with another lake, Lagoa Mirim, stretching directly south. Near this point, on the River Jaguarao, a diligence runs nominally once a week, if weather permits and sufficient passengers offer, to the frontier of Uruguay, from whence one can travel by rail to Montevideo. The River Jaguarao is, however, tormented with a bar at its mouth, which intending passengers by stage must first cross; then the diligence service is erratic to a degree, the route is infested by brigands, the journey is rough in the extreme, the shaking-up inconceivable, the dust or mud is overwhelming, the chances of arriving at Montevideo in a week or a month are about equal, and the costliness of the trip is notorious; so that, all things considered, it is not surprising that the enterprise languishes.

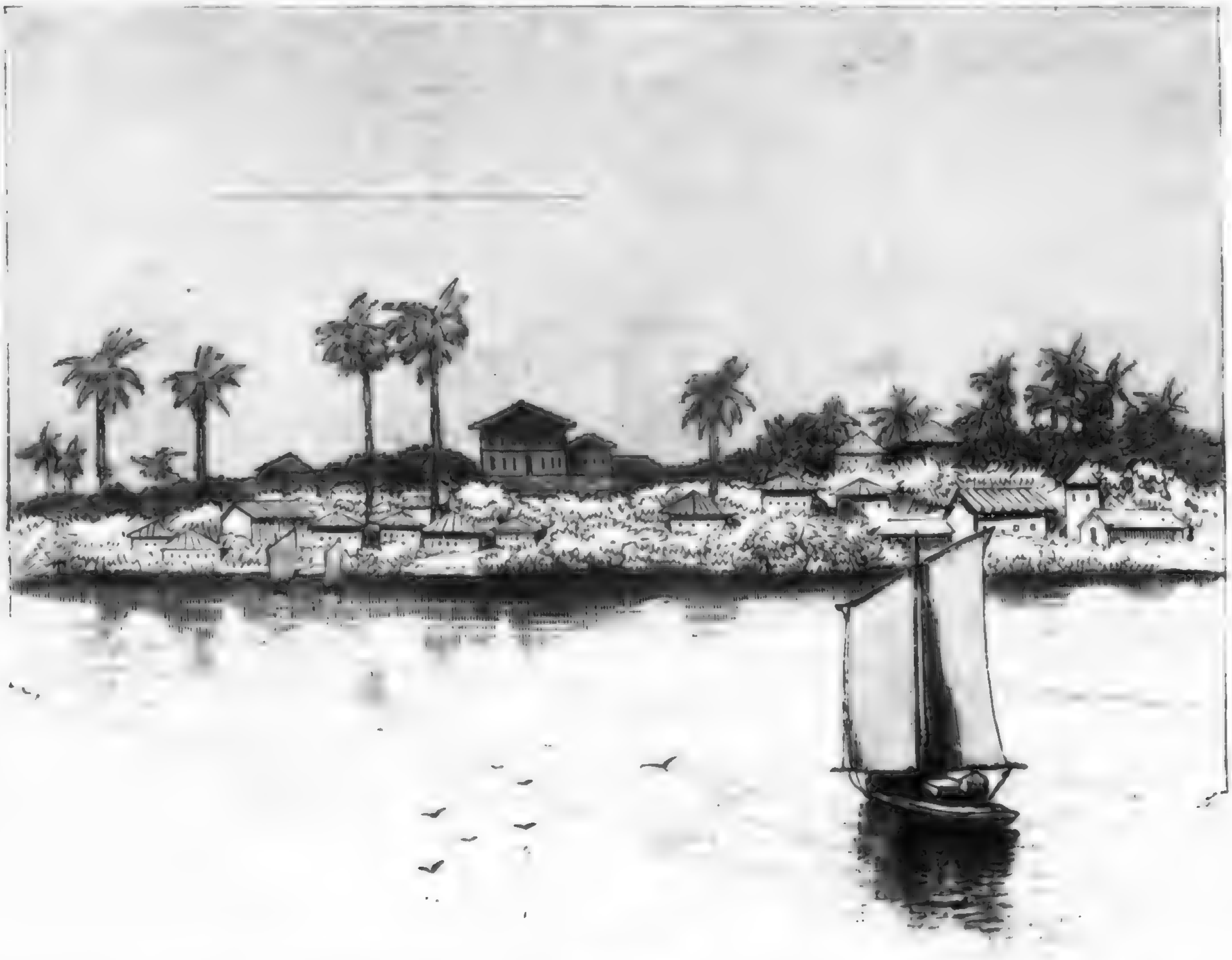
At the north end of the lake is situated Porto Alegre, and our destination. But, meanwhile, we are besieging the bar of Rio Grande for admittance, quite uncertain as to how long we may still be detained.

After a "pampero," the indications are in our favor, and we retire to rest literally "rocked in the cradle of the deep," with all the pleasures of hope to buoy us up.

Next morning, a great commotion on board; the large and powerful custom-house steam-tug *Manoel Diabo* made her appearance in our midst, offering to take all passengers, mails and baggage ashore, as the soundings just taken made it appear doubtful whether ocean steamers would be able to cross during the day. Thankfully accepting this charitable offer of a paternal Government, we were soon ready to start. But here a difficulty arose; the *Manoel Diabo* was prepared to take us, bag and baggage, ashore, but she had no intention of coming alongside our steamer, or of any of our neighbors, remaining tantalizingly about equidistant from the three steamers, which were all compelled to lower their passengers into small rowboats—very objectionable to the ladies of our party, after our recent experience at Santa Catharina. But this was Hobson's choice, with no spare time for us to screw up our courage, or endeavor to persuade the "commandante" of the tug to come and fetch us. If we delayed, we might lose the opportunity of getting ashore that day, and be detained indefinitely outside. Down the gangway we went, escorted by the stalwart first officer; fell, rather than jumped, into the wabbling little boat, the which, crammed full of people, was quickly rowed alongside the autocratic tug. Here, alas! no gangway, stairs or steps of any sort. Boat-hooks grabbed hold of the tug, preventing us from being carried out of reach, and one and all of us—men and women, gentle and simple—were obliged to step on the gunwale of the boat, supported by sailors, the choppy, tumbling sea rendering it anything rather than a safe gymnastic feat; then, when the boat was flush with the tug's deck, the order was yelled out by savage-looking pirates on the tug, "Salta!" "salta!" ("Jump!" jump!")—and woe betide those who hesitated to obey this peremptory command.

Those safely bundled on board the tug greeted the precipitated arrivals of their successors with derisive cheers, more or less accentuated, according to the victim's measure of success in judging time and distance accurately, and of springing on board comparatively gracefully and without assistance, or of missing the top of the wave and being ignominiously pushed, dragged and hauled up the steep, wet side of the tug, and plunged or bundled on deck, more dead than alive. At last the strange crowd of passengers was safely stowed on board, without any serious casualty, and, breathing more freely, we steamed through the dangerous channel and were soon in smooth water. With leisure to look around us, we now noticed what a motley spectacle we presented. The *Calderon's* contribution included some two hundred German immigrants, men, women and children, bound for the colony of S. Leopoldo, in all stages of poverty and dilapidation. The *Canova's* living freight was principally Italian; while the Brazilian steamer gave Argentines, Spaniards, Portuguese, Brazilians, Basques, Negroes, and even a few Turks, all in distinctive national costumes. Good-humored chaff abounded, and our unceremonious bundling on board the tug was looked upon by its victims rather as a good joke than anything at which to be vexed.

Nor do the South American peasant women suffer in comparison with their sisters from the South of Europe, either in looks, grace or picturesqueness of garb. Their dress is similar, but generally of better material, and more gracefully draped, and their physique gives one the impression of their being better fed. Black lace mantillas are worn by some, relieved by the tartan-like Alcobaca handkerchief headdress of the Peninsular women. There is no end to the display of cheap jewelry, the most remarkable of which are the antique-looking gold, brass or filigree silver pendent earrings. But what shall we say to describe the showy bodices, bedizened with kaleidoscopic ornaments, the gorgeous petticoats, and the green, pink and white tasseled boots, in all stages of discoloration and shabbiness? Perhaps we had better leave all this to the imagination of the reader, and get on with our story.



PARANAGUÁ.

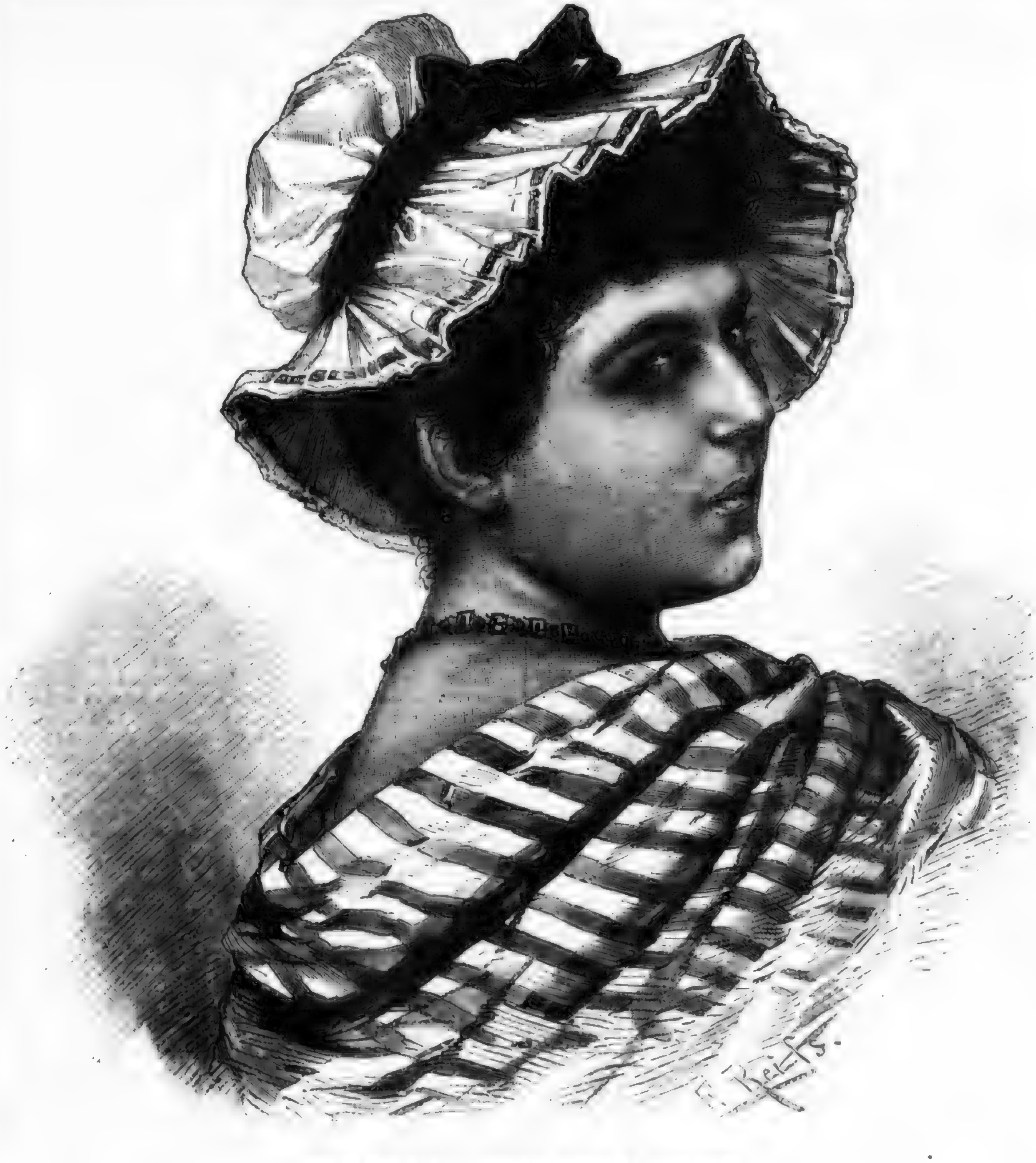
Landing from a steamer is always something of a "festa" to the Latin races, who come out, on such occasions, arrayed in their very best and brightest raiment.

The "Gaucho" from the "pampas" of the Banda Oriental, attired gracefully in wide sombrero, gay-colored poncho, flaming woolen shirt, silk belt with tassels, and trousers stuffed into huge untanned topboots, lost nothing of his reckless, devil-may-care appearance by elbowing the more prosaic and law-abiding peasants from the North of Spain and Portugal—the long-suffering, industrious and thick-headed Gallegos, who come to South America, with their sole patrimony of a hair-trunk, full of onions, clothed in their classical "chapeos de Braga," with great turned-up brims and nodding "pon-pons," for all the world like the Toreador in "Carmen"; their short jackets like Eton boys', their gorgeous waistcoats and their startling checked pantaloons.

What a Babel of tongues around us, every one eagerly pouring out their impressions, their trials, their hopes and fears to their neighbors, all delighted that their journey should be so near an end, and this New World before them.

(To be continued.)

In all governments there must of necessity be both the law and the sword; laws without arms would give us not liberty, but licentiousness, and arms without laws would produce not subjection, but slavery. The law, therefore, should be unto the sword what the handle is to the hatchet: it should direct the stroke and temper the force.



PRETTY MISS NANCY.— ORIGINAL SKETCH BY FRITZ REISS.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART III.—THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED).

The newcomer was a reporter on one of the great dailies of New York. Young Ampstead had first made his acquaintance several weeks before, and had met him a number of times since. The reporter seated himself in the chair behind which the physician had recently stood, passed a cigar to Ampstead, lighted one himself, took out a book and pencil, and said, cheerfully:

"Well, 'J. A.,' tell us all about it."

"All about what?"

"Barcase—the advertisements—the whole business."

"For publication, do you mean?"

"Certainly."

"There isn't much to tell."

"I suppose not. Any clew?"

"I think so; one or two."

"Following 'em up, of course?"

"Yes."

"Expect to find him dead or alive?"

"Alive, I hope."

"Skipped, did he?"

"Did what?"

"Skipped. Ran away, you know?"

"Oh, no; I feel sure he did not run away."

"Suicide?"

"No; not the slightest possibility of suicide."

"Well, tell me something definite. We want to print the very latest regarding the matter in our morning paper."

"I have nothing to say."

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"All right. Better luck next time. Success to you. Good-night." And the reporter hurried away.

John Ampstead rose wearily and put aside his books. It was getting late; he had done nothing yet; study had suddenly grown distasteful to him; he was nervous; he wanted to think.

Besides, the visit of the physician had lowered his spirits in some way. He doubted, now, some things which he had so firmly believed before; he half believed some things, now, which he had bravely and resolutely doubted.

He took the three policies of insurance on the life of Seth Barcase from a drawer in the desk, and, opening the safe, he put them away. His face was very grave as he did it.

"I—I suppose they are worth twenty-five thousand dollars in cash, to-night," he said to himself, which was a very despairing thing to say, even if morning and sunshine, after a good night's rest, would have the power of turning dreary belief to hopeful doubt again. It is believing for a little time, again and again, short though the time may be, the despairing side of doubt, that leads the mind away from the silver lining which shines, always, behind every dark cloud across the sky of life.

John Ampstead felt that he must walk. He could not find it in his power to sleep, not now nor for hours to come. He took his cane. He got his hat and gloves. He put out the gas. Then he suddenly felt an impulse for which he could not account, then nor thereafter, and, acting upon it, he slipped a revolver into his pocket. Bluff & Bragg had always felt it prudent to have loaded weapons in their desks, but John Ampstead had never made it a habit to carry one.

He walked down-stairs. He was decidedly and undoubtedly "blue." The future looked scarcely less dark and mysterious than the night did.

"Suppose he is dead," he said, grimly, to himself, as he stood in the street for a moment or two before deciding which way his walk should extend; "suppose he is?"

He did not finish his sentence then, nor answer his question—if it was one.

He walked rapidly away. He walked here and there, thoughtlessly and aimlessly, but all the time getting further and further from the business portions of the city, further and further toward suburban newness.

He had walked for hours. It was one or two o'clock in the morning. He was in a portion of the city where he had never been before. He was thoroughly tired out. He slackened his speed. He looked up at the stars, wondering what direction his boarding-house was in, how far away it was, and whether he had allowed himself to get lost in the maze of the suburban outgrowth of the great city.

Not that he was frightened. Not that he was worried at not knowing his way. He was only tired. But not so tired that he tried at once to retrace his steps; not so tired that he would not talk to himself.

"I wish I could have given the reporter an interview," he muttered, regretfully; "it might have been made worth something to me. I am sorry I said nothing to him. I am sorry I said I had nothing to say."

Mr. John Ampstead might have had slightly different and decidedly new ideas of an interview and an interviewer, and have markedly modified his conception of "saying nothing," if he could have known that the following was already in type, and would be on the streets for sale—one of the "items to holler," as the newsboys say—in the earliest edition of an enterprising newspaper.

> "THE BARCASE MYSTERY.—A representative of this paper called upon 'J. A.,' better known as Mr. John Ampstead, at the office of Bluff & Bragg, last evening. Although somewhat inclined to be reticent, Mr. Ampstead furnished the reporter with the fullest and most recent information regarding this remarkable case. The friends of Mr. Barcase repel with indignation the idea that his absence is voluntary. The rumor that he is in hiding from his creditors is utterly false. Indeed, it is thought that all financial matters in which he is concerned have been fully settled, although Mr. Ampstead delicately refrained from making any definite statement on that head. The theory of suicide is scouted at as wildly absurd and impossible of being true. So far from that somewhat prevalent idea being correct, it is asserted that the friends of the missing man have excellent reasons for feeling sure that he is alive. Several clews have been found, and are all being followed with sleepless and tireless energy. It is obvious that a statement of the exact nature of the clews which the police and detectives are tracing out might be a warning to criminals and a means of defeating the ends of justice. Therefore, although no request was made, we think we are doing as Mr. Ampstead would wish in keeping silence."

Mr. John Ampstead did not know of this. He would have felt better if he had. The reporter had, as is not unusual, builded better than he knew. He had never met the bank cashier, of whom it might almost be said that "none knew him but to"—*hate him!* He had never heard of that unpleasant and offensive individual. He did not know what John Ampstead would wish written, nor what he would be glad to read when it once was written. But this night-worker in the service of that stupendous organ of fiction, the daily newspaper, had done as well for John Ampstead as John Ampstead could have done for himself.

The surprise in store for the young law-student when he should come to read the morning paper was a very pleasant one.

And now, Ampstead's mind runs back to the place in the logic of events at which it had stood when he came down from the office of Bluff & Bragg. He took up the thought he had had then, and now he finished his expression of it.

"Suppose he is dead?' he said to himself; "suppose he is dead? He is alive in a legal sense until he is *proven* dead. He is not likely to be proven dead very soon, because—because—— Well, I don't think he's likely to be proven dead! If I knew him to be dead, it would be my duty to destroy that package, or see that it was destroyed. If I do not know that he is dead, I have a right to the package—whenever the conditions imposed have been complied with, and I fancy I'll find a legal way of getting it."

From all of which it will be seen that he was far toward having the characteristics of a good lawyer. Judge the man by this one effort of logical presentation, and you will see that he may be admitted to the circle of the duly qualified when he has made a little more progress. And now, if the young woman, "the coming young woman——"

Wait a little, John Ampstead—only a little!

You don't know where you are! You have never been within miles of here before! You couldn't find your way here again!

It is three o'clock! The distant, drowsy bells are telling the time with a hundred iron tongues! And you—you are almost at the point where your road crosses that of your "coming young woman."

She is waiting for you, just around the corner of the block!

CHAPTER XXV.

JOHN AMPSTEAD turned the corner. Before him, a half-dozen rods away, standing apart from the others, as though aristocratic and exclusive, stood a large house. There were no lights in its windows. There was nothing to indicate that there was any one awake within. But in front of it, and some distance away from it, because of its standing well back from the street, there was a carriage waiting. And with the carriage there were two men.

One of the men sat, with his face in the shadow, upon the step at the side of the carriage. The other, a young and remarkably handsome fellow, was walking up and down on the sidewalk and manifesting the greatest nervousness and impatience.

"Will she never come?" he said, passionately, and none the more pleasantly that he had asked the same question a score of times already since the distant clocks struck the hour of midnight.

The man on the carriage-step made an answer that was half way between a curse and a growl. It may that it was more easily understood when he first made it to the other's selfsame question, three hours before.

As if in answer to the question of the younger man, another carriage, a carriage rapidly driven, came around the corner on the opposite side of the block from that where John Ampstead had just appeared. It drew up in front of the large house, and not ten feet from the vehicle which had been waiting so long.

A young lady got out of the carriage. She paid the driver from a purse which was evidently well filled. She turned and ran lightly up the walk to the house, while the hired carriage in which she had come was driven rapidly away. The driver was evidently in a very great hurry.

She rang the bell. No answer.

She rang again, a longer and prolonged peal. No answer.

She rang a third time, a long-continued and desperate ring. And still no answer.

The stouter man of the two with the waiting carriage, the man who had been sitting upon the step, had mounted to the driver's seat as the young lady went up the walk toward the house. The hat he wore was well drawn down over his face, and his collar was turned up although the night was rather warm than otherwise.

The younger man had followed slowly up the walk after the lady.

And John Ampstead, not seen yet by any of the actors in this comedy—or tragedy—of the night-time, had stepped behind a tree, some fifty feet away from the gate, and was watching the performance with great interest. On the whole, he was rather glad he had a pistol in his pocket. He had constituted himself the protector of the young lady whose face he had not yet seen, and the punisher of the men who were waiting for her, if they meant to do her harm.

The young lady turned from the door after her third vigorous but vain attempt to get some one to admit her. The young man who had followed her stood at the very top of the steps, not a half-dozen feet from her. They looked squarely into each other's eyes as she turned her head. She shrank back from him, as she might have drawn away from some hideous beast, and threw up her hands appealingly. John Ampstead, watching closely, thought that she would either faint or go into violent hysterics. She did neither. She kept her senses. She uttered no cry. She rang the bell again. She kept her eyes upon the man.

The young man laughed, a hoarse, mirthless laugh.

"It's of no use," he said; "no use whatever. The house is empty. There is no one to hear the bell."

"The house is not empty. My mother is here. I had a telegram from her."

"Say from me, rather. Your mother isn't within a thousand miles. You're trapped at last, Miss Caroline Eustace."

She looked eagerly up the street at the scattered houses; she looked anxiously down the street at the houses more scattered still. She drew back still further from her persecutor; drew back until she was almost crouching against the door; drew back, while he in turn drew nearer to her.

"You may look and look," he said, tauntingly, "but there's no help for you anywhere; the people in these houses are all sound asleep; they wouldn't hear you if you were to call never so loud. It is my turn to put on airs and play the part of the scornful; it is for you to sue and beg and plead. You may as well resign yourself to the inevitable. There is no help for you."

No help! If the young man had known of John Ampstead's near presence he might have spoken with less of certainty. John was debating seriously with himself what he should do. He could see the young lady's face now, vaguely and uncertainly, to be sure, because of the darkness of the night, but plainly enough to see that she was beautiful, very beautiful. Her figure was slender and lithe, but strong and shapely, withal; her hair was dark; her features were small and regular; her teeth were like pearls; her eyes were brown, deep, large, melting—and in them just now was the pathetic look of a young creature of the woods, wounded and at bay. No help! The young man was likely to find himself mistaken.

No help! The fact was that John Ampstead was trying to decide just what to do to help this lovely woman who was in danger. He grudged each moment of her suffering and her tormentor's triumph. He had determined that there should be rescue and gladness for her—disgrace and punishment for the villain who would injure her. He had not stopped to ask himself *if* he could do something for her. He had simply asked himself *how?* and *when?* He was handling the revolver he had taken, and handling it in a way that was full of danger for those against whom his anger was rising so high. And these were the questions that were running through his mind: Was it certain that he could kill the man at a single shot? Was he sure he wouldn't hurt the woman? Was it best to kill the driver first? Had he done anything yet, or said anything, which made *his* life forfeit?

Had the young man forfeited his life, in a legal sense? Would the law look with commendation, or even with leniency, on the deed he had at heart? No help! And the life of the man who had boastingly said it was hanging in the balance. The well-armed man, capable of putting five pistol-balls out of six in a circle six inches in diameter at the distance of the width of a street, with a decided advantage over a man he would like to try his skill upon, and with a clear *moral* right to do it—is an exceedingly dangerous sort of a man to arouse. And there are numerous cases in our American criminal annals of men who have been seriously hurt under just such conditions! Only—

There is a difference between a moral right and a legal one. If John Ampstead hadn't been a law-student, and a pretty well posted one, too, it is quite as likely as otherwise that "No help!" would have been about the last thing the wickedly inclined young man would ever have said.

The young woman threw herself upon her knees before the one who had spoken with such heartlessness.

"Have you no pity, no manhood?" she moaned, brokenly.

"None," he answered; "none! I have only my overmastering love for you!"

"Love?" she said, scornfully; "love? Do you call it love?"

The man laughed his brutal laugh again.

"I called it that until your scorn had driven me all but mad," he said, passionately, "and your indifference had made me regardless of what I did or what consequences followed. I called it love in the past. It was love that I offered to you. Now you may call it what you please. You may dignify it by the old-time name, or you may not; please yourself; it makes no difference to me. You may call it hate if you wish; I shall not care for that. The truth simply is, that whatever you may call it, you cannot escape it. This is the hour of my triumph."

"But I refused you and your love, long ago."

"I know you did, fool that you were! But you are mine—mine beyond any power to part us—mine beyond any power to save you! I offered you marriage in the past; I offered it more than once; you refused it with sharp words and cruel looks. No matter, I offer you marriage again. Miss Caroline Eustace, will you marry me?"

"Never!"

"I love you, and——"

"You lie. You mock every thought of love."

"And I want you for my wife. There is an authorized official not a half-dozen blocks away who will perform the ceremony for us if you will only consent."

"I will never—never—never do it."

"Think twice. Have a care. You are going with me when I leave here, willingly or unwillingly, as it may please you to decide. When one has paid so dearly for a woman's love as I have done, he is not going to let any little thing stand in the way of his wishes."

"Dearly," with a concentrated scorn which must almost have made her listener, wicked as he was, flush with shame; "dearly! I should think you had paid dearly. Murder——"

"I beg your pardon."

"Murder——"

"You are mistaken. There has been no indictment found against me. The case was considered in the court, where I had given bail, to-day, or rather yesterday, since it is almost morning now. I am a free man."

"But you took a man's life, you coward, and that man——"

"Keep still! I did take his life; but I did it in self defense. I swear to you that——"

"Perjurer, liar, murderer, coward——"

"Enough. I will bandy words with you no longer. I will tame you, you vixen, if I die for it. I will break your will or your heart; I will conquer you or kill you. Once for all, you must go with me; once for all, will you go quietly, or must I use force?"

She made him no answer in words. She looked straight into his evil eyes, looking up from her kneeling posture, and read there his fierce determination to show no mercy and to feel no pity. She looked up and down the silent street of the sleepy suburban neighborhood. No sign of help anywhere; no sign of life anywhere, except the horses and driver at the gate, and they her enemy's help. She looked up at the sky. Was the eye of God shut in slumber too? Had He utterly forgotten her?

She sprang to her feet; she made a dash which she intended should carry her by the man she so hated and feared and give her a chance to escape if her speed could only be as great as his. But his arm was around her in a moment, and had drawn her close to himself. A shriek of terror rose to her lips; but her assailant wound her own shawl round and round her head, stifling the cry upon her lips and preventing a repetition of the attempt.

Then he raised her lightly in his strong arms, and ran swiftly down the walk with her.

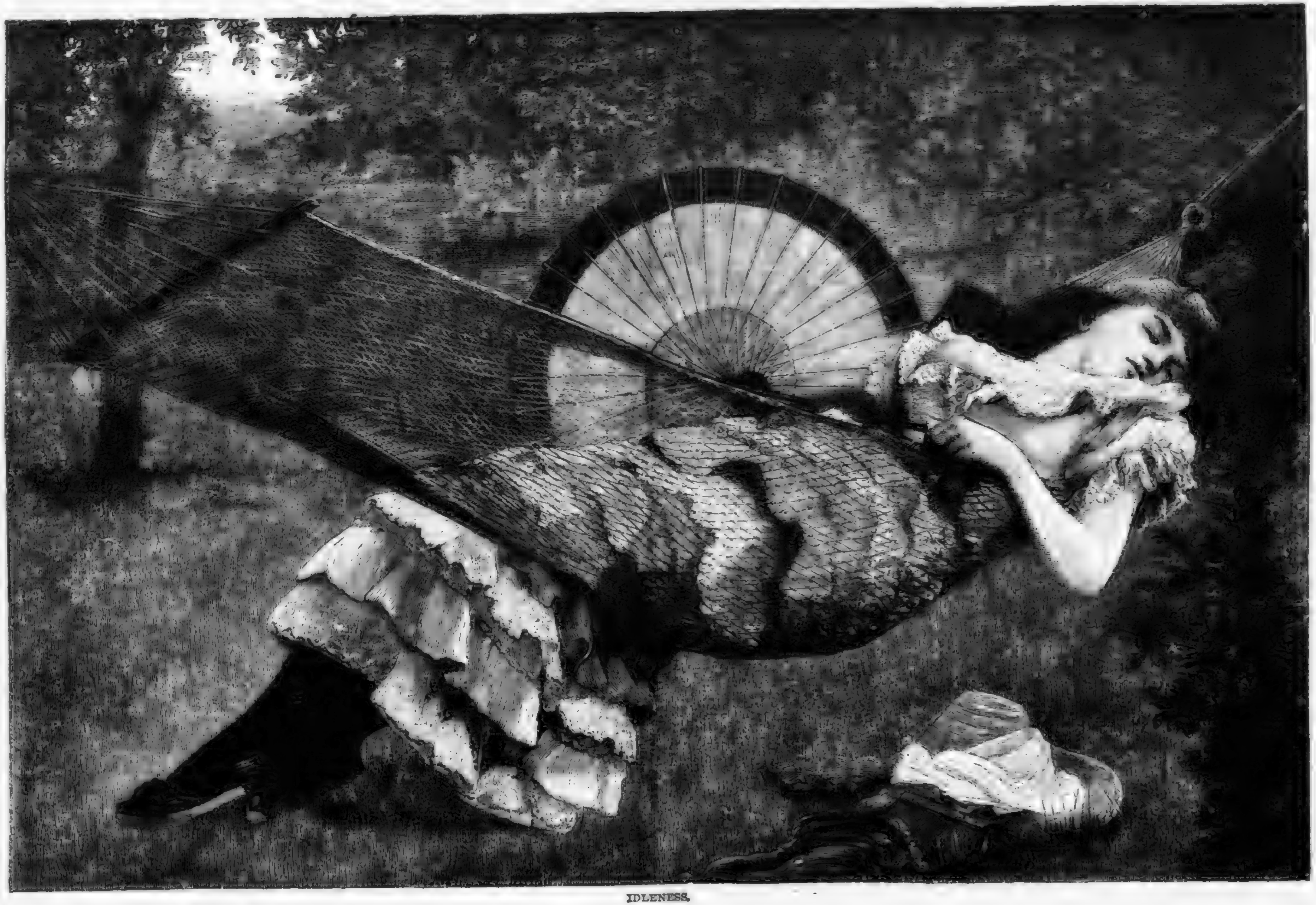
And then, to the great astonishment of the two would-be abductors, Mr. John Ampstead appeared on the scene.

The man on the driver's seat had all he could do, for a little time, to quiet his horses, for they were greatly excited by the sight of John Ampstead rushing toward them, brandishing his cane, and by the sound of his voice as he shouted to the young man to stop. From the standpoint of the evil-minded ones, it was well that the driver prevented a runaway. It would have been an exceedingly awkward thing for the young man to have been left behind by his companion in crime to try and explain why he was in possession of a certain stolen young lady. The driver didn't let his horses get away—he quieted and controlled them. But, for a short time, he had no chance to do anything else.

And, meantime, John Ampstead and the other young man were running an exciting race, though a short one, for the carriage. A good deal depended on who won—the life of the young man among other things, perhaps, for John had determined, in one of those instants of inspiration which sometimes come to a man in times of great excitement or danger, that if he got there first he would try to get along without using a worse weapon than his cane, while if he failed, he meant to use his revolver.

The young lady, while all this was happening, was in entire ignorance of there being a chance for escape. The shawl about her head not only shut in her own cries, but shut out those of the man who was coming to her rescue. She had not fainted, and she was fighting as well as the circumstances would allow, though without the least hope of escape. Her terror and fear must have been appalling to contemplate. The only thing which could have given her a clew to the sudden turn which fate's tide had taken in her favor would have been the remarkable burst of speed which her abductor was making. But, to a young lady to whom the experience of being run away with was entirely novel, it is not likely that counted for much in the way of suggestive information.

The race, considered abstractly as a race, would have to



IDLENESS.

be counted as a draw—a "dead heat," I think sporting men call it. I regret that I must say this, in the interest of exact and impartial truth, for I should like to write that John Ampstead won. The fact is, the two men reached the carriage at exactly the same time.

And then, John Ampstead had the advantage of being unencumbered with a load of any sort of plunder, while the other young man had before him the task of getting into a carriage-door—if he could—with a very vigorous and remarkably active woman in his arms.

But the driver had gotten his horses under pretty fair control by this time, and was reaching for a pistol, so that the two sides had the advantages and disadvantages pretty well balanced. It would have puzzled a mathematician to have stated the "probabilities" of the animated problem at a glance.

The problem was not long in working itself out.

John Ampstead struck the young man a sounding blow over the head with his cane, just as he was springing for the carriage, and the rascal fell into the vehicle in a very disordered-looking heap, knocked senseless at least, and —John shuddered as he said it to himself, even then— and perhaps killed.

Then the driver shot at John Ampstead, and, because of the restlessness of his horses, or for some other reason, missed. John Ampstead caught the young woman from her captor as he pitched headformost into the carriage. He set the trembling and thoroughly frightened creature upon her feet, though he was forgetful enough of the proprieties to keep one arm, his left, around her. He cast away his broken cane—he got out his pistol.

The driver, seeing that Ampstead had a pistol, let his horses have their desired way, and off they dashed down the street, the senseless man enough in the carriage to go with it, but enough out on the steps to make it doubtful whether he would ride far or not. Ampstead stood looking after them, wondering whether he had better shoot at the exceedingly guilty young man, whom he didn't know, or the sufficiently guilty old man whom he did. But the young lady, who had been so brave and sensible up to that time, evidently thinking that the whole affair was over, fainted dead away, just then, and prevented Ampstead's getting a shot at all. The carriage rattled away down the street, the noise of the wheels and the hoof-beats growing fainter and fainter, until they faded into silence.

And John Ampstead looked down into the white, senseless face so near his in hopeless bewilderment.

The "coming young woman" had come! What could he do with her?"

The situation was remarkable—unique.

Not a window opened in the vicinity; not a policeman appeared. No one stirred anywhere in sight. Despite the fact that there had been almost a tragedy, or worse, the slumbering citizens slept on.

John Ampstead hadn't any of the usual means for restoring fainting persons. He thought to himself that he might rub the young lady's hands, and perhaps help her in that way, but they looked so white and delicate, and unused to harsh treatment, that he shrank from making the attempt.

Doubtless the fresh air revived her. At any rate, she opened her eyes, after a little, and looked dazedly about her. Then the horror of her danger came crowding back upon her memory, and she shut her eyes, and covered her face with her hands, while a shudder seemed to shake her from head to foot.

In a minute or two she looked up again, her brown eyes still full of fright and pain.

"I—I suppose you saved me?" she asked, earnestly. "How can I ever thank you enough?"

"I did save you, but it wasn't much to do. I had every advantage. Let us say nothing about that."

"But you ran the risk of your life, didn't you? The driver shot at you, didn't he?"

"Oh, I suppose I ran some risk, but not enough to be worth mentioning. The driver shot at one of us, I don't know which one. I think he may have meant you fully as much as he meant me."

"It was brave, very brave."

"Not very. Any one would do what I have done. It only took a quick eye and a strong arm. And now, let me escort you to some place where you can be safe and comfortable."

"I don't know where to go," she said, hesitatingly; "for, though I have friends in the city, they are none of them expecting me, and I am not on particularly intimate terms with any of them."

"But this house?" pointing to the still dark and silent mansion at whose door she had vainly rung; "is there no one here on whom you have claims? Is there no shelter here for you?"

"It seems not, though this is my home."

"Your home?"

"Yes. My mother bought this house three years ago, and we lived here for a year, and then—— But I am telling you a great many uninteresting things about myself."

And she blushed very prettily.

"Go on, pray. What you are saying is not uninteresting, I assure you; and besides, I may be able to be of more assistance to you if I know a little more about you than the somewhat romantic way in which we met."

The young lady looked him in the face for a moment, and then laughed a hearty, silvery laugh.

"'We met by chance?'" she quoted.

"But not in a very usual way," he said, with a smile.

"No, indeed. And now I will tell you more of myself."

"Very well. But suppose we walk while we talk. As you have no friends on whom you care to trespass, I will turn you over to the good offices of some friends of my own. I know a lady in this city who has as motherly a heart as you could wish to find. I feel well enough acquainted with *her*, though I have been chiefly connected with her husband, to ask the favor of a temporary home for you under their roof. She will be charmed at the story of our adventure. Being a person of quick appreciation, she cannot help liking you, and——"

"I shall be ever so glad and thankful. You are so very, very kind. And only to think that if you hadn't come——"

"Let us not think of that. I did come."

"I know you did; but you might as likely have been miles away, and there wasn't any other help anywhere near. I cannot help thinking of what a scoundrel you saved me from, and"—with a very saucy smile flashed up at him from her brown eyes—"and you mustn't be so impolite as to interrupt me when I want to talk about it."

And John Ampstead looked down at her face, hoping to get another such a smile as that which she had just given him, but there was only the delicate white eyelids to reward his gaze.

"What a bright, sensible, piquant, brave, plucky, thoroughbred and truly American little woman she is!" he said to himself. But aloud he said only: "Pardon me—I promise to be good and polite; or do you make the words synonymous? But you interrupted me first. I was saying, you remember——"

"But I don't remember," she said.

Ampstead laughed and bit his lips.

"I was saying that my friend couldn't help liking you."

"Thank you," very demurely.

"And that I was sure you would love Mrs. Bluff."

"Mrs. Bluff?"

The brown eyes looked straight into his again, but there was no smile in them now. There was pain, surprise, regret; these, and a steely glitter that looked dangerous.

"Yes, Mrs. Bluff."

"Is she any relative of the great lawyer?"

"She is the wife of a lawyer named Bluff."

"Of the firm of Bluff & Bragg?"

"Certainly."

She drew her hand out of its resting-place on Ampstead's arm.

"We must go somewhere else then," she said, sharply and quickly, putting her hand wearily to her head. "Let me think. Which of my acquaintances shall I go to? I cannot go to the home of either of those fearful men—Bluff or Bragg!"

"Fearful men? What do you mean? What have they ever done to merit your anger or your disapproval?"

"Why, sir, they are in league with thieves and murderers. They defend men who rob and burn and kill; they work for men who kill their own parents."

"True, they do these things; but innocent men are sometimes accused, and must be defended. Men commit crimes, sometimes, under circumstances which are of such a character as to go far toward excusing them, and they must have their cases wisely and eloquently presented. In this way the necessity for so-called criminal lawyers arises, and, as all wise workers wish success, it happens that guilty men are aided to escape by the experience and wisdom of those who are employed by them. Bluff & Bragg are good *lawyers,* using the word "good" in the sense of quick, acute and successful; but I pledge you my honor that they are *good men,* in the best and highest sense of the term."

The young lady came a step nearer to Ampstead, hesitated doubtingly, and then laid her hand confidingly on his arm again.

"I think you talk like a lawyer yourself," she said; "are you one?"

"No," very regretfully and dejectedly; then, with a haste which seemed very strange, he added, emphatically: "I shall study hard night and day though, and be admitted to the Bar just as soon as ever I can. I assure you I will."

"You are a law student then?"

"Yes."

"And where do you study?"

"In the office of Bluff & Bragg."

"Oh!" in a tone which combined surprise, satisfaction and apology—"oh! it must be all right then. I shall be delighted to have you take me to Mrs. Bluff's."

They had been walking all this time, and walking rather fast. Ampstead had not noticed the direction of their walk or the turns they had made, but he awoke, just now, to the fact that they were in a portion of the city where he was acquainted, and that it would not take them long to walk to the Bluff residence.

"Let us not hurry," he said, slackening his speed quite remarkably; "I must not tire you entirely out."

He spoke in a tone of great consideration. I hope he felt what his tone expressed. It is so easy to go slow selfishly instead of kindly, and John Ampstead was too human even to have been intended for the hero of a romance of perfection.

The young lady accommodated her step to the changed speed. She looked at him a moment; he was looking another way. She looked down again. She said nothing.

"And now," he said, rapidly, as though words were necessary in order to push aside the memory of something which had been said before, "let me hear some thing more of yourself, and of how you happen to be in this friendless condition."

"There isn't much to tell. Three years ago my mother bought the house where I rang the bell to-night. We lived there for a little more than a year; then a friend of mother's was going to Europe on account of her health, and urged mother to go with her. She went. I went to a boarding-house in the city here, my mother not wishing to take me abroad on account of some of my studies—music and art, for instance—in which I was taking great interest and making excellent progress. You see it was necessary for us to think of economy too, for we haven't so very much besides the house and furniture, and of my perfecting myself in my studies, in order to be able to teach, for I shall have to earn my own way most likely."

And at that John Ampstead smiled to himself in a most disreputably happy manner.

"A month ago the gentleman in whose family I had been boarding moved to Buffalo. I had become very intimate with his daughter, and was invited to make her a visit of a couple of months. I consented to do so, and went West with them. Then I got the lying telegram which brought me home. The train was late. I suppose the man who has troubled me with his attentions for the past year had some other plan for my capture, perhaps, but finding out that I would be late, resolved to abduct me from the steps of my own home. That is about all."

"And this is the home of Mr. Bluff," said Ampstead, walking up the steps of the mansion opposite which he had paused just as she finished her story.

There were some well-bred expressions of surprise on the part of the unseasonably aroused Bluffs. There were a few quiet sentences of explanation from John Ampstead, then he bade his new-found friend adieu, holding her hand at parting just a little longer than was really necessary. John Ampstead did a deal of thinking on his way to his boarding-place, in that early morning walk after he had left Miss Caroline Eustace with Mrs. Bluff. How little she had told him; how little he knew of her, and between him and that little would rise up her sweet face and her wonderful brown eyes.

It was a very grave and thoughtful John Ampstead who let himself in with the latch-key at such a scandalous late hour. And he said something very resolutely and a little despairingly to himself as he went up the dark stairs to his room: "I will if I can, God help me! If I fail, I shall never have the right to read that package John Braynor left me." He said nothing regarding the "coming woman."

But Miss Caroline Eustace, sleeping in a bed which was as large and warm—to compare great things with small—as the motherly heart of Mrs. Bluff, dreamed that her new-found friend was running away with her, and that she made a vigorous pretense of fighting against the fate that made her so very happy. Then she awoke to remember that she didn't know his name—yet; and to blush hotly in the darkness, though it was only a dream.

Chapter XXVI.

Mrs. Bluff and Miss Caroline Eustace sat in the parlor of the Bluff residence that afternoon. (I suppose *that afternoon* is the proper way to speak, when we remember that the remarkable legal labors which Mr. John Ampstead had inaugurated the evening before—or something else—had kept him out of his room until morning.) Mrs. Bluff was too matter-of-fact and sensible to be a remarkably fashionable woman; Miss Caroline Eustace was a comparative stranger; but the ladies were evidently dressed in expectation of receiving a call.

It was wonderful how much a night had done for Miss Eustace, though one could see that she was still enduring a considerable amount of nervous suffering, and would find it easy to believe that she ought to have rest and quiet for several days. Her baggage had been brought from the depot. She was dressed in some wonderfully becoming garb whose naturalness and simplicity were the results of much pains and time. Mrs. Bluff had insisted that she should remain with her for a time, a week at least, and the two ladies were already mutually appreciative friends.

There was a ring at the doorbell. A servant brought in a card. Mrs. Bluff read it, and then handed it to her guest, who read it in her turn: "John Ampstead."

Miss Eustace looked disappointed. She rose and moved toward a door which would allow her to leave the room without seeing the caller.

"I—I had hoped——" she said, and then paused in pretty and blushing confusion as she met the astonished look of her hostess. "Is—is his name John Ampstead?" she asked. "I had forgotten that I had ever heard his name."

The young man came in. He was greeted warmly by both ladies. Then Mrs. Bluff took advantage of the home-woman's ever-ready and often-used excuse.

"I know that Miss Eustace will have much to tell you of the aid she needs after her cruel fright, and after that will be glad to entertain you. I have discovered that she sings and plays divinely. As for me, duty never relaxes its hold on the unfortunate woman who is at the mercy of hired servants; I must positively be excused for a time. You will spend the afternoon with us, Mr. Ampstead, will you not? It isn't every day that one can call upon a young lady whose life he saved the night before, and you will take dinner with us this evening, of course?"

And John Ampstead, whose acquaintance with Mrs. Bluff had been rather slight and formal, despite what he had said of her the night before, and who had not only never eaten in her house before, but had never been asked to, said that he would, "of course."

Then Mrs. Bluff pulled out a dainty little watch. She looked at it as though astonished. She frowned a little.

"You really must excuse me; I must not let my reputation suffer; I am noted as a housekeeper."

Which latter statement would have been news to those best acquainted with her; and which, as she had a French cook to whom Bluff paid an almost fabulous salary, and a numerous retinue of other excellent servants, was probably a barefaced bit of blameless fiction.

Mrs. Bluff's friends did call her an inveterate matchmaker, though. It would have been neither pleasant nor fair for her to have said so. John Ampstead remembered having heard it whispered once that such was the fact, and he was happy in his superior knowledge; Miss Eustace was sublimely unconscious of the possibilities of the little deceptions of fashionable life.

"You are looking well to-day," said John Ampstead. It was true. Was it awkward?

"Thank you, I am feeling quite well, except a little tired. I think I have quite recovered from my fright."

"I am glad. Did you sleep well?"

She remembered her dream, and she looked at him half fearfully, much as though she feared he might read her thoughts.

"Very well," she said.

"I want to straighten out all this matter for you if I can. And if you feel that you can bear to speak of it now, perhaps it had better be attended to to-day. You spoke of a telegram. What did you get?—When?"

"This. Of course it must be a forgery."

She handed the message to Ampstead. He read it:

> "New York *September* —, 1880.
>
> "Miss Carrie Eustace, Buffalo, N. Y.—I have arrived home. Am very sick. The physician says I may not live a week. Come at once to our own house. Mrs. Eustace."

He handed it back.

"I think it is a forgery," he said, "and a clumsy one. Rather, we *know* it is a forgery, since your mother has not returned to America. But it should not have trapped you. Let us examine it. Would your mother have sent as long a message as that?"

"I think not."

"Which would she have called you in a formal and half-public communication, 'Carrie' or 'Caroline'? How would she write in addressing a message or a letter to you?"

"Caroline, undoubtedly."

"And the one who wrote this telegram wanted to call you 'Carrie'?" This half jealously.

"Evidently!" This with a ring of anger and of fear in it.

"Would your mother say that she had arrived home, and then specify the house with so much care?"

"No; for she would go there on her return as a matter of course."

"Would your mother have set a time-limit to her life in a telegram, and that limit a week—long enough to have written and had the news broken to you gently, short enough to almost prostrate you with alarm?"

"I think she would not?"

"Would she sign her name without a first name or an initial?"

"No."

"Would any one have done it unless ignorant of what the name or initial is?"

"No, I think not."

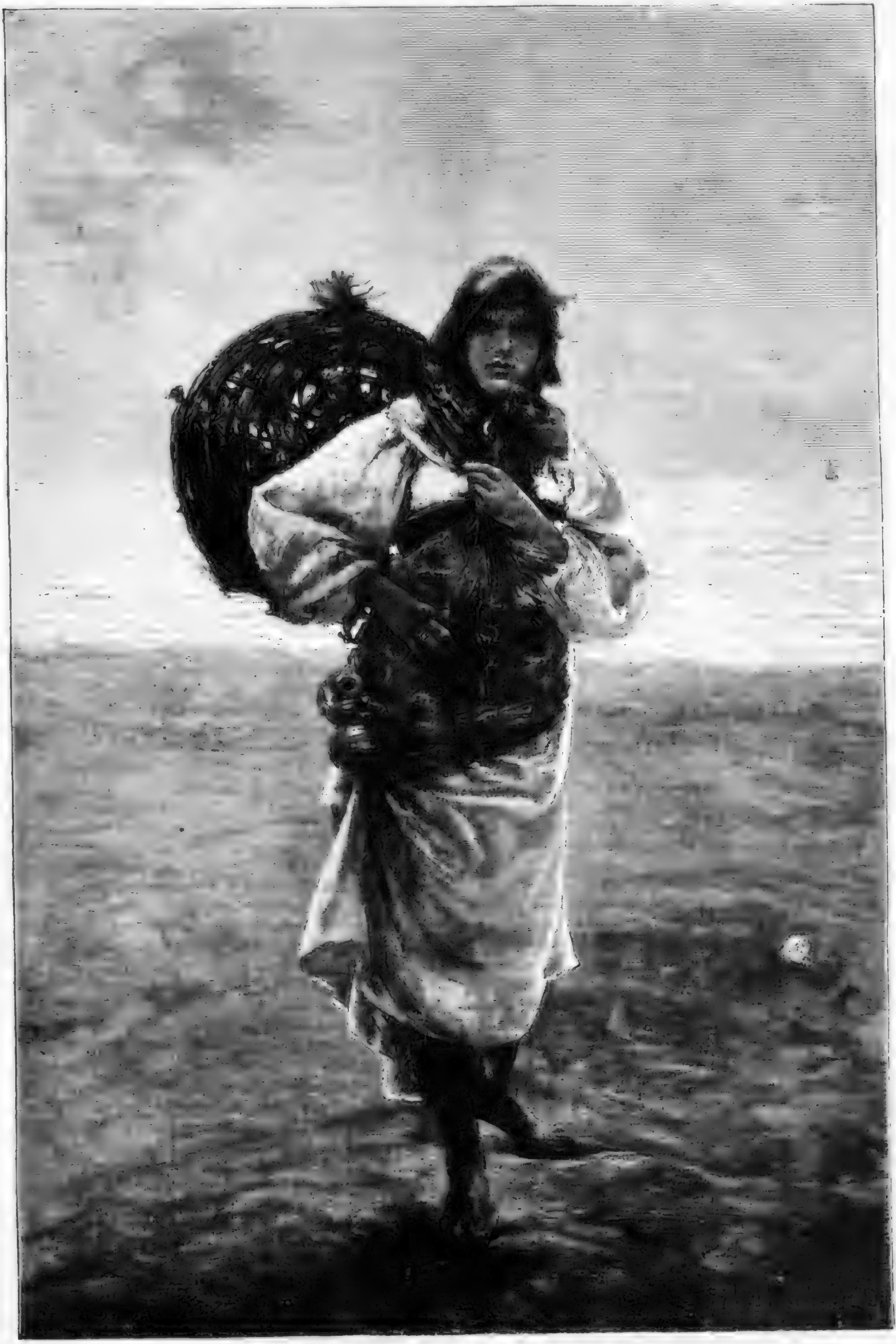
"Then the forgery is clumsy. That will help us."

"Help us?—How?—What do you mean?"

"This: That no operator ever sent that message without its having impressed him as being out of the ordinary sort of telegrams. We shall be able to find who presented this, I think, even in the great City of New York."

"But why is that necessary?"

"Because of two reasons: There were two of your assailants. There are two witnesses. You were rescued; I rescued you; there are two witnesses on our side. Don't you see that the man who was desperate enough to attempt your abduction will be desperate enough to make a strong defense, and that he has as many to give evidence in his behalf as we in yours. And second, no young lady likes her name mixed up, in print and in conversation, with an affair like the one last night. We



ITALIAN FISHER-GIRL.—FROM A PAINTING BY RAFFAELE SÉNET.

can punish the man severely for sending the message. We need not give very much attention to his assault upon you."

"But the driver may not be a bad man, he may simply be a weak man—in need of a bad man's money?"

"Not he. It may be that if your train had been on time, so that your abduction had to take place at the depot itself, that a man of the sort you describe would have been the one to dash forward and proffer his services as soon as your presence was signaled to him and it was seen that you desired a carriage. But, when it was decided to take you by force from the steps of your own home, a very different sort of man was selected. I recognized the driver. He is a thoroughly dangerous man. I would not believe him on oath. I think him as bad and depraved a person as exists unhung. He is a man by the name of Martin Glugg."

"Indeed?" The name meant nothing to her—nothing then. She had never heard of Martin Glugg before.

"In that case," said Miss Eustace, "I think it would be wise not to make a complaint at all. It will do no good, and simply make our names notorious. I would prefer to let the matter be kept quiet."

"You are wise," said John Ampstead, "in the decision you have made. You understand the sort of man with whom you have to deal. You can be watchful. Your friends can be watchful. Let us know—Bluff & Bragg and myself and a few others—who the man was, and——"

"His name is Mortimer Dellerton," said Miss Eustace; "he murdered his father because the old man heard of the attentions which were being forced upon me, and objected to his son having anything to do with me—though I don't know why he objected unless he knew his son so well as to make him desire to save any woman so unfortunate as to be cursed with his admiration. He killed his father. And Bluff & Bragg—the *lawyers*, not the *men*—saved him from the fate upon the gallows which he so richly deserved."

"They shall do no more for him, I promise you that; and they shall help keep an eye upon him too."

"Thank you, ever and ever so much."

"And now," said John Ampstead, "having settled that it is best and prudent not to crowd this enemy of yours, but rather to watch him, and I think it *is* best, what shall we do next?"

She looked up shyly at him.

"Since we are to be friends," she said, softly, "and since we have settled all about poor me, is it not fair that you should tell me something of yourself?"

"There's so very little to tell. I am a very commonplace individual, I assure you. Nothing remarkable ever happened to me, and I cannot be egotist enough to pretend that it is otherwise."

John Ampstead was a truthful man—so far as he knew—or meant to be!

"I am very anxious to hear about them," she replied, with much animation; "I always did like commonplace people, which is only another name for modest and sensible ones. Please tell me about your life."

"I will, since you wish it. But you mustn't complain if you find the recital prosy and tiresome; remember you will have brought the infliction upon yourself. First of all, then, I was born——"

"Yes, sir."

"In a sober and sleepy old New England town, where it is doubtful if anything worth my mentioning ever happened—anything else, I mean. My childhood was as calm and quiet and uneventful as anything you could imagine. I went to school when school was in session; I helped my father when vacation-time came. I grew and thrived; those were good old days. Later, I found that I loved books more and more. The gentleman for whom I was named, a bachelor by the name of John Braynor, was gratified at my thirst for knowledge, and assisted me with money and with personal instruction. I went to college; his money paid my expenses. I graduated with honor; he was pleased. I decided that I would be a lawyer; again it was his money which made smooth the path in life which I had elected to follow."

"You must love him very much? It is so natural for us to love those who serve us."

John shot a quick glance at her, but her eyes were bent toward some work which she held in her hands.

"I think so—I mean I hope so—do you think it is?"

"Oh, I am sure of it," she cried, looking up at him. But something in his face sent her timid glance down to her work again.

Really the two young people were getting on most excellently well together. Mutual danger, a mutual secret, and a community of interests; they were already better acquainted than a dozen years of fashionable friendship could have made them. They were already far down that enticingly bright road whose end is deathless orange-blossoms—or undying regrets.

John Ampstead paused gravely for a moment or two. Then he spoke again:

"I did reverence and love him very much," he said, with much earnestness, "and his money is very dear to me."

"Ah! he is dead, then?" with a delicate cadence of sympathetic pain.

"Yes, he is dead. And it is so recent that I find the tears coming into my eyes a hundred times a day. He was a most noble man."

"I am very sorry for you," she said, kindly.

"Thank you. Your sympathy is very grateful."

"And now, I suppose, you have your own way to mak in the world?"

"Oh, no. John Braynor left me almost the whole of his ample fortune."

"Oh!" was all that Miss Caroline Eustace said, but a shadow dragged itself slowly along the sunshine of her smile. It was as though she were thinking what she had said a little time before, "I am very sorry for"—somebody. Even in democratic America men are so likely to build golden walls—walls so slight and frail that smiles steal through them and sighs stir the air beyond, but so high and strong that hearts which essay to pass them must break. God help us!

John Ampstead had said he was no egotist; had he been he would have been very happy, just then—as I believe the true egotist usually is. As it was, he did not know the encyclopedic meaning which may sometimes be packed into as short a word as "Oh!"

John Ampstead continued his story

"There was one queer thing connected with the Braynor inheritance," he said; "a thing so strange that it may be I shall have to recall my hasty assertion that all my life has been merely commonplace. There was a sealed package left for me, but left in trust with another man until certain conditions were complied with."

"And you don't know what is in it?"

"I do not."

"But you have an idea?"

"Not the slightest."

"How very, very romantic. I should die of curiosity."

"Possibly. I find it hard to wait; it has grown harder since—since not very long ago."

"Has it? I should think you would comply with those conditions at once. I should think you could not wait—would not wait—until you had read whatever there may be in that package—read it from beginning to end."

"It doesn't rest with me alone to satisfy the conditions."

"No? Then I should think your friends would do all they could—all you would ask of them. I cannot think how any one who knew you would find it possible to do, or to leave undone, that which done or undone would thwart or delay you."

She had clasped her hands together in her eagerness, and her cheeks were flushed with excitement.

"Thank you," said John Ampstead; "I—I hope you will always think so."

"Always think so! Of course I shall. Do you doubt me? But what are the conditions?"

"The first one is, I must be a duly qualified and regularly admitted lawyer."

"Well, you are a law-student now. You have only to work hard to comply with that condition. I should think you would hurry. Why don't you hurry?"

"I shall hurry," said John Ampstead.

"And the second condition, what is that?"

"That I be a married man, a happily married man."

"Oh!" said Miss Caroline Eustace, and it was a very different sort of "Oh!" from what the other had been. She looked out at the window with great seeming indifference, and attempted a yawn—which attempt it is only candid and honest to say was very much of a failure.

"I—I presume the young lady to whom you are engaged will not find it in her heart to keep you from so remarkable a thing as that package must be," ventured Miss Eustace, a bit bitterly.

"I am not engaged to any young lady."

"No? With so much depending on matrimony I should suppose you would be. But no doubt you can be when you wish?"

"Do you really think so, Miss Eustace? I—I certainly hope so."

"I haven't any doubt of it. She doubtless knows you very well."

"That's the trouble. She doesn't know me at all. I never saw a woman I could care for at all——"

"You never did? Not with Mr. Braynor's mysterious package mocking your single-blessedness?"

"Never, never! Not until——"

"Dinner is ready," said Mrs. Bluff, entering the room.

French cooks may need watching, after all, and perhaps Mrs. Bluff was a model housekeeper. It seems that her friends over-estimated her in a certain other direction——

Unless the tactics of the trout-fisher, who lets the fish he has hooked have a run with the line, are worthy of imitation when the game is more important.

Chapter XXVII.

There are shallows and eddies in the stream of life, into which existences drift, and, waiting there, see the rush and turmoil of the outer current pass them by. Sometimes the waiting is enforced, and the quiet nook beyond the flowing of the world's river is a prison to the idle one who wastes away his life there. At other times the rest is almost like heaven, and the idleness is blessed.

The home of the Bluffs was such a happy haven for little Carrie Eustace. She came there from danger, and she found safety; she came there from foes, and she found friends; she came from Mortimer Dellerton, and she found John Ampstead; she came from hate, and found love. It was the happiest and best change which had ever come to her life. The hand of Providence must have held the pen which wrote the message which brought her to New York, though the not less guilty forger never guessed it. God's fingers helped tick out the strange telegram which brought her in such haste, though the weary operator did not dream it.

John Ampstead had taken the fugitive to the home of Mr. Bluff to ask for a night's shelter for her. Mrs. Bluff had insisted that her stay should be longer, a week at least. And then, when the week was done, she was not willing to let the guest go. And so it happened that the shelter of the Bluff homestead seemed likely to be her shelter too, until her mother returned from Europe, or something else happened.

John Ampstead was greatly pleased at the turn affairs had taken. He watched gladly, though possibly a little jealously, the affection which grew up between the mother-hearted but childless Mrs. Bluff, and the sweet and gentle child woman, Carrie Eustace.

John was a frequent visitor at the Bluff residence—a very frequent visitor. And on one of his earliest calls he spoke of the regard of Mrs. Bluff and Miss Eustace for each other, and of what he had predicted.

"You remember what I said, do you not?" he asked her while they were speaking of the matter during one of Mrs. Bluff's housekeeperly absences.

"I remember. You said you were sure I would love Mrs. Bluff. You were right. I do."

"Did I say that? Perhaps I did. That was not what I meant, though."

"Indeed? I supposed it was."

John Ampstead was not only a frequent visitor at the home which numbered Miss Carrie Eustace among its many attractions; but he was a very hard worker too. Early and late he labored at his law-books, burning the gas far into the night when other men had gone to rest, and early in the morning, too, before they began to wakefully remember that time was bringing another day to them.

Nor did John Ampstead forget Seth Barcase. His detective reported to him when he had searched the whole road from New York to Pleanton with painstaking thoroughness. He had found nothing. He was completely baffled. He did not know which way to turn.

"I have talked with the conductor, the trainmen, and several passengers who were on the train that day, and who have been traced out and followed. They can tell me nothing—absolutely nothing."

"And what else?"

"I have stopped at every station; I have conversed with every station-agent; I have visited every hotel in every city and town and village between here and the home of Seth Barcase; I have conversed with every hotel-keeper and with every hotel-clerk. They can tell me nothing—nothing."

"What can we do next?"

"I do not know."

"What do you suggest?"

"I can suggest nothing."

John Ampstead put his detective, and others whom he employed, at work in New York city. They found nothing. He had them follow up, with the most painstaking care and thoroughness, every slight clew which they found from time to time, or which they thought they found. Far and near, high and low, in light and in darkness, the search went on. Bravely, manfully, untiringly, the search went on. Hopefully at first, doubtingly later, despairingly toward the last, the search went on.

In every place which he knew or could think of, save one, the hired searchers of John Ampstead worked. The one place to which they did not go, the one place to which he would not send them; the one place of which he never spoke, was the ——— Hospital. The one clew which he never mentioned was the story the physician had told him.

For John Ampstead was searching for a living man, and he feared to go and look upon the clothing which the man had worn who had died nameless and unknown in the ——— Hospital, and whose body had gone to the service of science. He feared to think of the picture which the words of the physician had brought before his mind. He did not dare to go and learn the simple truth. But he knew, down deep in his heart, that he almost believed Seth Barcase was dead, and he knew that he almost believed he could take up the thread of evidence at any time and prove him dead. And still he denied his belief in acts and words, and he tried to deny it in his thoughts. Still his hired detectives hunted; still he paid out the money which came to him as income from the Braynor estate—paid it out as freely as the clouds of Summer pour out water—in his efforts to find a man whose life he almost felt had gone out for ever; still he kept three handsome documents locked in his special compartment of the safe in the office of Bluff & Bragg, though he feared that the task of showing in a single day, when that day should come, that they were worth twenty-five thousand dollars to him, would be too short and easy to busy him a day. Still he would not give up; still he would not say, "I know!" Still he said, "I do not know, and I will not know. I will read the document which John Braynor meant that I should read, unless——"

And there he always stopped. To himself, even, he would say no more. But the face which seemed to come before him whenever he came to that sudden pause was not the face of the missing Seth Barcase, it was the face of one who sometimes seemed almost as far away and as difficult to find fully as the lawyer who was gone—it was the face of sweet little Carrie Eustace.

September died away. October came, tarried, was gone. November blustered its brief life out, and went into the past with a closing, spiteful dash of wintry rage. Drear December dashed down its snows, drifted them back and forth in street and court and alley, and tossed them into fantastic heaps along the many miles of road between New York and Pleanton. But the month drifted away itself, more noiselessly than its snows had drifted, and took the dying year with it, and the New Year came, and men learned to write 1881 in place of 1880.

And still Seth Barcase was missing. And still his loyal and loving wife believed he lived, and John Ampstead hoped that he believed so too. (He had given himself a year in which to find him now!)

And still John Ampstead studied law.

And still was Carrie Eustace's love unwon, or if won, humble John Ampstead was not sure.

Up the Spring slope of the newer, better, happier year —if such it was to be, and none but God knew—up from the valley of Winter, through January, through February, through March, through April. It was the middle of May, in the year of grace, 1881. It was long past a half-year since the old lawyer disappeared. It was long past a half-year since all persons in the world, except two, of all those who mourned his absence, had said, "He is dead; that is the end."

And to-night, as John Ampstead put away his books, at the great law office of Bluff & Bragg, with a sort of conscious pride and pleased finality, he thought of his friend Seth Barcase as men usually think of the dead—tenderly and sadly and lovingly.

"In a month, if I have my way," he said to himself. Then, while a shadow crept along his lips and slew the smile which had lain there, he added: "I may be ready to-morrow. She may—may——" And he said no more.

He was thinking that on the morrow he *might be* quite ready to go to the ——— Hospital and look at the clothes which would settle once for all the question as to whether Seth Barcase had died there or not.

He put away his books with unusual care. He laid the papers upon the desks and tables into more accurately arranged piles than was common. He stood for a minute or two, with his hand upon the back of a chair, looking about the room as though taking a sort of mute farewell of it. Then he seemed to remember something, suddenly, and he raised his hand from the chair-back with a shudder; it was there that the hand of the physician from the ——— Hospital had rested. He could not blame the man. He had come in answer to John Ampstead's own advertisements—his invitations, as it were—and had done only his straightforward duty and told only the simple truth. But John was sorry that he had put his hand there; even to his unsuperstitious manhood it seemed like an evil omen.

"This ends the first stage in my life," he said, as he went slowly down the stairs; "what next? I wish I could see six hours into the future. A year of happiness and freedom in Europe, with love and laughter at my side always, and then a life of honored work and usefulness, and the best of homes; that is one picture. The other is to creep up these stairs again to-morrow morning, broken-hearted, old before my time, to try to find forgetfulness in drudgery there—until God will let me die. Which will it be?"

John Ampstead went home to his boarding-house. Home? It had never seemed so unlike home. His furniture was getting shabby; the room in which he had read and toiled, and hoped and planned, seemed narrow and mean. He could not bear it.

He went down to tea. He could eat nothing. The food seemed to choke him. He did not linger long.

He went up to his room again.

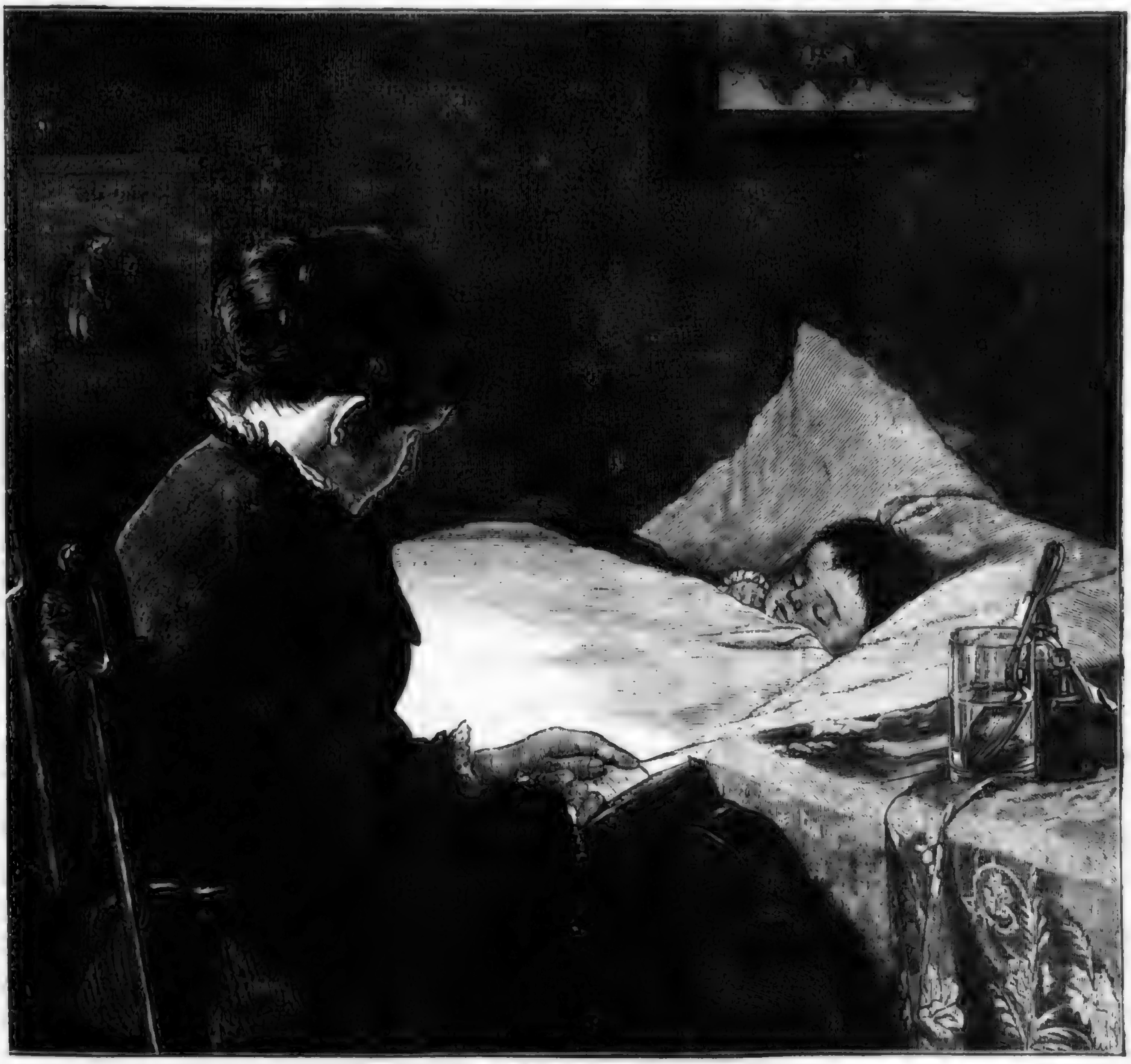
He had been to see Miss Caroline Eustace a great many times. Let us say a hundred, to keep within reasonable bounds. He had never found it difficult to please himself in the matter of clothes before, and had never worriedly wondered whether his necktie harmonized with everything else. To-night he was going to see Miss Caroline Eustace. But to-night he dressed himself with as much careful attention to details as would have seemed natural if he had been going to be hanged—or married. And his countenance seemed to indicate that he had all the unpleasant and distrustful thoughts which are supposed to accompany those serious events, and one would have believed that the bright side in each was temporarily out of his mental field of vision. (Each *has* a bright side!)

He was ready, at last. He went down-stairs. He went out into the street.

He hired an empty carriage which chanced to be passing. He had never felt in so great a hurry before. He gave the direction to the driver in a tone of voice which may have led that individual into error regarding the character of his passenger; Mr. Bluff was a great lawyer; criminals were his usual clients; did they call upon him at his house in the evening? But hesitating and low-voiced John Ampstead had shown himself brave and prompt in the past; it was strange that he felt this sudden shyness regarding Carrie Eustace, wasn't it? Was it, or was it not?

The driver put him down in front of Bluff's house in an almost incredibly short time, and got an extra payment for his pains, which almost took away his breath.

Then—Mr. John Ampstead walked rapidly away up the street; around a block or two; down another street; back again; merely to "collect himself."



THE MOTHER'S VIGIL.

And—Mr. John Ampstead rang Bluff's bell, the most thoroughly "uncollected" individual you ever saw. Was Miss Eustace in? She was. He was almost sorry. To-morrow night would have found him better prepared to say well what he had to say. Ah, John Ampstead, you have not yet learned that love speaks a language that was old when English was undreamed-of! You may misuse your mother-tongue to-night, as you never did before, or let Chaos take charge of your senses. No matter. If your heart has touched hers, you will win. If not, Chesterfield on your right hand and Demosthenes on your left would avail you nothing. It is not your clothes, nor your face, nor your words, nor your grace, Sir Lover, which are to be laid in the balance and weighed by woman's hand: it is *you!* Go bravely in, John Braynor Ampstead; you deserve to win, at least!

John Ampstead went in, though exceedingly ill at ease and strangely self-distrustful.

He had a pleasant greeting—a warm welcome. Miss Eustace saw that something troubled him. She tried her best to drive the clouds away. She sang for him, sang old love-songs whose pathos and power brought the tears to his eyes, and ballads of bravery and valor which stirred his very soul. She played for him; thunderous marches, heavy with the boom of cannon and shrill with cries and groans; dreamy waltzes; airy gems which it did not need the power of words to interpret, since only love had ever sang that way since time began.

He watched her flying fingers. He seemed to drink in the charm of her beauty. He caught and treasured every sunny smile and pleasant glance.

But the cloud on his brow only deepened. He feared and doubted, and, fearing and doubting, he surely risked his peace with her near by. A man would be happier blind, perhaps, when beauty is going away from his sight for ever; better deaf, possibly, when the music which his soul has loved is dying into eternal silence. To the lover who must fail, early failure is a (comparative) blessing.

The shadow grew darker about his eyes.

But he could neither bring himself to speak nor to go.

The sadder and more silent he, the gayer she became. There may have been unshed tears beneath the sunshine in her eyes; there may have been groans under the laughter which rippled over her red lips; there may have been pain in her heart.

God knows.

But she fought for this man's happiness, matching her levity and mirth against his silence, and her smile against his sorrow-written face; fought as well as she could; fought bravely in her woman's way—the best way she knew.

Silence fell between them at last. She was weary. Could she go on for ever thus, through this seeming endless evening. She had done as well as she could. And he was more absent and *distrait* than ever. If he would only give her another chance; if he would only let her joke him and banter him; it might be that then she could make him smile. She could go no further than that; she had no right to try to be a true comforter and sympathetic adviser—for she felt that she was more than sister or friend, long ago; and, until he asked it, she must be infinitely less than anything else to him.

Silence. Silence so deep that you would have felt the pain which was in both their hearts between whom it had fallen. She rose and came a little nearer to him.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked.

"I was thinking of the time when I saved you from the hands of Mortimer Dellerton," he answered.

The memory of his words of modesty came into her mind like a torrent. To win a smile from those sad eyes, she would even mock at him. She would say to him, this night, what he had said to her then.

"It wasn't much to do. You had every advantage, didn't you?"

She was quoting his own words, almost exactly, as they had been burned in on her soul by the horror of that fearful night. There was mirth in her tones, laughter in her eyes. But there was that behind the mirth and laughter which a brave man might gladly die to have won the right to hear and see in voice and glance, though he knew it not!

"I ran the risk of my life, didn't I? The driver shot at me, didn't he?"

The words were sharp and sullen. He was quoting her words, unconscious of that fact.

"Oh, I suppose you ran some risk, but not enough to be worth mentioning. The driver shot at one of us, I don't know which one. I think he may have meant me full as much as he meant you."

"It was brave——"

"Not very. Any one would do what you did. It only took a quick eye and a strong arm. And now——"

John Ampstead did not laugh, he did not smile. The efforts of Miss Eustace in those directions were failures; but he had suddenly grasped the idea that she was quoting what he had once said, and he grasped at hope again with it. He did not smile; but the shadow fell away from his face, all at once, and the deepest and holiest passion of which the human heart is capable shone in its place.

He sprang to his feet. He took a step or two toward her.

"Do you remember the conditions of the Braynor inheritance?" he asked.

"I—I think I do."

"One condition is satisfied, Miss Eustace; I was admitted to the Bar to-day."

"I congratulate you," she said, very softly. "I am very, very glad."

"And now——"

"Well?"

He moved still nearer to her, so near that his outstretched hand would have touched her.

"Oh, Miss Eustace; Carrie, dear Carrie——"

She gave him one saucy glance over her shoulder, a glance that told his happy heart what his answer was to be, as she glided away from him across the room, toward the window.

"Should I be called 'Carrie' in a formal and half-public communication?" she said. "Should you use that word in addressing me?"

He reached her side. He put his arms about her.

"I am going to call you that always," he said, firmly.

"You willful, inconsistent man——"

"And I am very anxious to read the package John Braynor left me. Will you let me do it?"

"I—I think so, John, if it will make you happy."

"And when?"

"In a year."

"A year! Why not say an eternity?"

"At Christmas, then."

"Why not say at doomsday and done with it?"

"Suppose I say—say—the last of June?"

"It's a very long time to wait, darling, but——"

"But you might have asked me long ago; of course you might."

Two lives which have escaped the dangers of doubt and misunderstanding can afford to be frank and happy. Let them laugh and jest, who might have wept always.

"I suppose so; but I feared you would say 'No.' I presume you will think it absurd if I speak of love at first sight. It was true, though, in my case. I have wanted to ask for your love ever since Mortimer Dellerton ran down the walk from your home with you. I knew your true soul instinctively, and——"

"And I yours. It would have been a strange thing to do, John; but I half believe I should have said 'Yes' any time after you broke your cane over that rascal's head."

They stood by the window, looking away at the bright stars above the housetops, the stars which seem eternal to us, though true love shall outlast them.

His arm is about her. Her head is upon his shoulder. There is more for each in the other's eyes than in the whole star-strewn sky.

Let us leave them there, kind reader; it is growing late, though it will be long before he can leave the love that he has won. But *we*, at this hour of the night, should hasten home. *(To be continued.)*

Not Quite Such an Old Dog.—"Yes, this is a very old dog," said a spinster to a man who took an active part in the canine harvest, "and we should hate very much to have him caught in the street and locked up. I am very much attached to him, for I used to carry him in my arms when he was a little puppy." "Do you say, miss, that he is a very old dog, and that you carried him——" "Oh," she broke in, recollecting that she had compromised herself, "I mean that he—he used to be old when I was a little—I mean that mother used—Oh, go away from here, or I'll set the dog on you!"

EVENING.

Oft have I seen, set in the glowing west
One fair, bold star of mild, eternal beam
Fast anchored in the sunset's purple stream,
A shining splendor lapped in perfect rest.
And when behind the hill the burning crest
Has waned and darkened, till all light was gone,
Fairer and fairer still that lone star shone,
Like a new sun in pallid glory drest.
High in the drifting clouds I saw it gleam
Like a deserted prophet, near God's throne,
Who cries, "Of all thy prophets I alone,
Remain to serve Thee!" And I dreamed a dream
That thus our Milton stood amid the night,
Faithful, alone, Hope's bright and shining light.

A DESPERATE STRATAGEM.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

HIS PART.

It was in church that I saw her first, and I was attracted to her at once. She looked so lovely, devout and gentle, that my heart went out to her as it had never gone out to woman before.

The sermon was very dull and prosy, but I was sorry when it was finished, so greatly did I enjoy gazing at that pure, beautiful face. Of course I determined to make her acquaintance, and, pointing her out to my uncle as she walked away by the side of a tall lady in rusty black, I asked who she was.

"Her name is Dorothy Vane," he answered. "She is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Halyard. I suppose you want to know her?" laughing.

I said I did, and asked if he could introduce me. He said he could; that Mrs. Halyard was an old friend, and that he would take me to call upon her the following evening.

That was the beginning. I very soon became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Halyard's, and Dorothy Vane and I spent several hours of every day in rambling over the fields, exploring the mountain-nooks, and gathering flowers, ferns and leaves.

My uncle said he was glad I was able to find amusement—he had feared my visit would prove dull.

There was nothing like a little flirtation, he averred, to kill time. It was evident that he did not believe in the sincerity of my attachment.

Dorothy is an orphan, and she and a twin-sister are wholly dependent upon an aunt who lives in Colchester.

My darling dresses in the plainest manner, and has no ornaments, no pretty ribbons, no feather nor flowers on her simple straw hat.

I take a great deal of pleasure in thinking of how I will load her with rich gifts when she is my wife. I have money enough for both of us. I am glad she is poor. A man likes his wife to be dependent upon him. Dorothy always talked to me a great deal of her sister.

"You ought to see Isabel!" she would say. "Every one admires Isabel."

She was unconscious, in her innocence and modesty, of how greatly I admired herself. She was lovely beyond comparison, with her great, dusky eyes, like purple pansies, her pale, pure complexion, and rippling dark hair.

But the day before she was to leave Mrs. Halyard's, I told her all I felt, and asked her to be my wife.

She seemed surprised. When I began to speak she looked at me, in a frightened, bewildered way, that showed that she had not expected such an avowal from me. And when I caught her in my arms and drew her close to my heart, she hid her face on my breast, and burst into tears.

"Why do you weep, Dorothy?" I asked.

"Because I am so happy," she answered. "Do you really, *really* love me, Arnold? It doesn't seem scarcely possible."

"I love you with all my heart!" I answered, fondly.

"It seems so very strange," she said. "If it had been Isabel, I would not have been surprised; but——"

I interrupted her with a kiss.

"There is nothing strange about it," I said; "and I am sure Isabel cannot be one-half so lovable as yourself."

"She is so gay, so bright, so fascinating," Dorothy said; "while I——".

Again I interrupted her.

"You are simply perfect," I said; "and you mustn't say anything against my future wife. I most positively forbid it."

She laughed, the tears still standing in her violet eyes.

She went home the following day; and, after running up to the city to attend to some business, I followed her to Colchester. There is only one hotel in the place, and in that I took up my quarters. Wishing to surprise Dorothy, I had not written her of my coming, so I had to inquire my way to her home, which was about half a mile from the village.

I thought it a very pretty place, with its vine-covered cottage, old-fashioned garden, and heavily-laden fruit-trees, but the dilapidated fences, the sad need of paint on the out-buildings, and the weed-grown paths, told me plainly as words could have done that my darling's aunt was poor.

As I stood a moment at the little gate, I saw some one sitting under the shade of a big apple-tree not far away, and my heart gave a great bound as I recognized the graceful figure as that of Dorothy. She was so intent on a book she held, that she did not hear my approach, and, stealing softly up behind her, I threw my arms around her and kissed her again and again, on cheeks, lips and dimpled chin, despite her desperate struggles.

When, at last, I laughingly released her, she turned upon me like a young fury.

"How dare you!" she cried, in a voice of concentrated rage and loathing. "How *dare* you insult me so!"

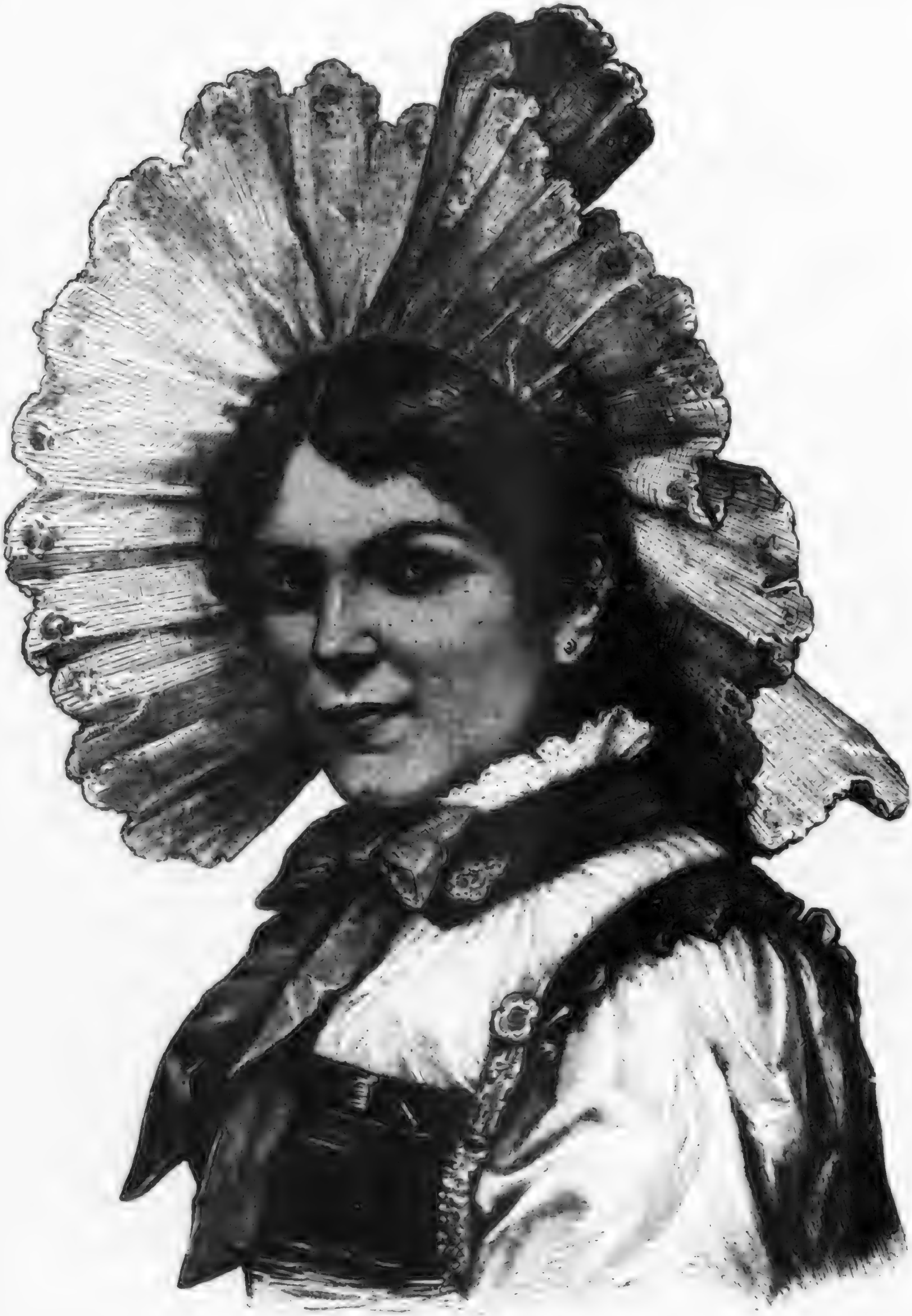
"Why, Dor——" I began, in amazement, and then stopped; for, as her great dark eyes flashed upon me, I saw that they were black as midnight, and knew at once the mistake I had made. This was Isabel—Dorothy's second self, in appearance, at least.

But my Dorothy could never have spoken so haughtily, could never have looked so like a beautiful fury, as did her sister at this moment.

I hastened to explain, apologized and begged her pardon, and we were soon laughing together over the occurrence like old friends, though it was long before the flush entirely faded from Isabel's cheeks.

Dorothy was busy with some household affairs, and could not come out to welcome me, her sister said. I could scarcely conceal my impatience, and wondered greatly that Isabel did not go in and relieve her sister. I thought she ought to understand my anxiety to see Dorothy, from whom I had been separated more than a week.

But I know now that Isabel takes no part in the duties of her aunt's household. She is only a beautiful ornament. It is on Dorothy that the whole machinery of the small establishment rests. It is Dorothy who burns her pretty face over the kitchen-stove in the preparation of the meals; Dorothy who waits on the querulous invalid



SWISS GIRL, OF THE CANTON OF BERNE.—BY BRENDAMOUR.

aunt, and directs the work of the garden. My darling's hands are roughened with toil; there is often a look of care on her smooth, white brow. I caught her darning a rent in an old carpet one day, and several times, when I have gone to the cottage early in the morning, I have found her sweeping and dusting the house, while Isabel, dressed in white, with flowers in her hair and at her throat and waist, has, on the rustic seat beneath the old apple-tree, waited my coming.

I asked her once why she did not assist Dorothy.

"I don't know how," she answered, and she glanced admiringly at her beautiful white hands and tapering fingers; "and I don't like dish-washing and sweeping. I am very different from Dorothy."

"What will you do when Dorothy is gone?" I asked.

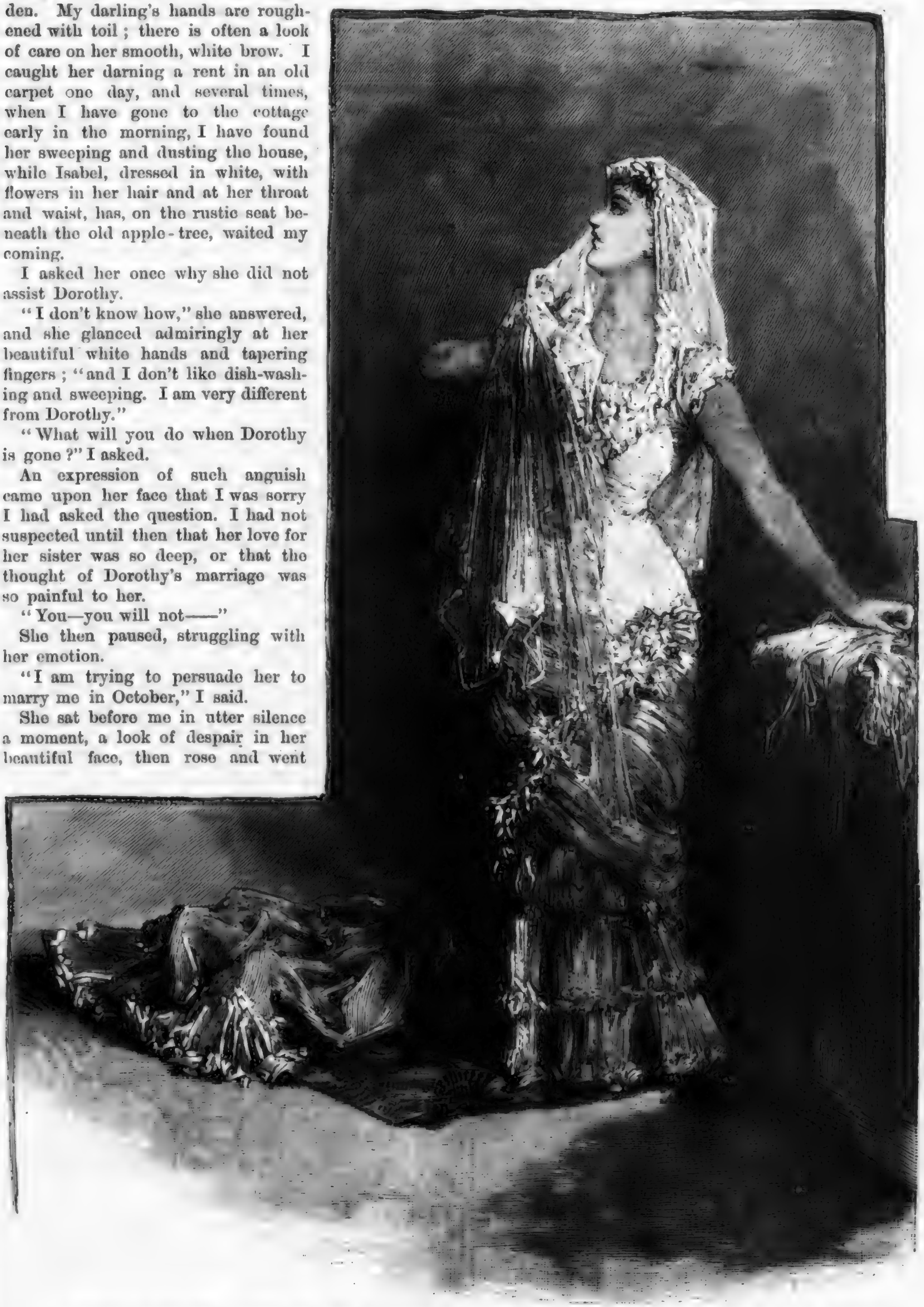
An expression of such anguish came upon her face that I was sorry I had asked the question. I had not suspected until then that her love for her sister was so deep, or that the thought of Dorothy's marriage was so painful to her.

"You—you will not——"

She then paused, struggling with her emotion.

"I am trying to persuade her to marry me in October," I said.

She sat before me in utter silence a moment, a look of despair in her beautiful face, then rose and went



A DESPERATE STRATAGEM.—"WHAT WAS MY AMAZEMENT, AS I THREW OPEN THE DOOR, TO SEE ISABEL STANDING BEFORE THE BUREAU-GLASS, DRESSED IN MY WEDDING-CLOTHES!"—SEE PAGE 719.

into the house. When I followed her a little later, I found her at the piano, playing a plaintive melody, her tears dropping fast on the yellow keys, the moonlight shimmering on her dusky hair.

I went close to her and laid my hand on her shoulder.

"You foolish child!" I said, thinking to laugh away the gloom which oppressed her.

To my surprise, she rose from her seat and staggered blindly across the room.

"Are you ill, Isabel?" I asked, springing to her assistance.

She fell into my arms with a long, gasping sigh.

"I cannot bear it, Arnold—I cannot bear it," she whispered, hoarsely.

"I will bring her back to see you often, and you shall come to Eaglewood to stay with us whenever you like," I said, soothingly. "It is not as if she was going away from you for ever, Isabel."

She tore herself from my arms, and left the room just as Dorothy entered by another door. She had been upstairs putting her aunt to bed.

"All alone?" she asked.

"No, Isabel was here—she has just gone," I answered.

I said nothing of Isabel's sorrow. I did not want to trouble or grieve my darling.

I have often heard of the strange sympathy existing between twins. Long ago some one told me of a story of a girl who had died in consequence of a separation from a twin-brother. This story has occurred to me frequently since that night, when I found Isabel weeping at the piano. Yet, I cannot give Dorothy up.

I see that I have done Isabel great injustice. I have never liked her. I have thought her cold, selfish and bad-tempered. That she is really attached to Dorothy I am now convinced, and I shall try to love her for that reason. In face, form and voice she is Dorothy's counterpart.

Only by the difference in the color of the eyes can I distinguish one sister from another when I see them together. But in character and disposition, they are utterly and entirely different.

Dorothy need not have feared the effect of her sister's fascinations upon me. I prefer my shy wood-violet to the gorgeous passion-flower.

I have persuaded Dorothy to set our wedding-day for the 10th of October. She says she does not know how her aunt and Isabel will get along without her.

The thought seems to trouble her greatly. She says that they could not have spared her to go to Mrs. Halyard's had her health not demanded a change of air.

I shall be the happiest man in existence when the right shall be given me to take her away from this toilsome, monotonous life. At Eagleswood she will have nothing to do but amuse herself. How she will admire the grand old place! I am having it put in thorough order for her reception. It is to be refurnished throughout.

"It seems to me that it ought to be Isabel who is to have all these good things," my darling said, only yesterday, when I was planning with her a trip to Europe next Spring.

"You are far more deserving of them than Isabel," I whispered, as I drew her to me, and she rested her dark head on my breast.

"But life here is so hard for Isabel. She feels poverty more keenly than I do."

"Let her find a knight able to give her a gilded cage," I said.

"There's no one here whom she would marry."

"There's Squire Darley," I said, trying to look in the violet eyes, hidden by the long lashes. "Ah, you think she would not be second choice! You see I know all about it! Isabel has told me!"

"She should not have done so," said Dorothy, blushing.

I did not tell her that Isabel had said that she had confidently expected her sister to marry the squire until I had appeared upon the scene, or that she had tried for some reason to give me the impression that Dorothy's love for me was neither deep nor sincere, for I have no demon of distrust or jealousy in my heart. My faith in my betrothed is perfect.

The wedding is to be a very quiet one. It will take place in the parlor of the cottage, and will be followed by a simple breakfast. Then my wife and I will start for our new home.

No one will be invited to the ceremony except my uncle, Mrs. Halyard and the minister's wife. I shall stay here until the 5th of October, and shall then go to "Eagleswood," to give some final directions about the repairs, returning to Colchester the morning of my wedding-day.

ISABEL'S PART.

It is the 10th of October, the day set for Dorothy's marriage. But now—— Have I time to write it down? Yes, it is only nine o'clock, and the train bringing the bridegroom will not be here until eleven. I feel that unless I keep my hands and brain busy I shall go mad before that hour arrives.

My love for Arnold Brandon seems like a fire which burns into my veins. From the hour when he kissed me in the garden, thinking I was Dorothy, I have loved him with a passion of which she could never even dream.

How cruel is Fate! Would that I instead of Dorothy had gone to Aunt Halyard's. This dreary, monotonous life, this loathsome poverty which stifles in its birth every pleasant desire—how I have longed to escape from them!

I am better suited to him than Dorothy. In Eagleswood, that grand place which Arnold has described to me so often, she would live like a nun in a cloister, while I would fill it with guests—would make Arnold's life a brilliant, envied one. *Would*, did I say? Let me write it *will!*

I have done all I could to win him! I have sung to him by the hour the wildest, most heart-breaking ballads. I have tried to excite his pity, his jealousy, and his sympathy. In vain! He has thought only of Dorothy, looked upon me only in the light of a sister. Even the tears I have shed in the agony of my sorrow over my unrequited love, have appeared to him only as signs of my affection for the sister he was to take from me.

But of my despair a desperate plan was born—a plan which is to succeed.

When Dorothy came into my room this morning I told her I was ill; that I could not be present at her marriage; that I, too, loved Arnold, and the pain of seeing him wed another would be greater than I could bear.

"Spare me any questions," I said; "and never tell my secret to Arnold."

She was shocked and surprised, as I knew she would be, and of course said that, much as she would like me to be present at her marriage, she would not urge it under the circumstances, and that she would convince Aunt Margaret that I was really too ill to be present.

Then she cried over me a little.

"Oh, Isabel!" she said, "I wish you had not told me this! But you cannot love him any more dearly than I do!"

Then she went away, and I heard her go into Aunt Margaret's room; heard the low murmur of her voice, and aunt's fretful whine in response. Then Dorothy went into her own room, and a moment after aunt rapped at my door.

"It won't do for you to stay up here during the ceremony, Isabel!" she said. "You must come down, no matter how ill you are!"

"I cannot," I answered. "It is of no use to ask it."

She expostulated a little while, but I did not speak again, and finally she went away, muttering something about my being "always just so stubborn!"

To think of being left here with her! to wash dishes, sweep, dust, and go to bed at nine o'clock every night in the year, while Dorothy——

No, no! I felt that it must not be.

At eight o'clock I slipped from my room unseen, and ran down-stairs and out to the barn.

"Adam," I said to the boy who was standing in the stable-door, "harness Whitefoot at once. We have terrible news, and Miss Dorothy is going to Dartville. Tell no one, for we must not alarm my aunt. Only hurry, for Heaven's sake!"

I was shaking with nervous excitement, and could scarcely falter out the words. He gazed at me a moment in amazement, then darted into the stable.

I hurried back into the house again, and rushed into Dorothy's room with a violence that made her spring from her chair in terror.

"Quick! quick!" I cried, wringing my hands. "Get on your hat and cloak, Dorothy! There has been a dreadful accident to the train! Arnold is dying, and has sent for you!"

I thought at first she was going to faint, she turned so white. She stood staring at me with wide, dilated eyes.

I put on her hat and cloak with my own hands, and hurried her down-stairs and out to the stable, where Adam had already put Whitefoot into the shafts.

"He is lying at a hotel in Dartville," I explained. "The accident took place near there, the telegram said. Take the river road, and make haste for Heaven's sake! Would that I had the right to go also!"

She did not answer me. She was staring straight before her, a look of unutterable anguish on her white face. Perhaps I might have repented even then and confessed my falsehood, had not Adam sprung into the vehicle and urged Whitefoot madly down the road.

It is too late for repentance now. I must go through with what I have undertaken. But I wonder at my courage! Yet I am safe. Why should I fear? Whitefoot is not a rapid traveler, and it will be after ten before they reach Dartville and discover there has been no accident. It will be nearly one o'clock before they return. By that time I shall be Arnold Brandon's wife, and far away from the home which has grown so hateful to me.

I went into Dorothy's room and dressed myself in her wedding clothes. And now I am waiting for the bridegroom. He will not see me until just before the ceremony. I will not raise my eyes to his face, and he will not dream that it is not Dorothy who is by his side. When we are far away from here, and he discovers the deception I have practiced upon him, I will tell him all, and trust to his kindness and generosity to forgive me. If I know anything of him he will suffer anything rather than have a scandal. He will make the best of things. And when he knows how wildly I love him, how valueless my life without him would be, and that it was love alone that induced me to personate my sister to-day, he will surely forgive me and take me to his heart. If he does not—but I will not contemplate such a possibility! At least, our marriage will be legal. I shall be his wife, whether I win his love or hatred.

And Dorothy will soon recover from the blow. She will doubtless marry Squire Darley. She is not capable of the intense love which fills *my* breast. She will be as well satisfied with Walter Darley as she would have been with Arnold Brandon.

Aunt Margaret came in just now. I bent closer over my dress, which I was pretending to adjust.

"How well you look, Dorothy," she said. "Arnold will be proud of you. Oh, dear, I don't know how we are to get along without you! Isabel could be spared much better. How provoking that she insists on keeping her room! I have been knocking, but she will not answer me."

"Let her alone," I said; "she is really ill."

Really ill! Yes, it is no longer a pretense. But I shall have strength to go through the ceremony. Once I am Arnold's wife, I can dare all!

My aunt glanced at the desk, and asked me what I was writing.

"My last will and testament," I answered, lightly.

"It is like Isabel to jest on a day of such solemnity," she said, "but I did not expect it of *you*, Dorothy."

Hark! I hear the coming of the train. It brings my aunt Halyard, Arnold's uncle and *Arnold*.

DOROTHY'S PART.

My poor sister! She must have been mad. That desperate plot was the product of no sane mind. Believing this, I have forgiven her, forgiven her freely, and I pity her from the depths of my heart.

I did not for an instant doubt her statement that she had received a telegram announcing an accident on the railway, and I fully expected to find Arnold dead or dying when I reached Dartville. But the landlord of the one hotel said that his only guest was an old woman who was peddling a fancy soap, and that he had heard of no railroad accident whatever.

I was not convinced, however, and hurried to the railway-station, a short distance off. There I was again assured that there had been no accident.

As I turned toward the hotel again, bewildered and weary, it flashed upon me that this was my wedding-day, and that Arnold was to be in Colchester at eleven o'clock. It was already after ten, and the train which would bring him was due in Dartville at half-past.

I told Adam to rest Whitefoot until noon, and then start for home; that I would return by rail.

How nervous I was as the train came panting and screaming up to the little station. I trembled so that I could scarcely stand; but when I entered the car the first face on which my eyes rested was that of my lover. Then I felt that all my troubles were at an end.

Had I been a ghost, Arnold could not have been more surprised to see me. And he was angry and amazed at the story of my journey.

"From whom did Isabel receive the telegram?" he asked. "The matter must be investigated."

I said I had not had time to ask her any questions.

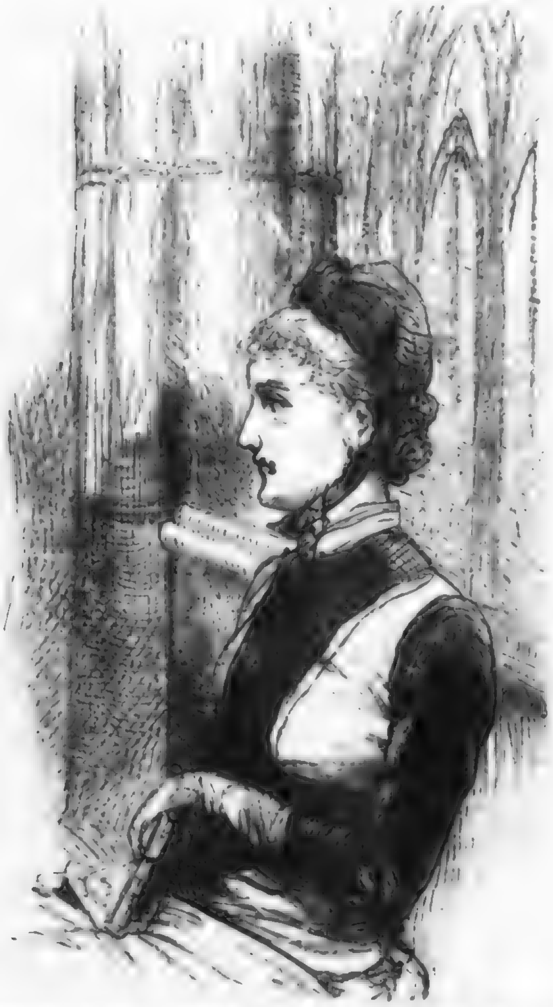
"Such practical jokes are extremely unpleasant," he said. "I shall make it my business to find out who imposed upon Isabel in this manner. Just suppose you had missed taking this train, Dorothy? It couldn't have been much of a wedding without a bride."

"And your being here with the bridegroom is a most unheard-of proceeding," said Aunt Halyard, who has a great regard for the proprieties. "Keep your face covered, for mercy's sake."

Arnold's uncle treated the affair as a good joke.

"If people express surprise we can let them suppose this is Isabel," he said.

When we reached Colchester we found a carriage waiting for us, which Arnold had engaged by telegraph, and we were soon at the cottage.



A DESPERATE STRATAGEM.—"IT WAS IN CHURCH THAT I SAW HER FIRST, AND I WAS ATTRACTED TO HER AT ONCE."

Aunt Margaret thought I was Isabel. She met us at the door.

"So you changed your mind," she said, "and concluded to give up playing the invalid. Why did you go to the station to meet them? It was not proper. And why have you on Dorothy's dress?"

I left Arnold to explain, and hurried up-stairs to my own room. What was my amazement as I threw open the door, to see Isabel standing before the bureau glass, dressed in my wedding clothes, even to the vail on her head, and the slippers on her feet!

"Isabel!" I cried, in horror.

She turned. For a moment she stared at me in a dumb, terror-stricken way, her eyes burning like coals of fire. Then, with a wild shriek, she threw up her arms and fell senseless at my feet.

The first thing I did was to lock the door. Then I chafed her hands, and poured water on her face.

"Don't betray me," were the first words she said, as she recovered consciousness.

I did not understand her. I thought she had put my wedding-dress on out of pure vanity, wishing to see its effect on her beauty.

"How did you get back so soon?" she asked.

I told her, and then begged her to remove my dress that I might put it on at once, for the minister was waiting in the parlor, and all were wondering at the delay.

She lay on the sofa, and watched me as I dressed myself in the garments she had taken off. I was too nervous and hurried to ask her any questions.

Her death-like pallor, and the strange look in her great black eyes frightened me as I bent to kiss her before going down-stairs, and as my lips touched her cheek, she pushed me away with a cry of pain.

"Leave me," she said. "Go. He will be yours now for time and eternity."

Arnold was waiting for me at the head of the stairs. I took his arm, and we went down into the parlor. It did not take long for the minister to pronounce us man and wife, and then I hurried back to Isabel.

I found her delirious. She was laughing and talking like one gone suddenly mad. Of course I did not leave her. The fact was, I did not dare to have her nursed by any one but myself, so terrible were the confessions she made. It seemed to me that my blood ran cold in my veins as I listened to her, and learned how nearly she had succeeded in ruining the life of the man she professed to love. I am her only sister, and yet she would have robbed me of my lover! But she was mad. Let me never forget that.

For days we did not think she would recover. But at length she began to grow better, and at the end of six weeks was again in possession of her senses.

She begged me then to leave her. She said my presence reminded her of a past she wished to forget, and that she would rather be alone. So I went away to Eagleswood, where Arnold was impatiently awaiting me, and I am fairly in love with my beautiful new home.

THE CROUCHING VENUS.

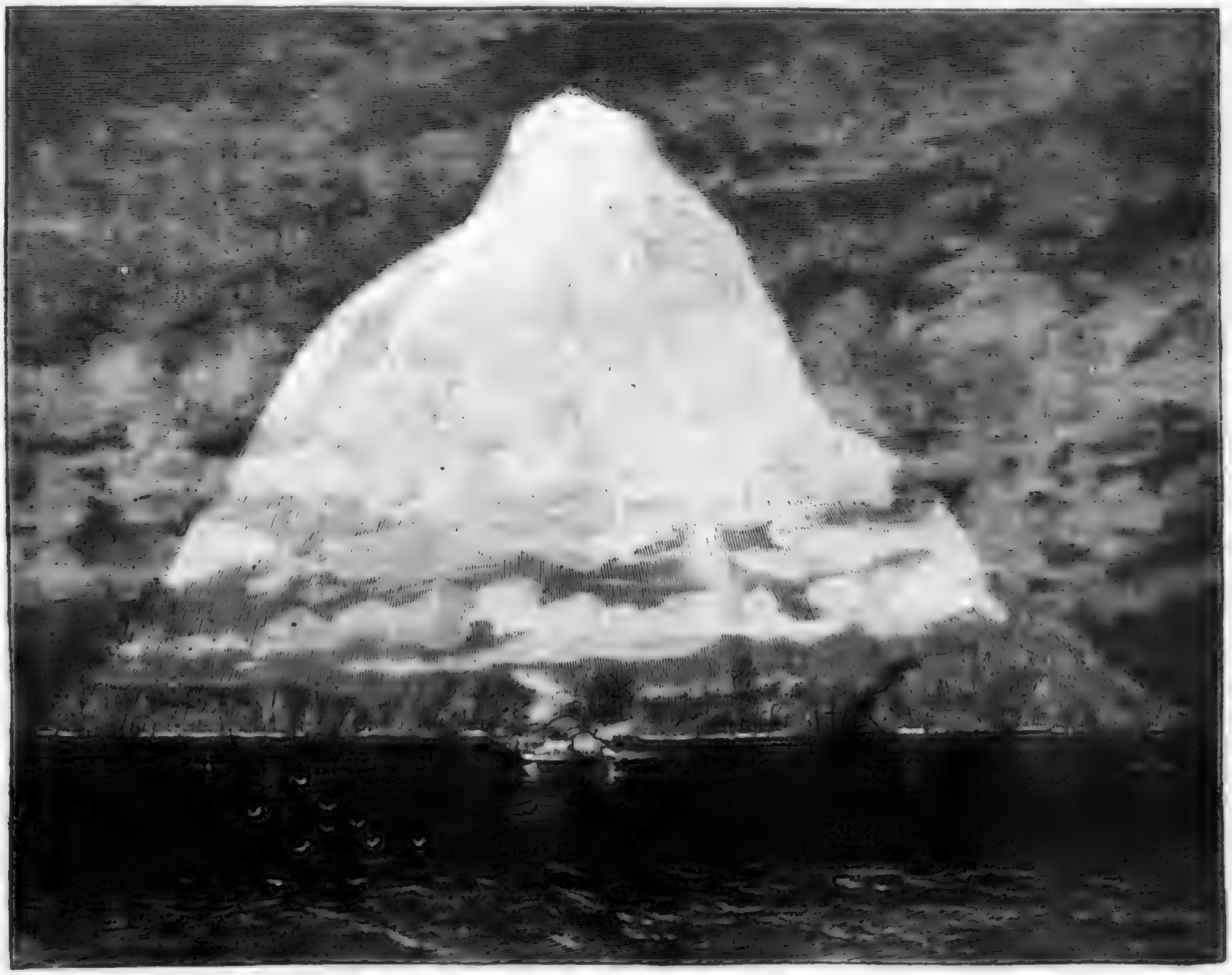
And, as I look at my lover-husband, and meet the fond glance of his tender eyes, a great wave of thankfulness sweeps over me that my sister's mad, desperate stratagem failed so signally.

THE RESCUE OF THE “TRINITY'S” CREW.

BY LIEUTENANT W. WINDER, U. S. S. “OMAHA.”

On the 1st of June, 1880, the bark *Trinity* left New London for a far-off and dangerous region in the South Indian Ocean, in quest of sea-elephant. Touching at the Cape de Verdes, the vessel recruited her force from among the natives and proceeded on, after which nothing more was heard of her, and, save by her owners and a few others personally interested in her fate, she was probably forgotten.

On the 8th of November, 1881, or more than a year afterward, the admiral commanding the United States naval forces in the South Atlantic received telegraphic instructions to dispatch the sloop-of-war *Marion*, then lying in Montevideo, in search of the *Trinity's* crew, supposed to have been cast away at Heard's Island, situated, according to the telegram, in latitude 55° South, and in longitude 73° East.



HEARD'S ISLAND, AND THE VOLCANO MOUNT WILLIAM.

No one on board of the *Marion* knew of the existence of such an island, nor was the place marked on any of the maps or charts at hand. It was therefore at first supposed that an error had been made in transmitting the telegram; but, on carefully searching, an obscure paragraph was found in Bowditch, in which Heard's Island was referred to as “a late discovery,” and its position as here given fully established the correctness of the dispatch. Moreover, it was presently learned that certain whalers, then in port, had cruised near this island, and some information was gathered from them concerning not only the place itself, but its adjacent seas.

To judge from these accounts, the prospect before the *Marion* was far from cheerful. In order to reach this unheard-of rock, a little matter of 7,000 miles would have to be traversed. Much of this distance lay in a stormy and almost unsurveyed sea, where incessant fogs, never-ending gales, possibly unknown rocks, and certainly ice and cold, were to be looked for; but where the sun's face is rarely seen for more than a few moments at a time, and where no passing sail would ever break the monotony or dispel the loneliness of the voyage.

Then, owing to the suddenness of these orders, it was impossible to notify friends in the United States in time to have mail matter sent to Cape Town, at which place it was proposed to touch for stores and necessary charts. Consequently, the anchor once a-weigh, several months would surely pass ere tidings of the loved ones at home could reach the *Marion;* and this, too, was the more annoying as her people had almost daily been expecting orders to return, her cruise of three years having nearly expired. Indeed, old Crosdell, the signal-quartermaster, had been hard at work making the “homeward bound pennant” in readiness for the joyful news. However, although in a certain sense grievously disappointed, it may be said truly that the officers and crew of the *Marion*, happy at the opportunity of hastening to the relief of distressed fellow-seamen, accepted the situation cheerfully, and with the utmost diligence pushed forward their preparations for departure.

XUM

On the 14th of November the *Marion* steamed out of the harbor of Montevideo, and after an uneventful, but by no means disagreeable, voyage, reached Cape Town on the 13th of the following month.

So long a time had passed since the supposed loss of the *Trinity* that but little hope was felt aboard the *Marion*, when, on reaching Cape Town, no news of any kind concerning the missing vessel was waiting. Indeed, there was no certainty that the *Trinity* had ever reached Heard's Island at all. Being old and scarcely seaworthy, she might well have foundered anywhere between the Cape de Verdes and her destination. Not at the time realizing the utter improbability of rescue from Heard's Island by passing vessels, the *Marion's* people reasoned that, were the *Trinity* indeed wrecked there, something should long since have been heard of her. It was therefore greatly feared that all hands had perished —probably far out at sea—and many an old croaker shook his head and growled dismally at being, as he believed, sent on a mere wild-goose chase.

However, there was nothing for it but to go, and after spending ten days at Cape Town, the *Marion* pushed forth on her lonely voyage.

After nineteen days of tossing about, the ship, driven by strong but favorable winds, sighted McDonald's Island,* and a few hours afterward Heard's Island itself loomed up from amidst the fogs and clouds which ever hang about it.

It is probable that there exist on the face of the earth, other spots as dreary and utterly forbidding as Heard's Island, but it is certain that they are rare, and seldom visited by civilized man. Indeed, it is to be doubted if anything in the extreme Arctic regions can be more gloomy than this utterly forsaken rock. Perpetually covered with snow or ice, a covering which, for the most part, reaches quite to the water's edge, Heard's Island resembles a gigantic iceberg, except that here and there along its surf-beaten shores are streaks and patches of inky lava-dust, or bare and blackened rocks, surrounded by a dark and angry sea, for ever lashed into fury by never-ending gales, and shrouded by fogs and threatening storm-clouds which hang upon it like a pall—this island seems indeed a more fitting resort for demons and lost spirits than for mortal men. Yet, on this desolate rock, the crew of the ill-fated *Trinity* were condemned to linger fifteen months in hunger, wretchedness and despair.

Still, in spite of its lugubrious aspect, Heard's Island at times takes on an impressive, nay, a sublime grandeur. At such moments its ever-seething mantle of cloud and fog becomes rent asunder by some more violent gust, and then, for one instant, high up in the heavens its majestic summit, shining and glistening in the sun's rays, stands boldly out; or mayhap some lesser rift in the storm-cloud permits a spot of brilliant sunshine to fall upon its white and frozen side, then slowly the boiling mass of blackish vapor returns to place, and all is dark and drear again. Here and there adown the mountain side creeps with slow but steady march, some mighty glacier to meet the ocean. From time to time great masses, undermined by the raging surf below, break off and flow to sea, leaving behind them towering and precipitous walls of greenish, glistening ice.

In so cheerless a spot it might well be supposed that no vegetation of any sort could live. It is true that no tree or shrub could exist here, nor is there to be found the least trace of grass. The very shore seemed devoid of the usual kelps and mosses. Yet there is a plant, a withered sort of cabbage, which is sufficiently hardy to survive, when protected by the more sheltered crevices, the rugged climate of the place, and to draw a meagre sustenance from the charcoal-like lava-dust which constitutes the only soil on Heard's Island.

This wretched herb, rank and nauseating as it is, was probably the means of saving the lives of the *Trinity's* crew during their protracted stay on the island.

Heard's Island, which is some thirty miles in length, by perhaps twenty in width, is formed by one single mountain whose peak,* rising abruptly from the sea, reaches the altitude of 7,000 feet. Of course the island is of volcanic origin, and its formation is supposed to have been extremely recent. Far out of the ordinary track of vessels, its only visitors are, as in the case of the *Trinity*, sea-elephant hunters, who have occasionally touched there to capture these unwieldy beasts for their oil.

The sea-elephant resembles somewhat the walrus of northern latitudes, except that it is much larger, is without the enormous tusks, and is provided with a long snout or proboscis, from which it derives its name. Its body, moreover, is in shape more like that of the common seal. At certain seasons of the year (during the Summer months) these creatures crawl, or, as the hunters term it, "haul" up on the beaches at Heard's Island, and, once out of water, fall easy victims to the spears and clubs of their assailants. Flight being for these clumsy brutes out of the question, they endeavor to defend themselves by rising straight up and falling with crushing force upon their adversaries. A blow on the snout, however, soon brings them down, when a rapidly delivered spear-thrust ends the matter. The bull-elephants are said to reach the length of thirty feet, but so great a size is no doubt exceptional, the average being from thirteen to fifteen. Formerly these animals congregated in vast numbers on the island, but of late they have almost entirely disappeared, having been killed or driven off, perhaps, to some still more remote and lonely region.

The group comprising Heard's and McDonald's Islands was discovered about twenty-five years ago, and almost simultaneously, by two men whose names the islands bear; but it was only quite recently that an attempt was made to survey the locality, when a chart of the place was made by H. M. S. *Challenger*. This chart, of which the *Marion* was provided with a copy, is no doubt in a general way excellent, but it is probable that, like nearly all original surveys, more especially when conducted under extreme difficulties, it contains many errors. It was, therefore, with the greatest caution, and it must be owned with no little misgiving, that the *Marion* was headed toward land. Had she grounded the consequences would obviously have been disastrous. No earthly assistance could have arrived until long after her provisions, no matter how carefully husbanded, must have failed, and the resources of the island, while sufficient to eke out the bare existence of thirty men, would have proven totally inadequate to the support of nearly three hundred.

Just before dark, as the ship was slowly feeling her way along the coast, which all hands were eagerly scanning for signs of the castaways, something was descried on shore which proved to be a group of men, one of whom was waving vigorously some object by way of attracting attention. The *Marion* answered at once by hoisting a signal, and continued on her way toward Spit

---

* Situated about twenty-five miles from Heard's Island.

* Mount William. It is now known to be an active volcano.

Bay, where it was proposed to anchor until daylight. The satisfaction on board the *Marion* on finding that her voyage had not been in vain was indeed great, and preparations were at once made for receiving their prospective guests on the morrow.

As the ship continued on, the group on shore, augmented, from time to time, by wildly gesticulating figures, followed along the beach until, having rounded the spit, the *Marion* dropped her anchors and made all snug for riding out the night in her hazardous berth. Meanwhile, darkness having come on, the people on shore had lighted a fire, which blazed and flickered all night. Poor souls, not having made out the *Marion's* answering signal, they feared they had not been seen, and were in a state of terror lest the ship should depart without them. Their suspense, however, was quickly dispelled when, soon after daylight, boats from the *Marion* were lowered and seen to be rapidly approaching the shore. As the boats neared the beach the *Trinity's* men rushed forward with the wildest joy, in some cases plunging waist-deep in the surf to meet them. The rescuing party had scarcely landed when several of the wrecked bark's crew hurried into a wretched hut, and one of the *Marion's* officers, curious to know the cause of this sudden move, followed them. Here, spread out on a dirty tarpauling, and generously mixed with grimy lava-dust, were a few crumbs of ship's bread, saved with jealous care during the long months of their imprisonment. It was to seize upon and devour this hoarded food that the half-starved men rushed pell-mell into the hut; and how quickly it disappeared.

The work of transferring the castaways to the *Marion* was soon over, and on reaching the ship they were permitted to bathe—a much needed operation, by-the-way—and were, of course, provided with proper clothing, of which they stood in great want. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that full justice was done the generous meal which they found awaiting them.

There was one thing, however, which they considered extremely hard and tyrannical, but to which, nevertheless, they were obliged, with no little grumbling, to submit. Their goods and chattels (many of them saved with great care, and in these men's eyes of immense value) were, by the captain's order, subjected to a rigid examination by the surgeon, who was directed to condemn and cause to be thrown overboard such articles as might endanger the health of the ship. Now most of the clothing was simply filthy, never having been properly scrubbed during the stay on the island; not only this, but all of it was so worn and tattered that the vilest beggar that ever robbed an ash-barrel would have scorned the best piece in the lot. Yet the *Trinity's* men, unable to fully comprehend all at once the sudden and enormous change in their circumstances, regarded these wretched rags as treasures not to be easily parted with, and many a wistful glance was cast upon them as one by one they went over the side and floated away.

The master of the *Trinity*, Captain Williams, was quartered in the wardroom, while Mr. Keeny, genial first mate, took his chance with the midshipmen, and many a first-rate yarn he regaled them with during the long voyage back to civilization. The rest of the *Trinity's* crew were berthed forward.

From Captain Williams and his crew the following particulars were learned:

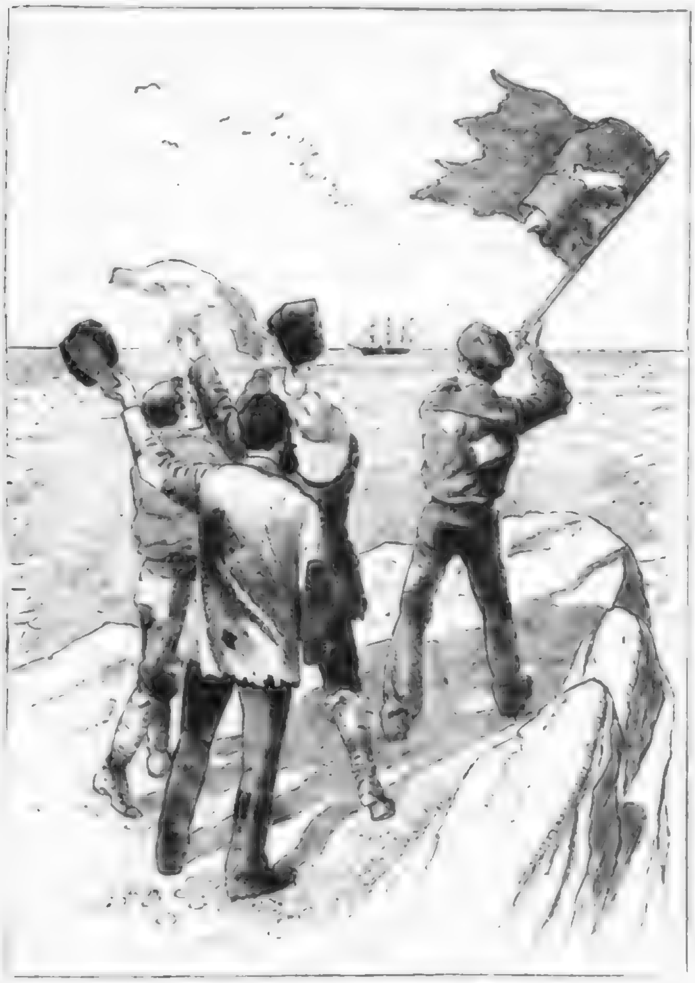
After leaving the Cape de Verdes nothing worthy of note happened until reaching Kerguelen, or, as it is sometimes called, "Desolation," a large island lying some 300 miles to the northward of Heard's Island. Kerguelen, while fairly earning its name of Desolation, is still a very decent sort of place as compared with its southern neighbor. It is much larger, has a few harbors that offer at least tolerable shelter, and is not quite devoid of vegetation. Here, during the Summer months, the snow and ice are confined to the peaks, and I believe there are no glaciers. A few rabbits, left here some years ago, having no enemies to thin their numbers, have increased to such an extent as to literally swarm over the island. There are also a few flocks of wild fresh water ducks, of the teal species, to be found in the marshes. They are probably indigenous, as it is difficult to imagine their ever having taken a flight of several thousand miles in order to reach this island. If this be true, they no doubt form a distinct variety, and should be of interest to the naturalist. There are, moreover, some remarkable specimens of petrified trees in certain parts of the island, and quantities of coal exist here which is said to be of good quality.

On reaching Desolation the *Trinity* landed stores for her return voyage, and proceeded to Heard's Island, which in due time she reached safely. Landing five men at a cove, known by courtesy as Corinthian "Harbor," the vessel continued on to Spit Bay, twenty miles distant, which was to be her headquarters.

She had scarcely anchored when the wind increased to a violent gale, and, in spite of all efforts to check her, the vessel began dragging toward the shore. The following afternoon, as she was still dragging hopelessly, it was concluded to beach her on a "soft spot" and run the chances. Her cables were therefore cut, and she was headed toward a comparatively smooth place and run up. The surf was tremendous, and it was found impossible to land a boat. One of the crew volunteered to swim ashore with a line, and after struggling for many minutes with the waves, he finally accomplished the task. With the aid of this line, the boat was several times successfully hauled backward and forward between the ship and the shore. In this way a few provisions and other necessary articles were landed, but the boat soon became stove and could no longer be used. Barrels and boxes were now thrown into the sea in the hope that they might float on shore, and in this way many articles were secured. Darkness coming on and the men being benumbed with cold and wet, it was decided to seek shelter until morning in some huts left there by previous expeditions. Before leaving the ship, Captain Williams with his own hands threw over such remaining articles as were accessible, and then, jumping into the sea, swam ashore and joined his companions in the hut, where all hands made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit for the night. Unfortunately, during the darkness the wind hauled square around, and blowing with renewed violence, drove the *Trinity* and everything not properly secured to sea, and nothing more was ever seen of them.

The next morning the unhappy castaways found themselves with barely three months' provisions, and only such clothing as they stood in. By good luck a little canvas was saved, and this served them in good stead when patching and mending became necessary. A few books were also found among the effects landed.

Their one hope now seemed to rest on the possibility that another elephant-hunter—the *Pilot's Bride*—then cruising at Kerguelen, might pick them up; but as weeks and months passed without signs of her, this hope, little by little, vanished. Meanwhile their position was becoming alarming. Their miserable stock of provisions was rapidly melting away in spite of the utmost care, and they found themselves reduced to eating



SIGNALING THE "MARION."

sea-elephant, penguins and the few cabbages which they could gather. So strong and disgusting were these vile herbs that these men, who could make a hearty meal on the horribly fishy penguins, were obliged to boil them four or five times before they could endure their taste. There being no wood of any sort on the island, save the few boards which formed the huts, the *Trinity's* crew were forced to use sea-elephant's blubber for fuel. The black, oily smoke from this fat permeated their food and their clothing. Water was obtained only by melting snow. Salt was made by evaporating sea-water, but this salt was extremely bitter and caustic. Some of the men had saved a little tobacco; this, however, was soon exhausted, and the meagre ration of coffee was, while it lasted, often used as a substitute. Pork was served out to each of the party once a week, and in pieces a little less than two inches long by about one inch in width, and the same in thickness. The bread had all been soaked in salt water while landing, but this was carefully dried, and issued, a few crumbs daily to each man. The one barrel of partially damaged sugar was eked out to the utmost limit. Little else was saved.

There were times when even the scanty resources of the island failed, and many a night after a toilsome, but unsuccessful, hunt, the entire party went supperless to bed. Every morning the men were divided up into parties of four or five, and started off to hunt. It was rare that more than one of these parties returned with anything. One day, Mr. Keeny plodded miles along the beach looking for "something to eat." His search was rewarded only with a boot-heel; not an edible, surely, but still a most valuable find, as it contained several brass nails.

Sometimes the weather was so severe that it was impossible to stray from the immediate vicinity of the huts without great danger. On one such occasion, when hard-pressed for food, two of the men ventured away across the glaciers, but never returned. When the storm abated somewhat a search was made, and their bodies were found near together and frozen quite stiff. Curiously enough, these were the only deaths that occurred among the *Trinity's* people during their stay on the island, nor were there any noteworthy cases of ill-health.

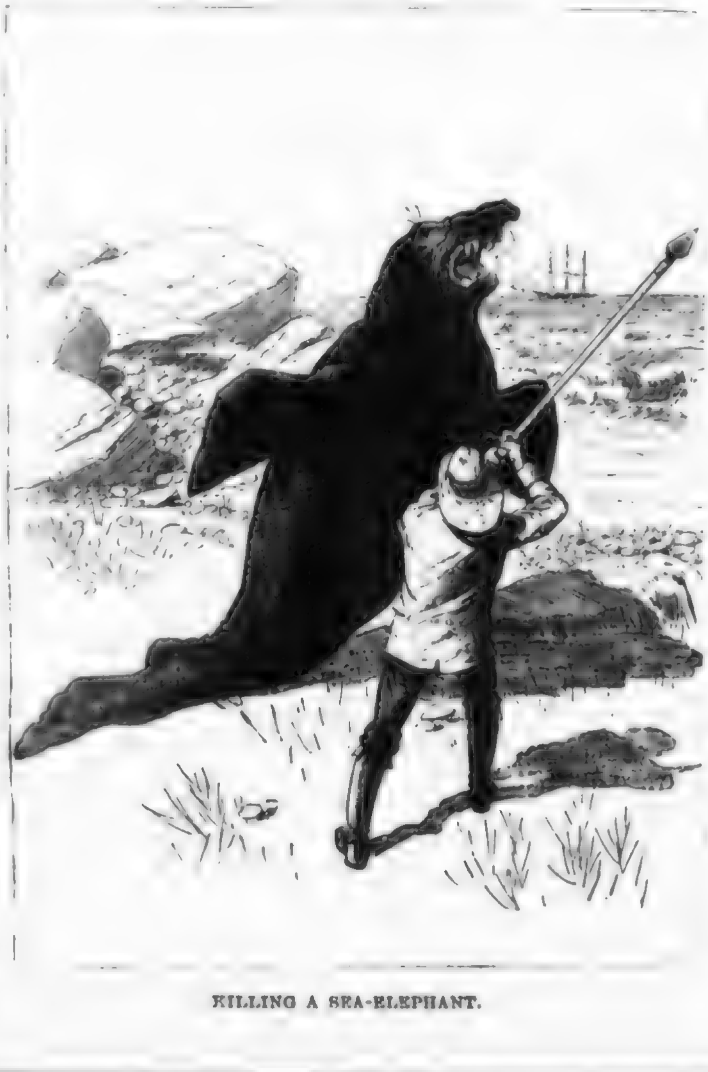
The utter monotony of their existence may easily be imagined. Time went heavy indeed with them. Mr. Keeny told the *Marion's* officers that he had read two novels and a Greek history each four times over, and had at last taken to reading the dictionary.

The ingenuity displayed by some of the men in mending their clothing was truly extraordinary. One of them had armored the soles of his shoes with the blade of a common handsaw, which, with immense toil, he had cut into the proper shape, pierced with holes and screwed on. Others used barrel-hoops for the same purpose. On certain other articles of clothing, it was, indeed, difficult to see anything but patches.

After some months, the men left at Corinthian Harbor becoming alarmed at the continued absence of their companions, determined to make the attempt to reach Spit Bay. Owing to the fact that the glaciers between them and that place were impassable, it was necessary to proceed, if at all, by water. Having no boat, they tore down a hut and constructed a miserable skiff from its material. In this flimsy affair one of the party undertook the perilous voyage of more than twenty miles to Spit Bay.

Incredible as it may appear, this almost hopeless attempt proved successful; the man, after battling with the waves for nearly twenty hours, reaching his friends in safety.

But alas! he found them no better off than those whom he had left. Still more wonderful to relate, another man



KILLING A SEA-ELEPHANT.

took the boat the next day and actually succeeded in rowing it back to Corinthian Harbor.

In Summer the pengnins and shags came to the island to breed, and, thanks to their eggs (by no means plentiful, however) together with the cabbages already mentioned, the scurvy was kept at bay. Captain Williams nevertheless greatly dreaded another Winter on the island.

One day, when hope had about departed from the little band, a man who was returning from a hunting expedition was seen by his companions to stop suddenly, shade his eyes, and look seaward with intense earnestness. Then he began waving his cap wildly, and gesticulating in such a manner that his friends fully believed he had taken leave of his senses. From their position they could not at first see the cause of his excitement, but presently the reason was apparent. It was the *Marion.* Now, it happened that a United States man-of-war was precisely the last thing in the world that the *Trinity's* people expected to see, and more especially it never occurred to them that she was there on their account. Consequently they were much exercised lest she might be simply passing the island without suspecting their presence. In order, then, to attract attention, a blanket was hastily attached to a pole and waved most energetically. It was this which was seen by the *Marion's* crew. Having no glass, Captain Williams was unable to determine whether or not his signal had been observed. The only course left them, then, was to follow the ship along the beach, waving their signal as they went, and to trust that by some good chance they might be observed ere the vessel passed out of sight.

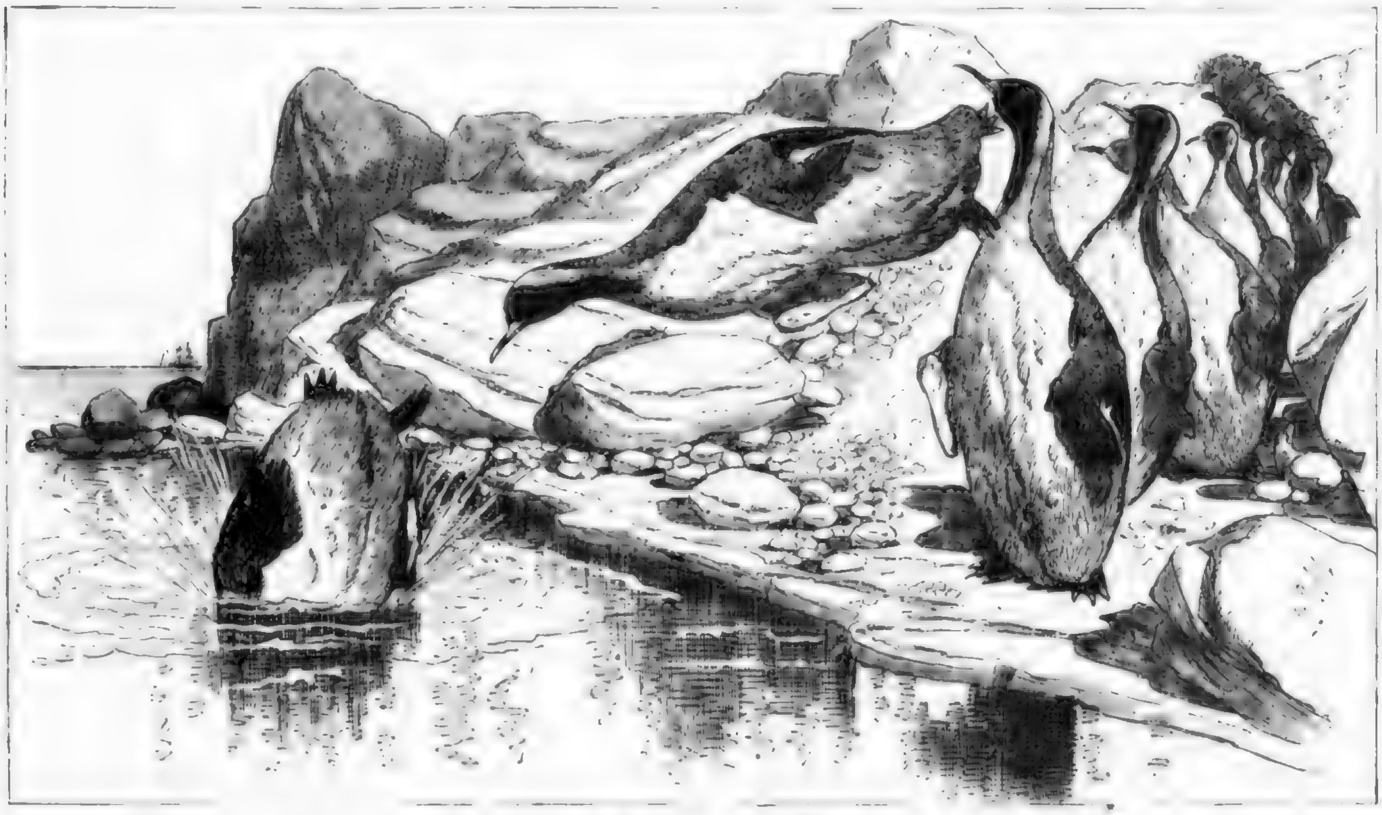
They were a little encouraged on seeing the *Marion* round the Spit and drop her anchor. Blubber was quickly collected, and at dark a blazing fire was started. All night they remained anxiously watching. Meanwhile a rickety raft was constructed, on which Captain Williams himself proposed to embark should the ship show signs of departure. Fortunately he was deterred from this desperate undertaking by the lowering of the *Marion's* boats at dawn. The attempt would probably have cost him his life.

After taking on board the people in Spit Bay, the *Marion* steamed in the teeth of a stiff gale to Corinthian Harbor to pick up the remainder of the *Trinity's* crew. So poor a lookout was kept by this party that the ship not only anchored in broad daylight within pistol-shot of their camp, but actually landed a boat under their very noses without being observed. Not until startled to their feet by vigorous raps at the door of their hut did these castaways suspect that deliverance was at hand.

Having embarked the last of the *Trinity's* crew the *Marion* started at once on her return voyage, her people but too glad to get a wide offing from the dangerous shores of Heard's Island.

Touching at Kerguelen, where she remained one day only, the ship continued on, and, to the intense relief of all on board, soon left behind her for ever the forlorn and stormy southern seas, and, under the genial influence of the trades, rapidly plowed her way toward civilization. On her arrival at Cape Town, from which place she had been absent just forty-nine days, her captain and officers received the warmest congratulations on the success of their voyage, and during their stay enjoyed the hearty hospitality for which Cape Town is so justly celebrated. After remaining in port a little more than a month, the *Marion* set sail for Montevideo, which place she reached after an uneventful passage of forty-two days. Her voyage summed up very nearly sixteen thousand miles.

With the arrival of the *Marion* at Cape Town, the story of the *Trinity's* crew properly ends. A few elected to remain with the friends who had sailed so many miles to rescue them, and to this end regularly enlisted in the United States naval service. Others, with the aid of the consul, returned at once to their homes; while the remainder preferred shipping in the various merchant vessels then in port, and presently the castaways were scattered to the four parts of the earth.



A SCHOOL OF PENGUINS TAKING THE WATER.

"OUR BIG SALMON."

By Harold Vallings.

It was no ordinary salmon; not one of us can speak of it even now but with bated breath and a tendency to re-tell this story. Several of our friends think it time to go the moment that grand fish thrusts its nose into the conversation. Lord Duffer even departed in a huff yesterday afternoon because we persisted in a final gossip upon the subject; but he is devoid of all sense of either romance or sport, without which incongruous ingredients our salmon cannot be dished up for conversational purposes; or perhaps—as I pause the others accept the hypothesis with many-voiced acclamations—he was in love with Ethel himself! She who ought to know best denies this, but her good nature in sheltering rejected lovers from ridicule is proverbial in the family.

* * * * * *

It is perhaps the most perfect hour of the year—viz., six o'clock on a July evening, and especially perfect because we are just going to have tea, an event which attains exceptional importance, owing to the fact that luncheon at the stifling hour of one was a farce. We have been out since early morning, a state of things which has obtained even since our arrival in Wales ten days ago, and are grouped in picturesque attitudes, such as girls naturally adopt when in momentary expectation of the return of the gentlemen, round the head of a rocky pool some miles up the river.

This spot has, after an exhaustive examination of the entire neighborhood, been pronounced by the family the *beau-idéal* of romantic perfection. The murmur of the fall soothes our ears; Captain Croft calls such music a "ceaseless din," but men of his stamp have no business outside London; in fact, his adverse verdict alone would be enough to decide us in having afternoon tea here. It is pleasant to lie on the rocks staring down into the glittering blackness of the deep pool, while the presence of a heavy salmon which lives at its lower end and occasionally startles us with a loud splash is fraught with ceaseless excitement.

Dick and Captain Croft have often tried him with everything, from a "Jock Scott" to a "Silver Doctor" without getting the ghost of an offer from his majesty. They will soon return, surly, after the bootless fatigue of long wading, and, if we know anything of a fisherman's nature, try him yet again.

Meantime, we light a fire of dry sticks and arrange everything in a way calculated to cheer the eyes of disappointed anglers.

We are disgusted to see Captain Croft returning first, and more still to see Ethel with him, for Dick has long been her slave, and we did hope to find that he and Ethel would be together and that something would occur to prevent his threatened departure to-morrow morning. If this afternoon turns out blank we give up hope, for Dick is due in India in October, and will not get another chance with Ethel.

This morning Captain Croft killed two sewin, and Ethel was the only one of us civil enough to congratulate him. Dick appeared at lunch with an empty creel, bronzed and tired, but as usual, cheerful. This cheerfulness of his, added to a curious habit—very curious, even unique, considering his sex—of thinking of every one else before himself, has helped to make us worship Dick as an elder brother.

"I wish *some* of you *would* be a shade less sisterly," I heard him mutter the other night when Ethel said with a guileless smile, "We all look upon you quite as a brother, you know, Dick."

Captain Croft and Ethel, whom we receive with dignified stiffness, throw out strong hints upon the subject of tea, but we request them not to be greedy, which is uncivil, and declare that the kettle is not yet boiling, which is untrue. Possibly we rather astonish Captain Croft with our rudeness, but we are sore about Dick, and our enemy has often enough disavowed all surprise at the vagaries of our sex.

While the angler, finding us too difficult for conversation, turns over the leaves of his fly-book meditatively, Ethel reclines among the sea of brake-fern which envelops our camp. I observe her from behind a book, and reflect for the thousandth time that the multitude of her conquests is not to be wondered at. Who can withstand such blue eyes and soft, curly hair, and the dimples which come and go as she speaks? Again, her voice is like the warble of a nightingale, and—but sister Ethel is a theme which, from its exceeding attractiveness, I must label "dangerous."

As Dick comes in sight, clambering over the rocks with his long rod over his shoulder, I fancy I detect an added light in her eyes, but she only remarks casually, "Now you girls have got your hero back again, perhaps you will give us some tea."

"Fish?" says Dick; "not a fin. Might as well throw a fly on dry ground as on this gin-clear water."

He sits down, and we recover our spirits and temper a little. But he is not himself, for being really anxious about him and Ethel, I observe him closely and note the elaboration of effort in his mirth.

"I wish he were not so humble-minded. Probably he will not even ask her," so run my thoughts.

After our painstaking preparations tea is not to be dismissed in a moment. Our contemplative enjoyment of it, however, is broken in upon by a loud shout from fourteen year-old Bella:

"Look! the salmon!" and she points to the curving eddies which mark the spot where the big fish has risen.

"By gum!" says Dick, jumping up in haste; "it's a regular sockdolager! Take my rod, Croft, and try for it, now!"

"No, no; it's your turn. I had the last."

But good-natured Dick thrusts the rod into his friend's hand and drags off his own hat to examine the flies in it.

Our loud-tongued entreaties are to him as the idle wind; but a gentle, low-voiced request from Ethel veers him round in a moment. He takes the rod, and glides cautiously down to the water's edge, crouched behind rocks, and with beating hearts we watch every movement of Dick's fingers.

"I shall show him a big dark fly first;"—his words scarcely reach us through the noise of the fall—"I should never land such a 'whopper' on a small hook."

He seems an age affixing that fly and then wetting it. As he lengthens his line out a yard or more each cast, and the black wings and silver body float nearer and nearer to the spot where the great fish rose, our excitement reaches almost to bursting point, and little Bella has to be held down by force.

There, it must have been right over his nose that time! I almost wonder that Dick has the courage to go on working his fly. But no ripple breaks the surface. His majesty gazes unmoved upon the black and silver. Two or three more throws and Dick reels up his line.

"Try him with a small 'Jock Scott' now," Captain Croft, caught by the prevailing excitement, speaks in a solemn whisper.

"All right. Throw me one over."

Again the wetting process has to be gone through, and again seems more endless than before.

At last the brilliant-hued "Jock Scott" is almost over the big fish. Dick balances himself carefully for the next cast. The rod curves back, swings forward, and the fly, delivered straight and freely, drops gently on to the water a couple of yards above the salmon. Scarcely has the line sunk an inch below the surface before there is a heaving boil and swirl of waters as the great fish bounds to the surface. There is not one of us girls who would not at this juncture have thrown the rod down with a shriek.

In a moment Jack has struck. His rod is a hoop; his line flashes through the water; the whirring reel makes music in our ears.

"Down to the bottom of the pool, and drive him back if he makes for the rapid."

We obey Dick like children, except Ethel, who stands beside him and views the struggle, so to say, from the grand stand.

The first rush is straight toward the dangerous rapid, but a strenuous splashing from us drives the fish back in time.

"By Jove! that was a near shave though!" and Dick wipes his forehead hastily.

Both Dick and Captain Croft afterward declared that they had never seen a fish show such sport as this one did.

One grand rush after another seems to leave him as fresh as ever. He is across the pool, down the pool, under the white water at the top, and almost under Dick's feet—all in a moment. Again and again he hurls himself into the air, and his great silvery side almost dazzles our eyes with its glitter.

Little Bella positively cries with excitement, and one or two of us would fain do likewise.

I have that strange feeling anglers have often described to me, which makes the burning reality of the moment blot out past and future. The fate of the universe seems to hang on this one fish; if he is once landed I feel that the struggle of life will be over.

For thirty-eight minutes does that fish keep us palpitating round that pool, then he begins to tire. His rushes are shorter and shorter. Dick is getting him in hand.

One last effort for freedom, however, he makes, in spite of a shower of stones from us, and the strain put upon him by sixteen feet of greenheart, that gallant fish struggles into the head of the rapid.

Dick comes running down the bank, losing line even then, for the current of the narrows is furious.

Through the neck at the bottom of the pool flashes the salmon like lightning. The sight of boulders and broken water renews his courage. Dick's course down stream is arrested by a big rock; his line is run out to the last yard. This prince of fishes will escape after all! Dick looks upon the swirling water and sets his teeth. There is a last chance, but a risky one.

"Don't, Dick; you would be drowned to a certainty," we shout in chorus. Ethel implores him with tears in her eyes not to risk it. He looks gratefully at her, but shakes his head. It flashes across me that if the expression of her face at this moment does not give him heart to ask her a certain interesting question on the way home, why, he doesn't deserve her.

Nothing short of cart ropes would stop Dick now his blood is up; he steps into the hurrying water and is taken off his legs in a moment and washed against a rock; now he regains his footing and staggers on a yard or two, now loses it once more.

"No fish in the world is worth such dangerous work as this. What a reckless chap it is!" cries Captain Croft, anxiously.

While making a short *détour* round the rocks we lose sight of the angler for a moment; then, rushing breathlessly down to the water again, find him lying upon the bank, much shaken, bruised and exhausted, but holding on to his rod doggedly.

"The fish is sulking in the lower pool," he explains, emptying the water from his pockets. "When I've had a rest you must come and rouse him up with stones."

The respite is brief. That game fish is soon careering round the second pool, but the effort is a final one. Very soon he is lying in shallow water, almost passive.

We have no gaff with us, and Captain Croft's big landing net would not even hint at inclosing such a leviathan as this.

Dick leads the great fish steadily shoreward until it is almost aground; then Captain Croft, warily circling around it, scoops it up in both arms, and, behold, the great salmon is glittering among the ling and heather! A loud cheer arises from the whole party, and little Bella, in a paroxysm of triumph, kneels beside the silver monster and kisses its slippery side!

"Thirty pounds, at least!" we cry.

"No, twenty-five, perhaps," say the gentlemen. "And a grand fish, in perfect condition."

The excitement of the sport has completely driven all thoughts of Dick's coming departure from my mind, but they now return with force.

"He *shall* have a chance," I declare to myself, and ponder a little while the others are steeped in fish-worship.

"Dick," I exclaim, authoritatively, "you must go home at once, instead of loitering about here, dripping like a Newfoundland dog. Ethel and I will walk back with you."

Catching Dick's eye, I see that he understands me.

"Come along," he says.

Ethel takes my arm on the side remote from Dick. She is remarkably silent, and shows a tendency to blush about nothing, fearing possibly that her anxiety about Dick's dangerous escapade just now may have betrayed her. Dick, feeling that he is now, as he would himself phrase it, "in for it," maintains a no less impenetrable dumbness. Never have two such leaden companies fallen to my lot before or since.

It is a relief that the beauty of the winding moorland path, stretching away behind us, compels me to stop and take out my sketch-book.

"I'll stay with you," says Ethel, nervously.

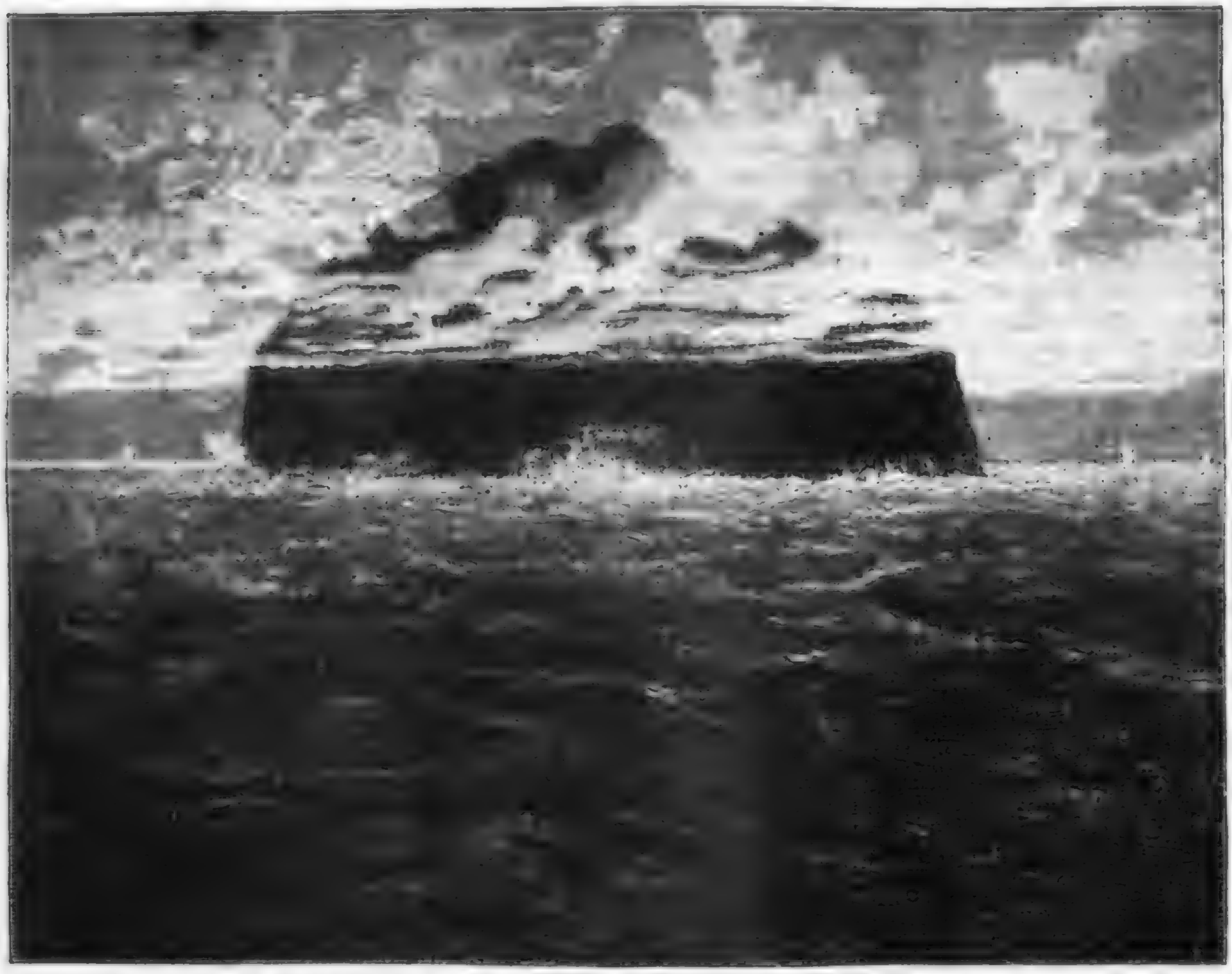
"What, and leave poor old Dick to jog home alone?"

"Eh?" says Dick, looking at me with comical terror. "Don't let me drag her with me if she wants to stay."

"Nonsense; go away, Ethel. I can't have you fidgeting about me while I am drawing."

Their assiduous good nature in preparing my water-color box and block for action knows no bounds; neither fulsome hints nor cross requests will induce them to depart. At length, when I am busy with my first wash, and refuse with sulky steadfastness to answer any more questions, or to offer any further pretext for their moving hand or foot on my behalf, they stroll shyly off together, Ethel's eyes on the ground, Dick's on the distant horizon.

Craning round upon my camp-stool, I watch them down the long slope of brake-fern and heather, straining



THE RESCUE OF THE "TRINITY'S" CREW.—M'DONALD'S ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 725.

my eyes as Ethel and Dick grow indistinct after crossing the stream, and finally disappear, to leave me none the wiser for all my gazing.

Anxiety prevents my sitting still for ten minutes together. My sketch is a curiosity—a phenomenal specimen of the kind of daub producible by the convulsive dashes of a hand totally unassisted by a mind, which is too agitated to do its duty.

My eyes yearn to pierce the small knoll behind which the twain have disappeared. Are those two heads any nearer to each other than when I saw them last?

For years we have looked upon Dick as a brother; tomorrow night when he has departed many tears will be shed which he will know nothing of. His going to India, too, is a mere freak, a decision reversible, I really believe, by a single word from Ethel. Again, Dick is his own master, unhampered by that lack of gold which quenches the hopes of so many young fellows. Well, I have done my best, and, now they have had a clear hour with their fate in their own hands, I may as well collect my paraphernalia and follow them.

As I pace homeward and gaze over the swelling hills, the sun setting "beyond their utmost purple rim" saddens me. Solitude and the gloom of eventide, melancholy as a long-drawn sigh of nature, settle upon my soul; by the time I have reached the last bridge to be crossed, the castles I have built concerning Dick and Ethel have crumbled one by one.

Suddenly I stumble upon them among the rocks, and my hopes rush to the surface once more; the glow of happiness upon the two faces admits of but one explanation.

"You old brick," begins Dick, clasping my two hands with a fervor which I trust he will never repeat. "If it had not been for you I should never have done it!"

"And, Lucy," adds Ethel, in a thrilling voice, with her arms round my neck, "you're a dear old thing; if it hadn't been for the salmon and Dick's going in after it, he would never have——"

"Done this," interpolates Dick, kissing her again and again, with a cool indifference to my presence which bathes her face in crimson. "But we haven't the courage to go in without you," he adds, when he has quite done his whispers in her ear.

"You'll have to, though, Master Dick," I reply, dashing onward and into the midst of the astonished group in the inn parlor.

"It's twenty pounds ten ounces," shouts Bella, by way of greeting.

"Come outside, girls," I exclaim, breathlessly, "and I'll show you something worth a hundred salmon."

As we emerge from the door the soft twilight shows us the prettiest picture we have ever looked upon; and the happiness which underlies the shyness of the one face, and the sparkle and triumph of the other, wake an answering chord in our hearts as we murmur, "Welcome, brother!"

A FIGHT BETWEEN SEA-MONSTERS.

By Edmund Collins.

Some years ago I was curlew and plover shooting along those barren uplands that extend for some miles beyond the cliffs around the greater portion of the Newfoundland coast. It was about the middle of August, and a terrific gale had blown for several days, throwing numbers of fishing-boats on shore, and driving fishes into the deep water, leagues from land.

But on this afternoon the storm had abated, and deck-boats and schooners, some with white sails, others with dun tan or bright russet, began to appear, and cast anchor here and there upon the fishing "grounds." I was very tired, and I lay down upon the top of the cliff to rest.

The bight below and beyond me, sheltered by the towering mountain walls, was as smooth as a pond of oil; but away where there was no shelter I saw white caps, and the fishing-dories were violently rocked and tossed.

The water was a cold steel-blue, and as I looked out upon it I thought how interesting it would be if I could see down into its mysterious deeps; for doubtless now millions of fishes of every kind, which had fled during the storm from the disturbed waves and gone to those great ocean hollows where the sea was still and nearly a mile deep, were hastening back to seek food in the sheltered waters of the coast.

In the offing several hungry whales were looking for cod and herring, and the columns of spray which they spurted out at each breath, on coming to the surface, looked like a number of geysers.

Here and there a dark fin resembling a black plowshare appeared above water, and was withdrawn again without noise or splash; from this I knew that sharks were lurking around, likewise endeavoring to get a meal.

I had not lain there long when it grew dead calm, and I began to gather bluebells and daisies to make into a bouquet for a fisher-girl, with violet eyes and yellow hair, who lived in the cove just around the cape, and who had promised to make for me that evening appleberry jam and plover pie.

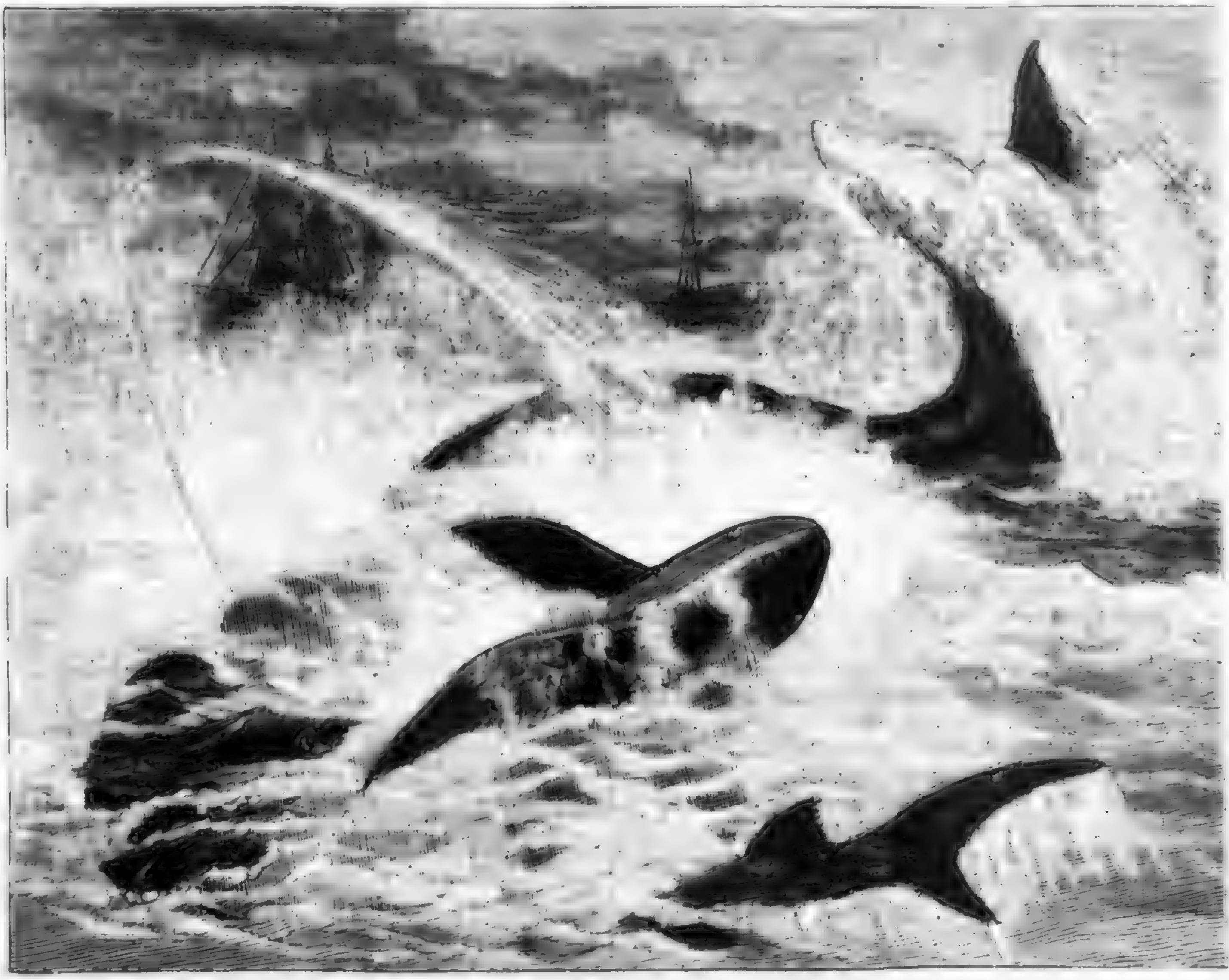
Turning my eyes casually toward the bight, I observed that millions of cod and herring had begun to "breach"—that is, to rise to the surface and splash with fin and tail. I judged as I looked upon the breaches that the multitudes of fishes therein must have been so great that a smallboat would find difficulty in sailing through them, that heavily leaded hooks thrown overboard would not go to the bottom.

Then, a short distance outside, a whale arose, spouted, and dived directly toward the breaching fishes!

What a feast was in store for this hungry monster, who had roamed and roamed the boisterous sea during the last week in vain search for food!

In a moment he was at the surface again, in the very midst of the cod and herring, his great jaws so wide agape that a man might stand upright upon the huge beast's tongue and not touch the roof of its mouth with his head. Then the jaws closed, and the monster, rearing his tail ten or twelve feet above the water, lunged into the cold blue sea again. The sudden apparition frightened the smaller fishes from the surface, but in a few seconds the breaching commenced again further in the bight.

I was at a loss to know where "the sea beast" would again show himself, but I was not kept long in ignorance.



A FIGHT BETWEEN SEA-MONSTERS.

Right in the midst of the new breach he came up, jaws agape as before, unsated and insatiable.

It was just now, however, that the scene took a startling turn. Another creature, about fourteen feet long, arose and attacked the whale. I could not believe my eyes; but there was a strange-looking creature, with keen, remorseless, spear-like fins, supple and quick in motion, voracious and daring, engaged in a fight with the whale.

The quarrel was doubtless over the food, for the newcomer, like the whale, had suffered all the privations of the blustry weather. The attacking fish, which was a thresher or fox-shark, would bound almost out of the sea, and bring his great tail with terrific force across the body of the whale. The whale would endeavor to retaliate by turning round and trying to bring his tail upon the thresher, but the latter was too nimble, and would evade the gigantic lash.

I was soon convinced that more than two were concerned in the fight, but I could not determine what the other participant was. While the battle went on above water, the sea was so beaten about as to remind you of the foam caldron under Niagara Falls.

The breathing of the whale, from the beast's terrible exertions, had grown rapid, and each respiration, which could be heard for more than a mile, was half like a moan and somewhat resembling a whistle. The futile blows of the enormous tail on the water, as well as the more precise and rapid and vindictive stroke of the thresher, filled the air with a multitudinous noise, for every cliff was busy with its echoes. Then the whale would lunge down into the sea, but the avenger would be close behind him, and I could see the two combatants, a few fathoms under, looking almost as green as emerald.

How I did wonder, through all the excitement with which I was watching the contest, how it came to pass that above water these two monsters were a dirty black, but that under water they were green.

I can now explain it in this way: When you sail over the ocean, where the sea is two miles deep, the water is the darkest myrtle; but when you come to the banks, where the sea is shallow, the water is a warm-toned pea-green. These great creatures you might take to represent rocks in the sea, a few fathoms down. Hence the water above them, like that over the ocean plateau, would appear a light-green.

Several times I saw the third large object under the water, and apparently attacking the whale violently, but it never came to the top. While the thresher belabored the whale above water, I could see the long, green object moving rapidly about and charging, as I thought, upward at the whale.

The fisherman afterward assured me that this was a sword-fish; but the story that this fish and the thresher join in battle against the whale being questioned, I do not care to commit myself to their view. Yet, had the mysterious monster been another fox-shark, he must have come to the surface. This he did not so much as make an attempt to do, but was all through the contest from two to four fathoms below, turning, charging and lurking about. If this hidden assailant were a sword-fish, how terrific must have been the force of these charges! Ships have sometimes come to port with the sword of the creature driven sheer through their oaken planks. For about a quarter of a hour the affray lasted, when the thresher began to show signs of flagging. Several fishing-boats had rowed in and lay on their oars watching the close of the fight. Feebler and feebler came the thud of the thresher's body across the great ungainly victim; but more rapid grew the breathing of the whale.

At last it was over. The shark let himself drop gently down toward the bottom, beyond my sight; the unknown monster swam off, still three or four fathoms under, and I soon lost sight of his long, green body. As for the whale, the poor beast had scarcely life enough left in him to swim off. I see him now, only a few feet below, awkward and crestfallen, making his slow, painful way out toward the deep sea, and rising every few seconds to blow his exhausted breath.

A CASE WITH A QUESTION.

By Robert C. Meyers.

Twenty years and more ago a wealthy lady, whom we may call Mrs. Clark, died suddenly in Philadelphia. There would be little to chronicle beyond the bare fact of her death, save that an incident which occurred later on made a puzzle of the event.

Some time previous to her own demise the lady had lost her husband, a man nearly seventy years of age, while she could not have been more than twenty-two or twenty-three at that time. The will of the husband bequeathed the great mass of wealth to the wife, with the proviso that if she married again the money should be hers no longer, but should come under the control of a number of specified gentlemen, who should apply it toward the beautifying of Fairmount Park. The one other bequest was that of ten thousand dollars to the testator's only surviving relative, a son of a deceased cousin, a young student of medicine. But, the will went on to say, in the event of the death of the wife, who should to the last remain a widow, the entire fortune should revert to the young cousin already named, his heirs and assigns for ever.

This was the will, and a provision in it seemed to account for a possible fraud in the carrying of it out. . . It was well known that the dead man had been jealous; that he scarcely allowed his young wife out of his sight, compelling her to live a life of seclusion, and, if servants' stories are to be credited, making her hourly regret the sacrifice she had made of happiness and beauty. For she was a beautiful woman—strikingly beautiful. She had been a poor girl without family or friends, and came to Philadelphia from another city to act in the capacity of saleswoman in a fashionable shop of haberdashery. To this shop the old gentleman once went in company with his cousin, the medical student, to purchase a pair of gloves. At the glove-counter the young lady presided. The student of medicine had been to that counter before that day; had, in fact, reduced himself to a condition of comparative poverty by a suddenly acquired predilection for kid coverings for his hands. The older man noticed him eying the young lady as they stood at the counter, and he jested about it as the two left the shop, while the youngster owned to the soft impeachment, and vowed that if he were able to support a wife he would ask the lady to marry him.

Did he know the lady? Yes. Had he ever let her think that she was anything to him? He had not dared to express his feeling, knowing how impossible it was for him to support a wife. Then the old man would like to be presented to her. Perhaps seeing the fulfillment of his dreams in his cousin's desire of acquaintanceship, the student went back to the shop with Mr. Clark and presented him to the lady. He was happy for a week after that, and daily expected to be called by the old man to receive a check that should give him the right to take a wife unto himself without the fear of impending penury. But the old man never called him to become a recipient of his bounty. Instead, he had him to run over to Liverpool to look after a claim he had there, and which, for lack of attention, was threatened with loss. This took all of one Summer. In the Autumn, when the young man returned to America and went to his cousin's house, he was met by the young lady of the glove-counter. She was now the old man's wife.

Poor young fellow! He had been imposed upon; he could never forgive the wrong, yet he had never said a word of love when she had been free to hear him; he had only vaguely guessed that he had been of importance to her heart's happiness. No, he could not say *she* had wronged him, though he might feel contempt for her for what she had done. Yet he learned that she had some time ago lost her situation; was friendless and alone when his cousin had presented himself in the light of a protecting husband.

The contempt for her lightened by degrees, as he realized her straits. It vanished and gave place to another quality when he saw the manner in which she was treated by her husband; a system of jealous torture that must have made absolute beggary with freedom seem almost a boon to the one set in this splendid imprisonment. There were no visitors allowed by the old man. He was always with his wife when she ventured to stir abroad, watching her, accusing her. No visitors? Well, only the young student, who came once in a while, though his treatment by his cousin might be thought to have been sufficient to keep him away. But he could not resist the fascination of going and gazing upon the misery of her he had loved—loved toward the last so hopefully! Yet he had been nothing to her. Nothing! Once, when her husband had humiliated her more than ever in the young man's presence by open accusation of marrying him to relieve her of want, the poor thing, with face all aflame, looked up and caught the eyes of the younger man so full of commiseration. Relieved from want! Her own eyes shot a glance into those so full of pity. He saw then that had he spoken in time, it would not have been in vain. He saw that she was growing desperate; that she knew what she had been to him After that he staid away from the house. But his suffering was very great now, and very pitiable. He heard of the drawing-up of the will, and he guessed at the taunts thrown at the wife during the inception of that will—taunts that accentuated as the time went on—as though she cared for the money after her bitter experience!

The student was graduated and became a full-fledged M. D. He labored diligently to banish from his mind the pain the wrong done him had brought in his train—a wrong he dared not speak of for the sake of her he cared for yet, do what he might to tear her from his thought! He was appointed resident physician in a charitable institution. In whatever hours he could spare from his specified duties he applied himself to the study of anatomy; not designing to become a recognized authority in that intricate branch of his science, but that he must always have a difficult work before him to engage his thought. Yet, when was thought so deeply engaged but a subtle thought could not find entrance and living room? Still he persisted in his work to conquer himself. . . . When he had not been to the house in many a month, he one day received a command to proceed there. His cousin was ill, and with some of the peremptoriness of old times, had sent for him. He dared not refuse to go; that would add a new pain to the suffering wife, for her husband would treat her all the worse, remembering what the young student had told him the day the old man had been introduced to the beautiful saleswoman; while now he must be made to think that there had been but a young man's passing fancy which had been quickly gotten over. So the doctor went.

He was shocked at the change in the wife; she was faded, nervous, conquered—love was no longer hers to entertain. He was as shocked by the condition of the old man, who was dying. He had but a moment's conversation with the lady, when, without ever having looked at him or offered her hand, she withdrew from the room, and he did not see her again during his two days' stay in the house.

His patient claimed his attention, and he had all he could do to make him realize his precarious state, which, to the last, the old man resented; heaping abuses upon the doctor's head, never mentioning his wife, until it seemed that he had transferred his wrath from the one to the other. And why? Did he think what might have been had he been trustworthy and fair? His violence became so dangerous to his own weak frame that at the end of the two days the doctor was forced to deny responsibility, and so gave up the case, after instructing the old butler to call in his stead a certain prominent physician, whom he himself would see and tell all that had been prescribed.

For a month the old man lingered, and then one day, in the midst of a fiercer paroxysm than usual, died.

Could there be other than a sense of peace for the young doctor at the death? He had tried—alas! how vainly!—to forget the woman he loved when his love would have been dishonorable in his avowing it. Now, there was no need to hide the truth—he loved her! Loved her, and his love was an honor! At the funeral of his cousin he did not see the widow, who remained aloof from all eyes. In accordance with the old man's wish, the will was read in the presence of the assembly; it might be as a parting shaft. The wonder is why there should be any mention of the young doctor in the will. But who can tell how there had eaten into the old man's mind the thought of all the meanness of his action—and he had been so much trusted by the poor young cousin. It is certain he never dreamed of the marriage of the two now, for his bitterest pain must ever have been that the saleswoman had married him for his money and did not care for him, and that, loving money as she did, she would never relinquish it when once in her possession. Love! He flouted all love, knowing that he had tried to buy it, and only bought obedience instead. But he had not understood love!

In a month after the husband's death the young M.D. had been many times to the house. The widow would have refused his coming, but she saw no righteous cause for such refusal. He was the only friend she had—the only one who understood her. But she would never marry him. Her experience had been cruel in the extreme. She could not think herself fit to be the wife of any good man while that experience shamed her in her own eyes. No, she would just live and die. Her death would confer the only substantial benefit of which she was capable. The money should, thus, go to the man she would have married had he only asked her in time. Maybe, for surely the money had tempted her, and that it had was now her misery and distress. No, she would live and die alone, as her husband, knowing for what she had married him, had thought she would do.

But these virtuous resolutions were combated by the

XUM

doctor, who now made no secret of his feeling for her. Then she began to respect the opinion of outsiders. He must not come so often to the house, for already even the butler who had been in the employ of his late master for many years was looking black.

"Then discharge such an impudent fellow," said the doctor.

The lady would not be influenced by the man who loved her, yet the butler was discharged.

For another month there was incessant siege laid to her heart, and while she denied him she could not keep down a little color from her cheeks, nor a grateful smile from her sad lips, when he approached her. All the same, the more she denied him the more she felt that his presence was pleasant to her. If she loved him as she persuaded herself that she did, she must not wrong him; and she would wrong him if she kept back from him the fortune that should be his if she died a widow. And so, worn out and harassed, she told him one day after a stormy interview. He brightened as he heard.

"Do you think the money would keep me from you?" he demanded.

"It kept me from you once," she said.

"I had not spoken to you then."

"Would I have listened had you spoken? The money was much to me. You see I excuse nothing I have done."

"Do you still love the money?"

"Oh, friend, to be so cruel!"

"Do you love me more?"

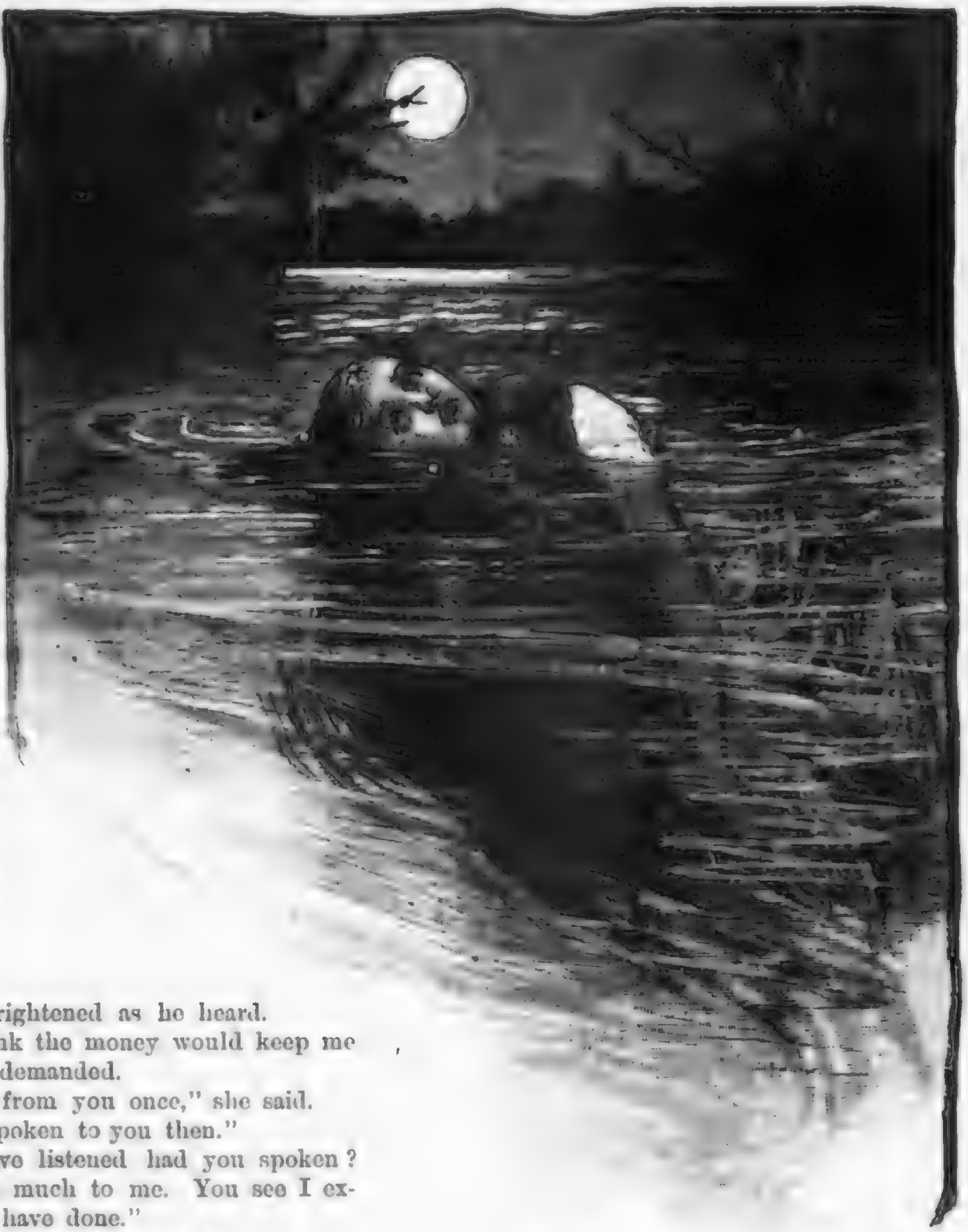
But she would not answer him in words, only denying him the right he claimed, only determined that her love should not make him a poor man. Thus she was the cause of the wrong that followed, if there was the wrong which that after-incident, already alluded to, seemed to say that there was.

For once, after a week's absence from her, he came to her white and shaken, a strong purpose in his eyes.

"I have come to say good-by," he said.

She echoed his words.

"Yes," he went on, "to-morrow I go to New York. Next week I sail for Europe."



DROWNED.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 747.

"When will you return?"

"Never, I hope."

He suddenly threw himself before her.

"Will you listen to me?"

"Not if you are going to speak as you have spoken before."

"I am not. I am going to tell you what has caused this sudden resolve of mine. I have seen your double," and he laughed oddly, looking at her with intensity.

"My double?"

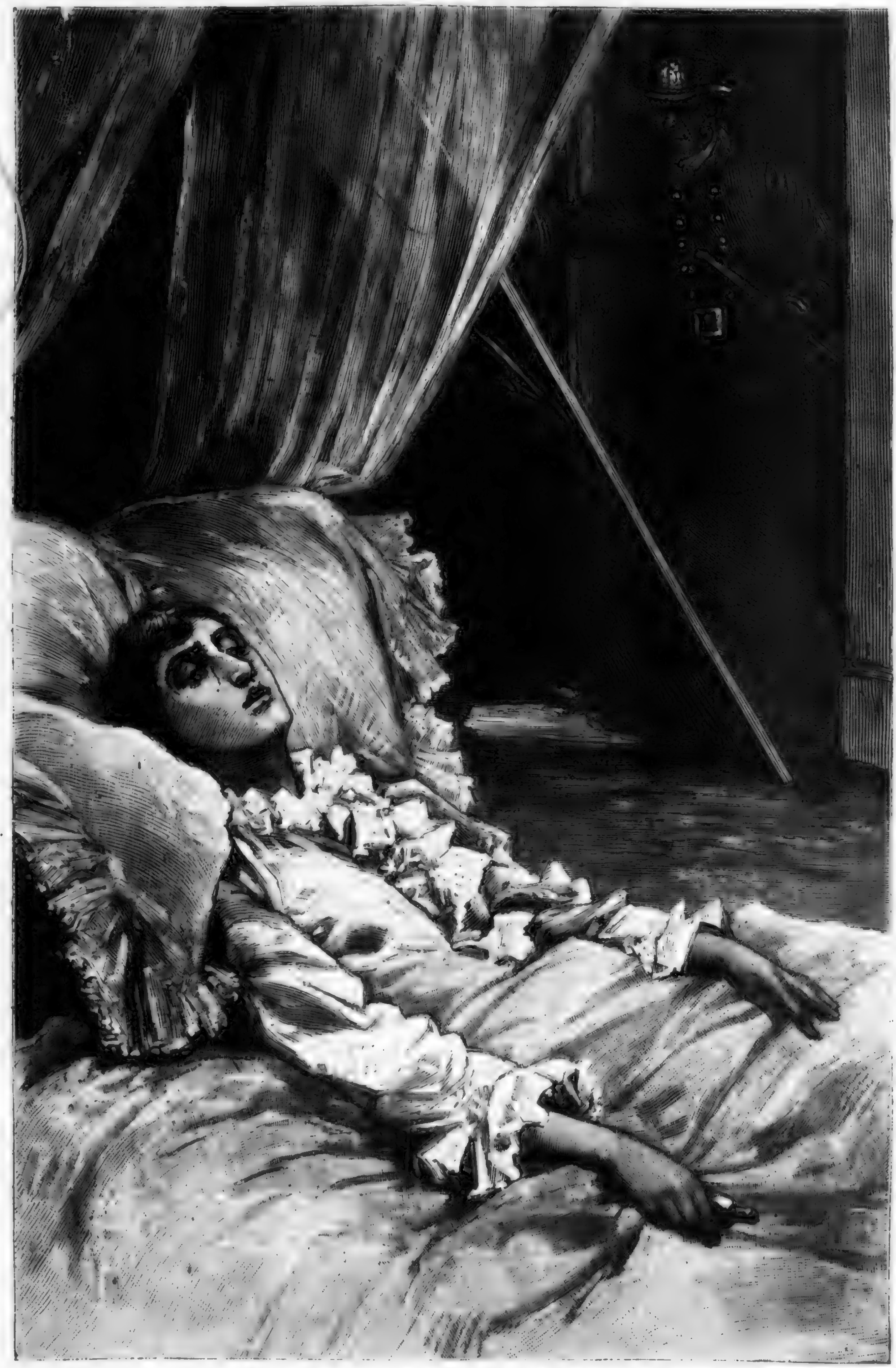
"On a dissecting-table at Blockley. She was a poor, unknown, friendless woman, who was brought to the ward yesterday. She had had a troublesome tooth extracted in a dispensary in the city, and, suffering from nervous prostration, had taken an overdose of laudanum. She died an hour ago. The post-mortem examination to-morrow will determine fully the cause of her death. See, I am laughing. This dead woman, whose height is about yours, whose face would be marvelously like yours with a little attention to artistic details, has made me do what you could not do—has made me run away from you, for you are as dead to my great want of you as she is to life."

His eyes were upon her, hers upon him. The laugh seemed to have frozen into his face as he regarded her. She arose to her feet, clutching at the back of a chair, her face a problem of bewilderment and understanding.

"I cannot, I dare not defraud you," she murmured. "But for me you would be wealthy, doubtless. If I resist you you still will be, for you know that you will outlive me. I am delicate—I *will not* see you a poor man. I dare not listen to you—I dare not."

"You dare not say that you do not love me!"

She turned from him.



A CASE WITH A QUESTION.—"THE POLICEMAN PLACED HIS SHOULDER TO THE PANEL AND BURST IT OPEN. THERE, IN THE BED, CAREFULLY ROBED FOR THE NIGHT, LAY MRS. CLARE, QUITE DEAD."

"Why do you torture me?" she moaned, wringing her hands.

He had availed nothing. He moved toward the door.

"Stop!" she cried, with a strong voice. "Stop! do not leave me yet. Wait! I am in pain. Your story has unsettled me. I—*I am to go to a dentist's to-day to have a tooth extracted, as that poor woman had! Her danger may not be hers alone.* I mean—oh, I know not what I mean —I am past reasoning, past argument."

The door leading to the hall was suddenly closed, and only a murmur of suppressed voices was heard inside the room; a sob or two, and then the door was flung open, and Mrs. Clark hurried to her dressing-room and donned her bonnet and vail. She was "white as a sheet," a servant said, and her eyes glittered again. The doctor waited impatiently in the hall till she came down to him.

"You will be less nervous if I go with you?" he asked, coldly, loudly.

"Yes," she answered, distinctly, and pulled the vail closely about her face; "yes."

They went to the dentist, who extracted the troublesome tooth under the doctor's supervision. The dentist afterward said that there was an apparent coolness between the two while they were in his office, and that, although the tooth was a very strong one, the lady bore the operation with remarkable fortitude.

The doctor did not return to the house with her. She appeared to be much disturbed all the rest of the day, walking agitatedly up and down her apartment.

There were three servants, all women, employed in the house. Two of them were given permission to go out for the afternoon and evening. The remaining servant frequently went sympathetically to Mrs. Clark, who refused any advances, in a harsh, nervous tone, holding a bottle in her hand, once dropping it upon the thick carpet, the servant picking it up for her, while there was a perceptible odor of opium in the room—as the girl deposed at the inquest. Up to six o'clock, dusk, the lady walked her room. Then she was quiet. At seven her bell rang sharply. The servant answering it was given money to go to the circus, then in town, where she would most likely find the two other maids. The girl would have refused to leave her mistress, but the lady insisted that she should go, saying she was sorry she had been harsh, but that the pain, which had now left her, had been unbearable for a time, and that now she wanted to be alone; but the girl must be sure to see that the windows were securely fastened, and not to forget to take the latch-key with her that she might admit herself and her companions on her return. The maid secured the bolts and bars of the house, lingered a while, in case she should be told not to go after all; even went to Mrs. Clark and asked her if she were not afraid to be left alone.

"Go!" the lady said, and so irritably that the girl had her own timidity allayed. She tried the front door after she had closed it, went to the curbstone and looked up to the front of the house, and saw the light in her mistress's chamber brightly burning. She went to the circus, met the two other girls, and the three came home together about eleven o'clock.

The light was still brightly burning in Mrs. Clark's chamber. Thus finding their mistress still up, they were alarmed at the lateness of the hour of their return, and, as noiselessly as possible, admitted themselves into the house and went through to the kitchen, where were the back-stairs leading to their sleeping-rooms.

"Why didn't you lock the kitchen-door?" said one of the girls to her who had left the house last.

"I did," was the reply.

"Why, it is unbolted!" cried the other.

"Is it possible? I could have sworn I locked it! Mrs. Clark was very particular in telling me to lock up. Don't say anything about it!"

So they went to bed and slept undisturbed till morning. They were up at the usual hour, prepared for breakfast and rang the bell, without effect. Rang a second time, but Mrs. Clark did not come down. She never came down to breakfast. The girls went to her room, only to find the door locked. The girl who had picked up the bottle for her mistress mentioned the tooth-extraction and the odor of opium.

They ran to the institution where the doctor had been resident, only to find that he had suddenly resigned and gone to New York the night before. He had luckily left his New York address, where he might be found for a week before he sailed for Europe.

The girls returned to the house, and once more endeavored to arouse their mistress. Now, thoroughly alarmed, they hailed a policeman. He looked through the keyhole of the chamber-door.

"The key has been removed," he said.

It may be in place here to state that the key of that door was never found.

The policeman placed his shoulder to the panel and burst it open. There, in the bed, carefully robed for the night, the gas still brightly burning, lay Mrs. Clark, quite dead, and for the first time it was seen that she had been "made up"; artificial means being used to enhance the fairness of a prematurely faded face; faded, perhaps, through the sad experience of her married life, and art being called into requisition in order to hide from the world the effects of her suffering upon her beauty. There was a spot of blood on the lower lip; this had evidently come from the hemorrhage due to the extraction of the tooth. It was found that a bottle beside the body—the same bottle the maid had handled—had contained laudanum, from the effects of which the unfortunate lady had died; a drug presumably taken to allay nervousness, or the pain caused by the extraction of the tooth. Was no one of those servants, who knew so well the inner working of the house, sufficiently calm and reasonable to tell how the lady had determined that her husband's cousin should possess the fortune which her death alone would give him?—the story he had told her of an unknown woman's death, an unknown woman who had resembled her—and who had sent him away for ever after a fruitless effort to have the woman he loved accept him for a husband?

The dentist who had extracted the tooth deposed that he had kept the tooth and found no cavity in it; this, also, pointed to the hypothesis of suicide. The doctor, still in New York, was telegraphed for. He came, very calm, though very pale and ill-looking. He insisted upon the post-mortem examination being of the most thorough nature.

The body of the lady was laid beside that of old Mr. Clark. The doctor remained in the house for a week, questioning the girls upon the most minute points, and eliciting very little more than is here set down. He examined papers, sealed boxes, gave directions. Would he go to Europe now, his cousin's solicitor asked him, in the face of all that had occurred?—the solicitor, knowing a little of the love-story, asking it reproachfully.

"In the face of all that has occurred, the more speedily would I go," the doctor said, and the solicitor was abashed.

Nearly all the fortune consisted of stocks, two or three dwelling-houses making up the rest. The doctor ordered everything to be converted into cash, drafts to the amount to be sent to him in Europe, where he would reside for the remainder of his life, as had been his determination before he had inherited the money.

At the end of this week he sailed for Europe—on a vessel that made him but seven days later in getting off than originally intended. As he hurried down to the pier to board the ship, he met a friend, a young M. D. from Philadelphia.

"I have been to a college here," said this friend, "on the oddest of errands—looking up a cadaver. Do you remember the beautiful woman-subject we had in Blockley?—the one you were strangely upset about when you saw her?—she who had a tooth extracted and died from laudanum? She disappeared off the dissecting-table the very day you saw her, before we had a chance to make the autopsy. No trace of the body can be found, and I——"

"Why did you come to New York to look for it? Because I saw in the dead woman a fancied resemblance to a friend, do you think I stole the body and am running over to Europe with it?"

"Pretty good, doctor. The fact is, I heard there was a case sent on here from Philadelphia. Thought it possibly the one mentioned, and—— In a hurry? Good-by! Safe voyage!" and the doctor was on his way.

Now as to that later incident adverted to. Five years after the death of Mrs. Clark, a lady, who remembered her as a saleswoman in Philadelphia, chanced to be in Rome, and one day, as she stood inside a crumbling church filled with pictorial masterpieces, a beautiful woman, leaning on the arm of a heavily bearded gentleman, brushed past her. She vowed that the lady was she who had tended the glove-counter—she who had married wealthy old Mr. Clark. She was more mature, but handsomer than ever, with her beautiful eyes, filled with wifely security, bent upon the man at her side. The lady who encountered her was so sure she was right in the recognition, that she forgot the story of the death, and stepped forward to speak to the handsome creature; for she had often chatted with her over the counter as she purchased gloves, and had ever sympathized with her. But the other placed her remaining hand on the gentleman's arm.

"Come, doctor, we shall miss our train," she said.

Doctor? Was this he who had inherited old Mr. Clark's fortune? The memory of all that was publicly known flashed upon the lady. When she recovered from her astonishment the two were gone, and no one has seen them since to recognize them as she did.

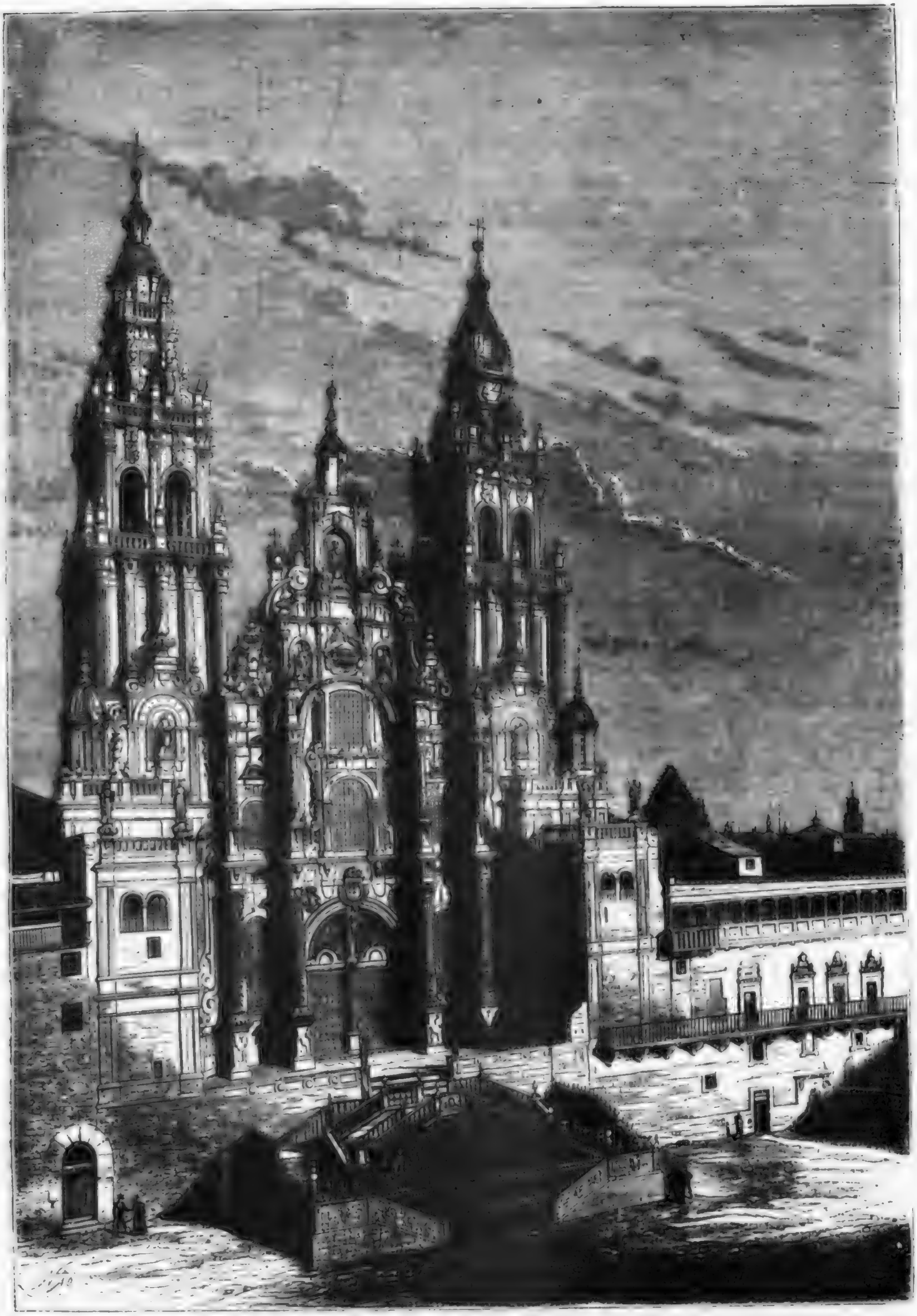
Did the doctor take the "subject" from Blockley? and for what purpose? Did Mrs. Clark die as was supposed, or was there the substitution of a body resembling her own while she was alone in the house that night? And did she secretly and in full health leave the place before her servant's return, going out by that back door that one of them found unfastened?

ST. JAMES OF COMPOSTELLA.

THE "Letters Apostolic" of Pope Leo XIII. which have recently been published, confirming the decision of the Cardinal Archbishop of Compostella as to the identity of the bodies of St. James the Greater and of his two disciples, SS. Athanasius and Theodore, are, while binding upon the faithful, acceptable to the world at large as a curious and interesting ecclesiastical document. Since the English retired in 1589, having done for the famous shrine what they had previously accomplished for their own scarcely less venerated pilgrimage of Durham, Santiago de Compostella has suffered comparative neglect. While the invaders were hammering at the gates, eager to scatter the holy bones to the wind, the body of the saint, like that of St. Cuthbert, was hastily buried—where, was uncertain. The body of St. Cuthbert has never been found, at least so say those who have the best right to know. A tradition alone remains. A tradition existed at Compostella, but it was insufficient to sustain international devotion. The pilgrimages gradually became fewer, and the town began to decay. Once more, however, the eyes of Catholic Christendom have been directed by its chief bishop to the little Galician city, and with all the authority of his office he calls upon the faithful to rejoice in the discovery of the long-lost body of the Apostle of Spain.

The "Letters Apostolic," after a few simple and dignified introductory sentences, plunge at once into the traditional history of the journey of Athanasius and Theodore to Spain with the body of the martyred apostle. We learn that at last "they came to the shores of Galicia, where, as a pious and ancient tradition tells us, after the ascension of Our Lord into heaven, St. James, by God's command, exercised his apostolic ministry. Here, when they reached the Spanish town which was known as Iria Flavia, they determined to remain on a little farm, and they buried the mortal remains of the apostle, in a coffin made after the Roman fashion, in a vault cut in the rock, and above they built a small chapel. . . . When Athanasius and Theodore in due time died, the Christians . . . buried them both in the same tomb, one on each side of the Apostle. The Christians being soon after persecuted and put to death wherever the Roman emperors held sway, the holy crypt remained for a time concealed. But when, on the restoration of peace, the tradition of the translation of the body of St. James, who was specially venerated among Spaniards, became more known to them, they began to come in crowds to his tomb, with the same devotion and piety with which at Rome and elsewhere the tombs of the princes of the apostles and the burying-places of the holy martyrs were visited. But in the course of time, when first the barbarians and then the Arabs, under Mirza, invaded Spain, and in their frequent incursions especially desolated the regions lying close to the sea, the holy coffin of the tomb, after the destruction and throwing-down of the chapel, for a long time lay hid under the heap of ruins." The "Letters" then relate the miraculous discovery of the holy relics in the reign of Alphonsus the Chaste, when Theodomius was Bishop of Iria Flavia, by means of "a most brilliant star," "as though taken from its place in the sky," which "appeared above the crypt," and, by its "brightness, made known the place where the sacred remains had been buried," the rebuilding of the old chapel by King Alphonsus, and the renaming of Iria Flavia as Compostella on account of the vision of the star. We are also told that "besides this heavenly sign, numerous miracles rendered the Apostle's tomb illustrious, so that many came to pray by the holy relics, not from the neigboring cities only, but from the most distant places. On this account Alphonsus III., following the example of his predecessor, undertook to build a more spacious church—at the same time leaving the ancient tomb untouched—and, having speedily completed it, decorated it at his own cost."

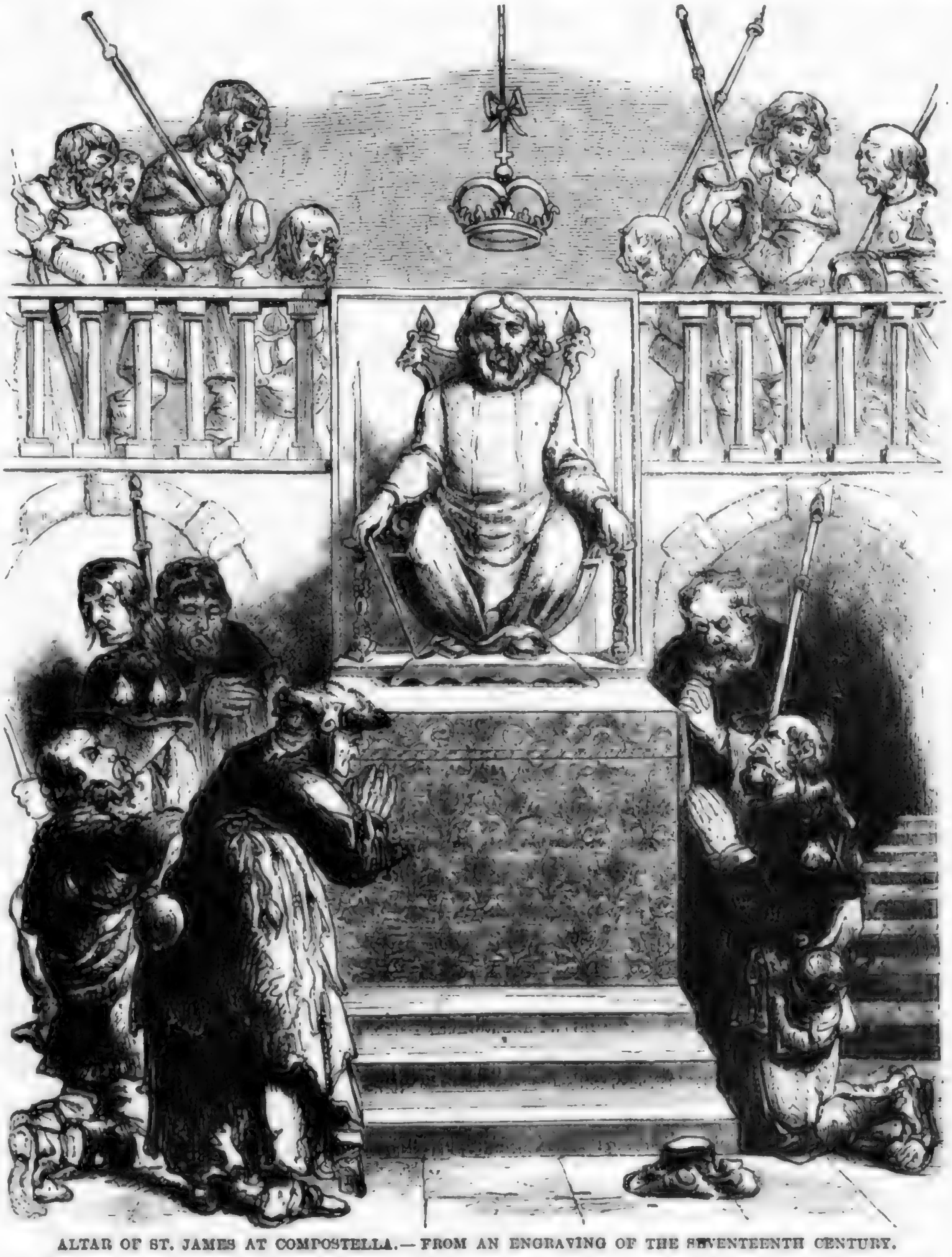
Then follows an account of the miraculous preservation of the shrine from the "wicked Emir Almanazor," who

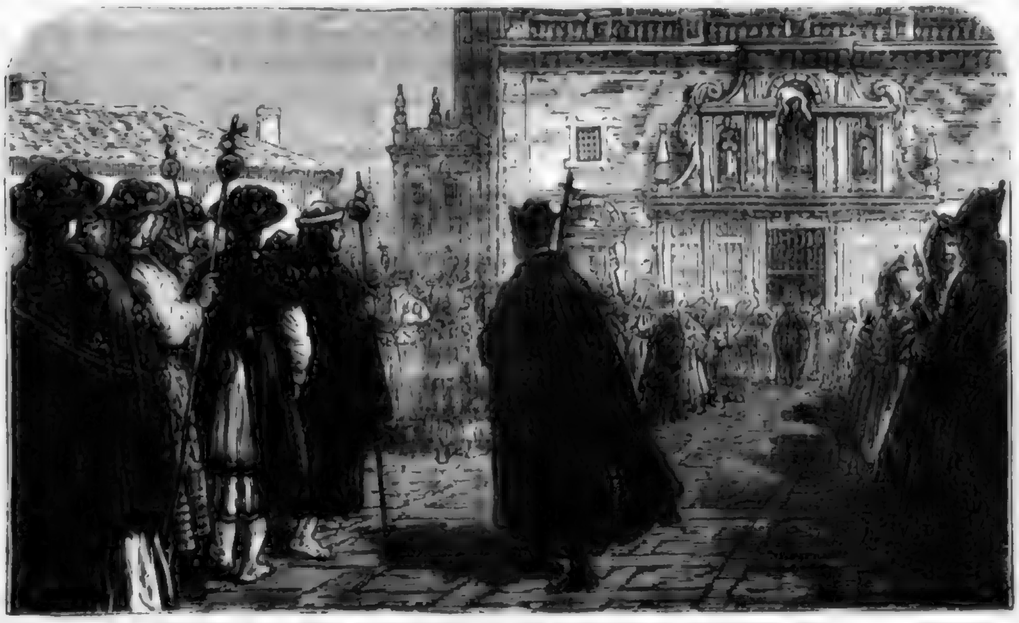


PRINCIPAL FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO OF COMPOSTELLA.

"ordered his chiefs to march straight on Compostella, attack the town, and destroy by fire the church and everything in it. But God, although the fire had taken great hold, and had spread, extinguished it at the entrance of the sanctuary and struck Almanazor and his troops with a loathsome disease which compelled them to retire from Compostella, and which ended in the sudden death of almost all, including Almanazor himself. Ashes still lay scattered around the vault—traces of the enemy's ferocity and tokens of Heaven's protection."

The "Letters" then go on to relate the building of a larger church on the site of the older one; its receiving the title and privileges of a basilica under the Bishop Didacus Gelmirez, who protected the tomb by the erection of a high wall; and the abstraction by the bishop of a portion of the saint's head, "as a recent examination has shown. It is what is known as the 'apophisis mastoidea.' It is still covered with blood, having been struck by the sword when the head was severed from the body." This relic was sent by Gelmirez to St. Atto, Bishop of Pistoja, and is still venerated in the church of that town. After describing the great renown the shrine attained, the Pope proceeds to describe the events following upon the invasion of the English, "who had abandoned the Catholic faith for heresy," and who "landed an army in the


ALTAR OF ST. JAMES AT COMPOSTELLA.—FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.


PILGRIMS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL OF COMPOSTELLA.

seaboard province of Galicia, wrecked the churches, with heretical fury cast into the flames all images of saints, relics, and the most sacred objects, and then proceeded to Compostella, in order, as they said, to put an end to that pernicious superstition.

At that time the pious Archbishop John of St. Clement ruled over the Church of Compostella. He took counsel with his chapter as to the means of placing in safety the relics of the saints, and undertook that duty himself with regard to the body of St. James. But, as the enemy was already at the very gates of the town, he buried the three bodies hastily and in secret; but taking the precaution to make the new sarcophagus with the materials of the ancient Roman one, so that some testimony might be left to posterity of the authenticity of the relics. At the close of the war, and when its perils had ceased, the inhabitants of Compostella and the pilgrims who constantly visited the spot, held to the conviction that the holy relics were still in their old resting-place. That opinion has been adhered to ever since, so that in our days the faithful have held that the sacred remains were preserved in the apse of the principal chapel, and have come there to venerate them more closely; and the clergy of the basilica have finished the daily devotions by singing an anthem there.

"Now, when our venerable brother, Michael Paya y Rico, Cardinal-Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Compostella, undertook some years ago the restoration of the basilica, he resolved to carry out a long-cherished object of his, which was to search for the spot where lay the remains of St. James and of his two disciples Athanasius and Theodore. In order to effect this important undertaking, he selected some most learned ecclesiastical dignitaries, and intrusted them with the direction of the work. But the result happened differently from what all expected, for the whole of the crypt and its surroundings under the high altar were explored without anything being found. At last, at the spot where the clergy and faithful were wont to pray most fervently—*i.e.*, in the centre of the apse, behind the high altar and in front of another altar—the workmen, after taking up the stone slabs and excavating to a depth of two cubits, discovered a coffin, the lid of which was ornamented with a cross. This coffin was made of stones and bricks taken from the ancient crypt and tomb. When, in the presence of witnesses, the lid was raised, bones were found which belonged to three male skeletons." Then follows an account of the inquiry at Compostella, the judgment of the cardinal-archbishop in favor of the identity of the relics, and the application to the Pope to confirm his decision. A commission of cardinals and prelates belonging to the Congregation of Sacred Rites was formed, and resulted in the dispatch of "Augustin Caprara, Promoter of Holy Faith," to Compostella. There he "examined the witnesses on oath, cleared up certain contradictions which appeared to exist in some of the depositions, and sought the advice of experts in archæology, history, and anatomy at Madrid and Compostella; he inspected the ruins of the ancient tomb, and compared them with the materials of the sarcophagus containing the relics; he also examined the spot under the apse where these were found. Finally, after having consulted medical experts with regard to every part of the hallowed bones, he returned to Rome and completed his task by drawing up a very accurate report." The result of this report was that the Commission, "Being of opinion that all the facts laid before them were true, and so thoroughly proved that no one could deny them, and that therefore there existed in this matter the full certainty required in such things by the Holy Canons and the Constitutions of the Supreme Pontiffs," decided in favor of the judgment of the Cardinal Archbishop of Compostella, and Leo XIII. thus confirms his decision: "Now, therefore, desirous of confirming all that has been established by the aforesaid Decree by a more solemn document of Apostolic Authority, and by a special Act of our approval. . . . We . . . with certain knowledge and by our own act, in virtue of our Apostolic Authority, and all doubts and questions ended, approve and confirm the decision of our Venerable Brother the Cardinal Archbishop of Compostella, on the identity of the sacred bodies of the Apostle St. James the Greater and of his holy Disciples Athanasius and Theodore, and We decree that decision to have force and weight for ever. Furthermore, We will and ordain that no one, under pain of the excommunication *latæ sententiæ*, absolution from which we reserve to ourselves and our successors, shall detach, remove, or take away even the smallest portion of the holy relics which have been replaced, under seal, in their ancient resting-place." The Pope then grants a plenary indulgence, applicable by way of suffrage for the souls in purgatory, to all the faithful upon the conditions of confession, communion, and prayer for the good of the Church, in a church dedicated to St. James, or other church designated by the ordinary. To the "noble Spanish nation," who, "by the marvelous assistance of St. James, has preserved the Catholic faith in its integrity and inviolate," he grants "the great privilege held from our predecessor, Alexander III. (namely, the faculty of gaining a plenary jubilee in the years in which the feast of St. James, the 25th of July, shall fall on a Sunday) for this coming year" (1885), "when on the 25th of July will be celebrated the solemn festival of the Invention and Elevation of the body of the Holy Apostle, under the same conditions and with the same privileges as are contained in the Constitution of that same Sovereign Pontiff dated the 25th of July, 1179." The "Letters Apostolic," which are dated November 1st, 1884, conclude as follows: "Let no man, therefore, attempt to lessen, or by foolish audacity contravene this document of our approbation, ratification, reservation, concession, relaxation, commission, and will. But if any one dare to attempt this, let him know that he will incur the indignation of Almighty God and of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul." Thus in an age of unfaith speaks "Leo Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God," in the same strain as did his predecessor Alexander III. in an age of faith. Many will think his words a survival of pretensions that have no place in the world of to-day. Many will, no doubt, receive them as did those to whom Pope Alexander spoke. More will perhaps rejoice in the event that has given rise to their publication.

A NEBRASKA BLIZZARD.

The New Englander who has never crossed the Mississippi has an imperfect idea of our Western States. They have institutions peculiarly their own, to which no pen can do justice by way of description.

One of these is known as the "blizzard." It is a blinding snowstorm, accompanied by a terrific gale from the northwest, which occurs only after a period of unusually mild weather, and which lasts anywhere from one to three days. I was born and reared in Maine, and know something of what rough weather is, but a blizzard eclipses anything I have ever known. Shall I tell my readers about this particular blizzard of October, 1880?

A party of four ladies and nine gentlemen, mostly from Worcester, Massachusetts, were traveling in the excursion car "City of Worcester" through Iowa and Nebraska, seeking pleasure and profit from a two-months' hunting trip.

We had hunted all kinds of small game in Iowa, and felt that we were now ready to try our rifles on something larger. So we planned a great deer-hunt, to last three weeks, in a region where game was said to be abundant. Swan Lake and the Calamus and Big Cedar Rivers in Nebraska were declared to be the paradise of hunters who sought either deer, elk, antelope or wolves.

We left the ladies and one of the men of our party with the car at Neligh, Nebraska, and on Thursday morning, October 7th, started for the hunt.

There were eight hunters, armed to the teeth, mostly mounted on Indian or broncho ponies, and accompanied by three mule-teams, carrying everything needed for a month of camp-life beyond the bounds of civilization.

We could make only about twenty-five miles a day, heavily laden as were our teams, for we must drive across prairies where there were no roads, and ford rivers which had no bridges.

But while the wagons moved slowly on, the ponies were kept at work galloping over the prairies and along the streams, and every day our table was supplied with prairie-chicken, duck, plover and snipe, furnishing such repasts as would make the most forlorn dyspeptic smack his lips in delight.

After some days of such travel under the sunniest of skies, we pitched our tents one night among the sand-hills between Swan Lake and the Calamus River.

These sand-hills are, many of them, so high and so precipitous, that in New England they would be termed mountains. They are, indeed, great mountain ranges, varying in width from two to forty miles, and extending for long distances between the rivers and the valleys.

Like all mountain ranges, they are occasionally broken by "passes," through one of which we sought to make our way.

We were headed for the Calamus River, and had reached a point not more than ten miles distant from it, as our guide believed, when night overtook us. As we began pitching our tents, one of the party came in and reported a herd of antelope not far distant, but we expected soon to be where such sights would be common, and we made no attempt to follow them.

Next morning, after examining the country, our guide reported that it was impossible for our mule-teams to get through the pass, and that we must go back, and, through another valley, try to reach the Big Cedar.

We followed our trail backward for a day's journey, in a drenching rain, and camped that night in a valley which it was believed would lead us to the Cedar—perhaps thirty miles distant.

Next morning we moved on, and possibly might have reached the river before night, had not some of the party stopped to hunt deer among the sand-hills, towering up on either hand. This unfortunate delay compelled us to camp that night in a broad valley, at a point which our guide thought about six miles from the river we sought. The day had been beautiful, and the evening was so mild that the writer and a companion lay out on the prairies till nine o'clock, watching for wolves, whose howls were heard around the camp every night. We pitched our tents carelessly, intending to take an early start next morning.

But alas! for our expectations! During the night the temperature fell with astonishing rapidity, a strong wind set in from the northwest, and at four o'clock in the morning snow began to fall. We *should* have broken camp immediately and gone to the nearest valley—so we learned afterward—but none of us could judge well of weather indications in Nebraska, and our guide did not apprehend anything serious, for the "oldest inhabitant" could not recollect a blizzard in October, and it was now only the 14th of the month. The guide thought, and the drivers believed, that the storm would cease at 12 P.M., and we, of course, trusted to their judgment. But, instead of this, the snow fell more and more rapidly, and the northwest gale increased in fury.

Before three o'clock we became satisfied that we must expect a long and terrible storm, and we began to prepare for it.

We had two light canvas tents, in each of which slept four men, with just blankets enough to keep them comfortable in ordinary weather. But now we must care for the guide, the porter and two drivers, who had commonly slept in the wagons, and who were but slimly provided with clothing. So into our tents we took them.

The tents themselves had been but lightly pinned to the ground, and the gaspipe frame of the larger one was not calculated for such a strain as it was now being subjected to.

It seemed probable every moment that the larger tent would be blown down. We put stronger pins into the foot-ropes, took poles from the wagons and ropes from the horses, and lashed and braced it in every conceivable way. We banked the snow around it, and piled our provision-boxes inside as a protection against the wind, but in spite of all we could do the gale made great rents in the canvas, through which the snow constantly sifted.

Before dark at least one foot of snow had fallen, but it had been the sport of the wind all day, so that in some places the drifts were six feet deep, while in others were great reaches of sand entirely bare.

The night shut in upon us, gloomy and awful. By the closest packing it was just possible for the seven men in our tent to lie down, and, covered with all the clothing we could muster, we tried to sleep. But it was a vain attempt for most of us, for the cold was terrible, and we lay in momentary expectation that the tent would be blown down; in which case it seemed certain that we should perish. We worried through the night as best we could till about four o'clock, when we determined to rise, as it would be far easier standing.

The first man who rose looked back on a bank of snow, which had drifted into the tent till the would-be sleepers were nearly buried from sight.

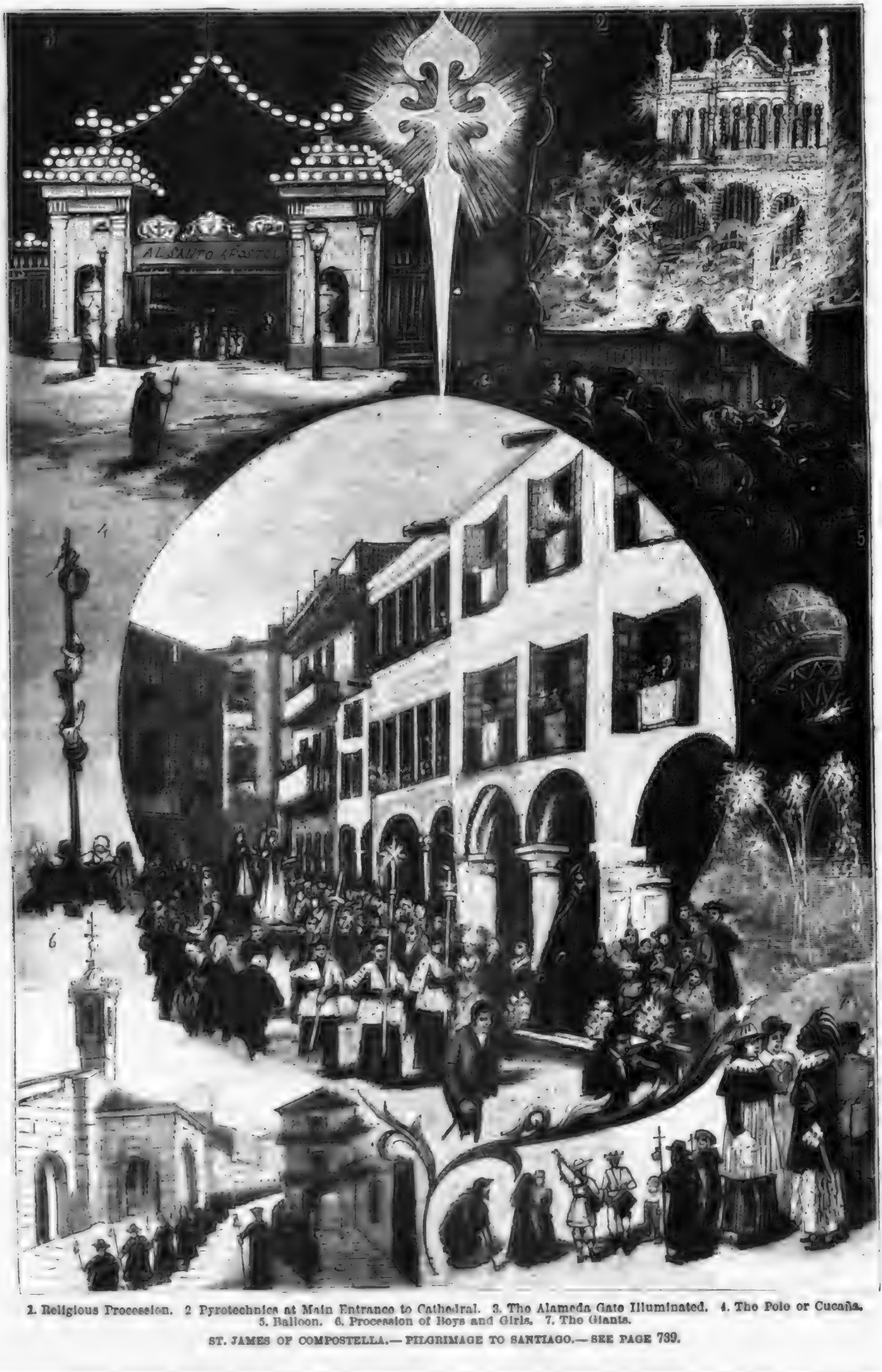
As daylight drew on we found that the storm was increasing in fury—the snow was falling faster and the wind was blowing harder.

The drivers now came in, declaring that the stock would soon perish unless we could do something to protect them, for until now the mules and bronchos had been fastened with lariats out on the prairie, and exposed to all the fury of the storm—two of them without even the protection of a blanket.

We mustered all hands, and, after great exertions, succeeded in drawing the wagons into a line near the tents. We tied the horses behind them, and, by spreading the light canvas wagon-coverings over the sides, tried to shelter the poor shivering brutes from the wind.

We dared not attempt to exercise them, for the drivers said they would travel *with* the storm readily, but that we could not get them back.

We had one small sheet-iron stove, which had been set up when we first pitched our tents beneath a light canvas "fly," but it was now buried under four feet of snow.



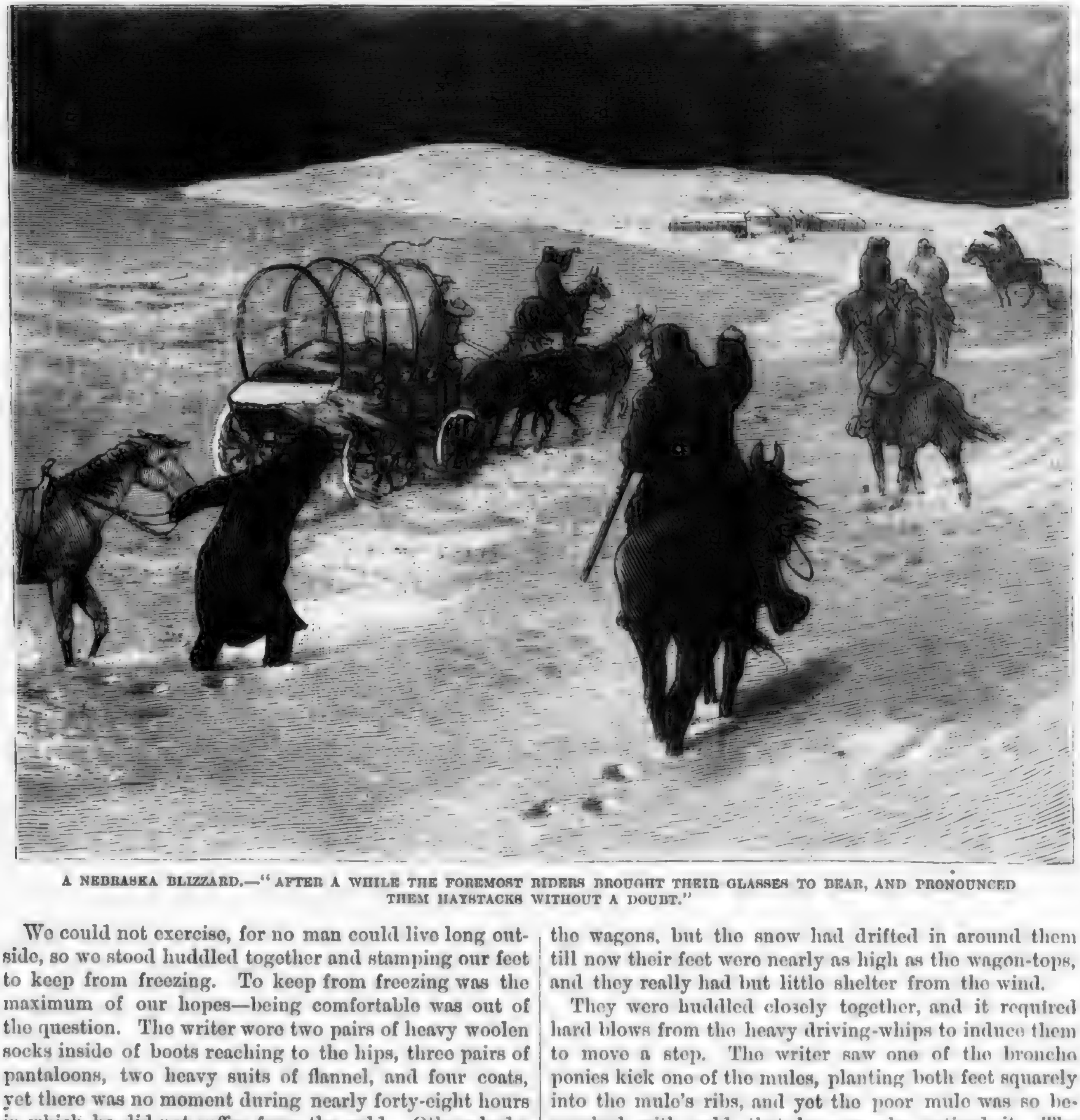
1. Religious Procession. 2 Pyrotechnics at Main Entrance to Cathedral. 3. The Alameda Gate Illuminated. 4. The Polo or Cucaña. 5. Balloon. 6. Procession of Boys and Girls. 7. The Giants.

ST. JAMES OF COMPOSTELLA.—PILGRIMAGE TO SANTIAGO.—SEE PAGE 739.

This we finally dug out, and setting it just inside the larger tent, we managed to start a little fire. But our store of wood was limited to an armful, and there was no more within we knew not how many miles, for on the prairies and among the sand-hills there are no trees.

The other tent's company had no fire at all, though they were rather better provided with clothing than we. We piled our guns and ammunition, with some portion of our bedding, in the centre of the tent, and covered all with rubber blankets.

Then, in a space about six feet by four, seven men stood through the long hours of that dreary day, each in turn bracing the tent with his shoulders, lest it might yet be blown down.



A NEBRASKA BLIZZARD.—"AFTER A WHILE THE FOREMOST RIDERS BROUGHT THEIR GLASSES TO BEAR, AND PRONOUNCED THEM HAYSTACKS WITHOUT A DOUBT."

We could not exercise, for no man could live long outside, so we stood huddled together and stamping our feet to keep from freezing. To keep from freezing was the maximum of our hopes—being comfortable was out of the question. The writer wore two pairs of heavy woolen socks inside of boots reaching to the hips, three pairs of pantaloons, two heavy suits of flannel, and four coats, yet there was no moment during nearly forty-eight hours in which he did not suffer from the cold. Others had a similar experience. Several of the men had their heads tied up with under-flannels to keep from suffering even inside the tent.

All day long the storm raged with ever-increasing fury. I know of no language that can adequately describe it.

As night drew on ours was a serious company, not to say a sad one. It was a question whether we should not yet leave our bones in that valley. Surely, if the storm continued much longer we must perish, for we could not hope to reach a settlement through the drifted snows, even if our horses could be kept alive, as did not seem probable.

The poor creatures were a pitiful sight to behold. At times they were so completely covered with sleet and ice that all resemblance to a living creature had disappeared, and it was easy to imagine that what we saw before us was a mound of ice of the most unearthly shape. Besides, we could not half feed them, for we had planned for no such delay as this, and our store of grain was nearly exhausted. We had tried to protect them behind the wagons, but the snow had drifted in around them till now their feet were nearly as high as the wagon-tops, and they really had but little shelter from the wind.

They were huddled closely together, and it required hard blows from the heavy driving-whips to induce them to move a step. The writer saw one of the broncho ponies kick one of the mules, planting both feet squarely into the mule's ribs, and yet the poor mule was so benumbed with cold that he scarcely noticed it. The drivers said they could not survive much longer.

We knew we could not all sleep that night, so we piled our baggage against one end of the tent, making a place where five men could half sit and half recline, while the other two kept alive the fire that we might not all freeze to death together.

In this way we passed the night, each taking his turn and standing, while the others rested but could not sleep. It seemed as if morning would never come. But it came at last, and revealed the unspeakably welcome fact that the snow had ceased to fall. It was Sunday morning; so it proved, though we had so lost our reckoning that no one appeared to be certain what day it was.

The cold was so intense that nearly every freezable thing was already frozen solid. But we managed to heat some water, and so had hot coffee and crackers for breakfast. That breakfast was eaten in silence. Every man was busy with his own thoughts. We knew not where we were, and it was evident that the guide knew no more about it than we did; for by this time he had come to think we might not be in the valley, which he had supposed, and so not near the Big Cedar at all.

We only knew that we were about ninety miles from our car, and probably thirty miles from the nearest cattle-ranch, though how to reach either we did not know.

Compasses were of no value, and we could only follow the general course which seemed to the majority most likely to bring us to some settlement. But should we move at all was now the question. Some declared it dangerous to attempt it, since if we took our tents down, we could never pitch them again, and argued that our only hope lay in remaining for some time longer where we were, using our wagons for fuel and our horses for food. Others declared their purpose to move at all hazards and without delay, and, eschewing words, went on preparing to start. A majority vote had usually determined our course, but now it was a question of life or death, and each man must act for himself. A proposition was made to divide the company, as many going on as chose, and the rest delaying; but this would not do, for if we separated, we should all perish. We resolved to keep together at all hazards. Finally we determined to move.

We threw away every article that could possibly be dispensed with, and began our march—a march for life. It was difficult traveling through the drifted snow; it was bitter cold, and the wind was still blowing from the northwest at a hurricane rate. But we feared the snow might begin to fall again, and we pushed on, breaking through the drifts with our ponies, that the mule teams might more rapidly advance.

Several times during the day we saw deer not far away, but no man dared to leave the teams in an effort to get them, and it would not do for the teams to stop. Frequently during the afternoon our glasses were brought to bear on what we hoped might be haystacks covered with snow; but as often as our hopes were raised in this way, we were disappointed on approaching to find nothing but another range of the dreaded sand-hills.

So all day long we pushed on, never stopping to feed a horse—never stopping for anything—but urging our animals to their utmost speed. Should we find a place of shelter before dark, or must we spend another night on the prairies?

About five o'clock we once more saw what resembled haystacks. They were perhaps five miles distant, and we pushed for them with all possible speed. After a while the foremost riders brought their glasses to bear, and pronounced them haystacks without a doubt.

When this word came back along the weary line, it was like an inspiration from heaven. I never saw men so excited nor so joyous. Xenophon's soldiers shouted "Thalassa! Thalassa!" and cried for joy when they first caught sight of the sea in their memorable march; but they *could not* have been more delighted than were we. Grave, gray-bearded men, merchants and city fathers of Worcester, threw up their hats and shouted for joy!

Yes, these were haystacks! It meant a full meal once more for the horses. It meant a fire and some degree of comfort. We could stop here till next morning, and then reach some settlement. The very horses caught the inspiration of the moment; and the poor creatures, that a few moments before could scarcely be driven at a slow walk, now pushed on at a rapid pace.

As we came nearer we saw tracks of cattle in the snow. What a glad sight was this! Never did hunter feel more delighted at sight of the fresh tracks of his game than we at sight of the footprints of these cattle. This meant that human beings must be near at hand. It foretold some shelter, and perhaps sleep. Coming still nearer, we found a cattle-ranch, with about a hundred cattle herded between long lines of haystacks; and, approaching these, we found a stable built of sods and covered with prairie-grass, in which were living two ranchmen. They gave us cheerful welcome and they gave us shelter. We spread our blankets on soft hay, and lay down that night in the stable, some of us so near to the cattle as to be warmed by their bodies.

It was still bitter cold, and we did not sleep very much; but it had been colder, for at the door of the stable, as we entered, we saw two cattle that had been frozen to death within the last few days. But we were glad of even this shelter, and that sod stable will remain a bright picture in our memories for many a day. We now learned where we were—about sixty miles from our car—and thence, by easy stages, we made our way back to our friends, reaching Neligh after three days. To their eyes, we were like men risen from the dead. It was supposed we must have perished, for the papers were full of accounts of men and cattle that had succumbed to the cold nearer civilization than we were. Relief parties would have been sent out for us, but no one knew where to send.

On our way home we crossed the South Fork of the Elkhorn River on the ice, with all our horses and wagons. This on the 18th of October! Indeed, it was cold!

We passed one cattle-ranch from which one thousand five hundred cattle had stampeded during the storm, many of them, undoubtedly, to perish on the boundless prairies. We had shot no deer, or elk, or antelope, but we had escaped with our lives, and we were profoundly grateful; and to-day we are unanimous in the wish that we may never again be caught in a Nebraska blizzard.

On the western coast of England grows a sort of sea-grass (*Porphyra laciniata*) which is made into something like bread. In the main it is gathered by women; they then wash it, and pluck all other plants carefully from it. After this it is boiled for some two hours; then the mass is cut in pieces with knives and kneaded into loaves. Oatmeal is then strewed over it to give it greater cohesion and a more inviting appearance, and then it is baked. It keeps in Summer for four days and in Winter for eight. Many women on the coast of Devonshire earn their living by selling this bread, and most of it is sent to Swansea, where it is much liked by the poorer classes.

There is no doubt that memory, although it may be cultivated, is originally a gift of nature; so, also, application must be regarded as a natural endowment; for there are some men, however well disposed, who can never bring themselves to grapple closely with anything.

DROWNED.

By Joaquin Miller.

A fig for her story of shame and of pride!
She strayed in the night, and her feet fell astray;
The great Mississippi was glad that day,
And that is the reason the poor girl died
The great Mississippi was glad, I say,
And splendid with strength in his fierce, full pride—
And that is the reason the poor girl died.

And that is the reason, from first to last,
Down under the dark, still cypresses there
The Father of Waters he held her fast,
He kissed her face, he fondled her hair;
No more, no more, an unloved outcast,
He clasped her close to his great, strong breast,
Brave lover that loved her last and best.

Around and around in her watery world,
Down under the boughs where the bank hung steep,
And the cypress trees kneeled gnarly and curled,
Where woods hung dark as the waters were deep,
Where strong, swift waters were swept and swirled,
Where the whirlpool sobbed and sucked in its breath,
As some great monster that is choking to death—

Where sweeping and swirling around and around
That whirlpool eddied so dark and deep
That even a populous world might have drowned,
So surging, so vast, and so swift its sweep—
She rode on the wave. And the trees that weep,
The solemn gray cypresses leaning o'er,
Their roots ran blood as they leaned from the shore!

She surely was drowned! But she should have been still;
She should have been dead as the dead under ground;
She should have been still as the dead on the hill!
But ever and ever she eddied around,
Nearer and nearer, and she held me there
Till her eyes met mine in their cold, dead stare.

Then she looked, and she looked as to look me through;
And she came too close to my feet on the shore.
For her large eyes, larger than ever before,
They never grew weary as dead men's do.
And her hair! as long as the moss that swept
From the cypress trees as they leaned and wept.

Then the moon rose up, and she came to see,
Her long, white fingers slow pointing there;
Why shoulder to shoulder she stood with me
On the bank that night, and her shoulders bare,
Slow pointing and pointing that white face out,
As it swirled and it swirled and it swirled about.

Oh, ever and ever, around and around,
Those great sad eyes that refused to sleep!
Reproachful eyes that had ceased to weep!
And the great whirlpool with its gurgling sound!
The reproachful dead that was not yet dead!
The long, strong hair from that shapely head!

Her hair was so long!—so marvelous long!
As she rode and she rode on that whirlpool's breast;
And she rode so swift, and she rode so strong,
Never to rest as the dead should rest.
Oh, tell me true, could her hair in the wave
Have grown, as grow dead men's in the grave?

For, hist! I have heard that a virgin's hair
Will grow in the grave of a virgin true,
Will grow and grow in the coffin there,
Till head and foot it is filled with hair
All silken and soft—but what say you?
Yea, tell me truly can this be true?

For oh, her hair was so strangely long
That it bound her about like a vail of night,
With only her pitiful face in sight!
As she rode so swift, and she rode so strong,
That it wrapped her about, as a shroud had done,
A shroud, a coffin and a vail in one.

And oh, that ride on the whirling tide!
That whirling and whirling it is in my head.
For the eyes of my dead they were not yet dead,
Though surely the lady had long since died.
Then the mourning wood by the watery grave;
The moon's white face to the face in the wave.

That moon I shall hate! For she left her place
Unasked up in heaven to show me that face.
I shall hate for ever the sounding tide;
For oh, that swirling! it is in my head
As it swept and it swirled with my dead not dead,
And it gasped and it sobbed as a God that died.

LA SEVIERE'S GIFT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Laurence Germaine.

On the night between Christmas Eve and Christmas Morning, something more than twenty years ago, a wild storm was raging along the French coast. The fierce howling of the wind, the beating of the rain that swept by in angry gusts, the ceaseless lashing of the waves on the beach, struck terror even to the hearts of people safely housed.

What must have been the feelings of the doomed creatures aboard the stranded ship that lay on a reef a mile from shore? The heavy surf rolled over her with a boom like a death-knell, and she writhed and shivered in every blast. Life-saving appliances were not then what they are now, and nothing could be done to help the wretched victims of the tempest. The peasants of La Seviere paced the beach, silent from profound pity, or loudly lamenting the poverty of their resources.

The curé did not for a moment cease to pray for the repose of the hapless souls. Monsieur de Sevier, the chief man of the district, calculated over and over the chances that a few persons might be saved.

At last, in the gray dawn, the poor ship went to pieces with a crash which all the roar of the tempest could not drown.

Of all her human freight, but one creature reached the shore; and, strangely enough, it was the frailest one on board—a little child, strapped to a rude raft of three spars.

The storm had slightly lulled, and there was a faint pink flush in the east when the wild waves with sudden gentleness laid their precious burden on the beach.

The men reverently took off their caps, as in the presence of death; but Monsieur de Sevier poured a few drops of brandy between the tiny white lips, and presently the breath came fluttering back.

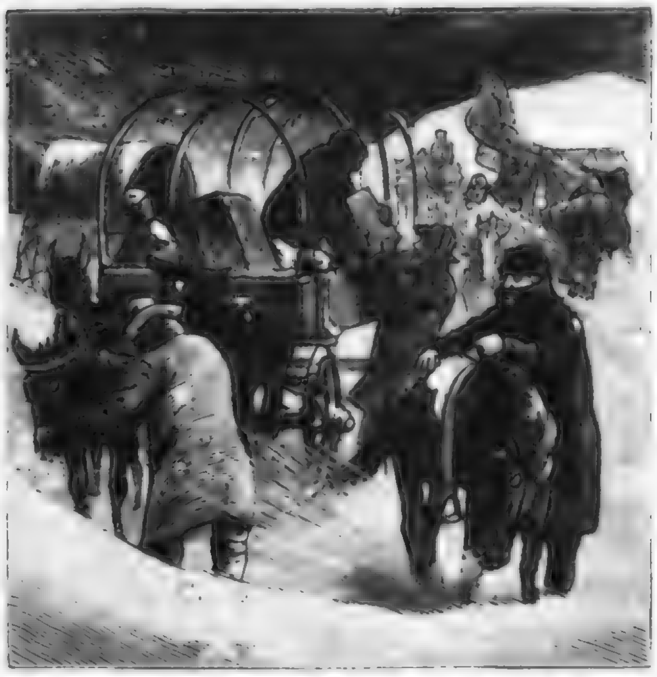
The child was a girl, about two years old, dark-eyed, dark-haired, and with a beautiful, clear, brunette skin.

She was richly dressed, and about her neck hung a slender gold chain, to which was attached an antique jewel of emeralds. There was no clew whatever to her identity, nor did any of the subsequently published accounts of the *Mermaid's* shipwreck serve to restore her to her friends.

Monsieur de Sevier took the child to his home and brought her up. He named her Aimée. "For," he said, gravely, "with her beauty and sweetness she was born to be loved."

But the curé used to fondly call her Dieudonnée—God-given.

"She is the best thing that ever came to La Seviere," he would declare. "She was a blessed Christmas gift, and I have an idea that through her will come great good to La Seviere."



A NEBRASKA BLIZZARD.—"WE THREW AWAY EVERY ARTICLE THAT COULD POSSIBLY BE DISPENSED WITH, AND BEGAN OUR MARCH—A MARCH FOR LIFE."—SEE PAGE 743.

She grew up a charming young woman, with delightful manners and a thorough mental training. Monsieur de Sevier educated her himself, not being able to afford the usual commonplace instruction of a boarding-school.

For Monsieur de Sevier was poor; poorer than any one but a Frenchman can be and yet live not only in decency, but in a certain sort of elegance. His wife was dead, but his faithful housekeeper, Mathilde, maintained the little house in neatness and comfort. She was paid in board and clothes; of the latter she never had more than one new article at a time. The same shawl she wore to Mass on the morning little Aimée was found, she was still wearing twenty years later.

It was wonderful to see the art with which the ravages of time and the pinches of necessity were concealed and ignored in that simple household. The fine, heavy table-linen was a mass of invisible darning; the thin, old silver spoons, not one of which Monsieur de Sevier would sell if he were starving, were as brilliant as yesterday's electro-plate. Sugar, tea, coffee, and meat were often lacking; but the vegetable soup was served in a gold-lined tureen Louis XIII. had given a De Sevier, and the frugal dessert of grapes and apples was eaten off china plates painted a hundred years ago with the De Sevier arms.

"The dear God knows I wish I could make some money for you, Monsieur de Sevier," said Mathilde one day, with the usual manner of a French servant, half respectful, half confidential.

"You are so clever at saving, you have no need of making it," said her master, with a gentle smile.

"Monsieur is too kind!" said the woman, gratefully.

"Why, my good Mathilde, I cannot half express my obligations to you. You ward off from me the pain of knowing the thousand shifts and petty economies to which we are reduced. I may have lost my rank and fortune; but, thanks to you, I shall never lose my dignity."

Mathilde went off with her apron at her eyes, while Monsieur de Sevier sat a long time ruminating on the departed glories of his ancestors.

The De Sevier fortunes had never flourished since the Revolution of 1793, at which epoch the head of the house had been guillotined, and his stately château burned; the roof, woodwork and furniture being completely destroyed, though the massive stone walls and staircases were left intact. The tapestries, pictures, silver, jewels and china had been carried away and secreted before the pillagers arrived, and they adorned the home where the succeeding De Seviers lived.

It was a very little house, situated at the extreme end of a long, narrow peninsula, reaching nearly a mile from the mainland out to sea.

In a storm this neck of land, excepting that portion immediately around the house, was often submerged by the waves.

It was not an ideal home, being too sunny in Summer and bleak to desolation in Winter; but at least, as Monsieur de Sevier used piously to say:

"Thank Heaven! we do not live where some vulgar, noisy neighbor can overlook our garden."

He would sit for hours wondering if any miracle would ever restore the ancient château.

"What joy it would be to see these precious heirlooms in their rightful place!" he often murmured, as he gazed upon his treasures. "But it is an idle dream. I have never seen them there, and I never shall."

AIMÉE'S STORY.

"MATHILDE, I'm going to the château," I say, imperiously, as I lean through the open window into the kitchen, where she is daintily compounding a cake.

She flavors it with rose-water of her own distilling before answering.

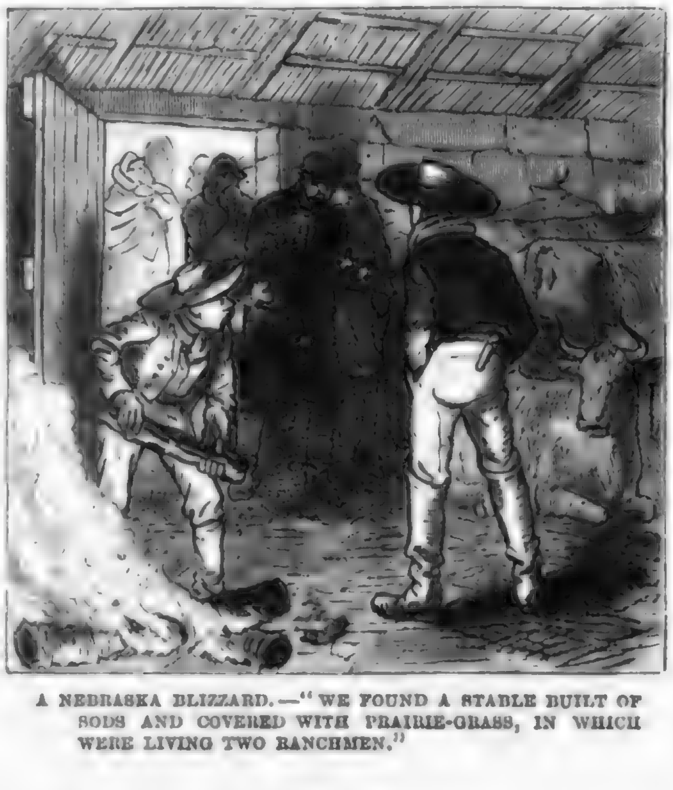
"Your father"—Monsieur de Sevier is always spoken of as my father—"disapproves of your going out alone," she remarks, dubiously.

"Yes, I remember," I say, lightly. "I don't want him to know it and be vexed. If he asks for me, say I'm asleep."

She smiles at the idea of her telling this outrageous falsehood.

"What a mischief you are, mademoiselle!" she says. "When I first saw you, I said, 'She is not French,' and I have said it every day these twenty years."

"Of course I'm not," I say, merrily. "I may be English—American—even German."



A NEBRASKA BLIZZARD.—"WE FOUND A STABLE BUILT OF SODS AND COVERED WITH PRAIRIE-GRASS, IN WHICH WERE LIVING TWO RANCHMEN."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaims Mathilde, devoutly.

"The true French girl is industrious and obedient," I say, taking up the cake-bowl, which, however, Mathilde has scraped so bare that I cannot get even a taste of the sweet, white batter.

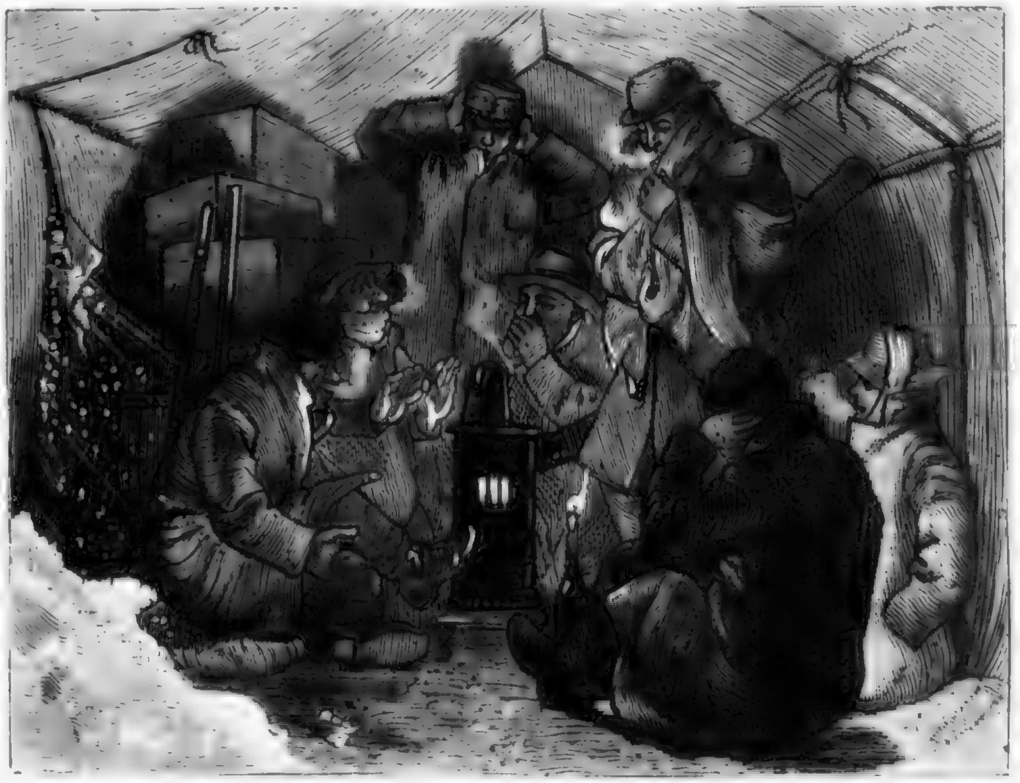
When she has reverently deposited the pan in the oven, I startle her by reaching in, drawing her to the window, and flinging both arms around her neck.

"Oh, say that you love me, Mathilde, even if I'm not French!" I say, eagerly, pressing my round cheek against her withered one. Poor, hard-worked, ill-fed Mathilde looks ten years older than she is.

The tears come into her tired eyes as she murmurs, "You know I do, dearie."

"Oh, I don't *want* to be rough and romping!" I explain, earnestly; "but my heart beats so hard and my blood runs so fast, I can't help singing and dancing all the time!"

"It's only your spirits, my child," she says, tenderly. "You may go for your walk, of course." Then, briskly: "The saints be praised, you are too dark to tan or freckle!"



A NEBRASKA BLIZZARD.—"IN THIS WAY WE PASSED THE NIGHT, EACH TAKING HIS TURN AND STANDING, WHILE THE OTHERS RESTED BUT COULD NOT SLEEP."—SEE PAGE 742.

"Mathilde, why should you be glad of that?" I ask, demurely, though I know well enough.

"Why, you have not any dowry, poor girl! to buy you a husband; all depends on your face!"

"Yes, I remember," I say, carelessly.

I have been well instructed in my duties, and fully intend to take the first suitor that offers.

"But there is no great hurry, is there?" I ask, somewhat anxiously. "No one has fallen in love with me yet."

"No such luck!" says Mathilde, gloomily. "The only hurry is that when you are provided for, Monsieur de Sevier will marry again. He has not yet fixed upon the lady; it will not be an affair of the heart. You understand that he wishes a son to whom he can leave the De Sevier name."

I laugh heartily at this.

"Fancy, marrying merely a name!" I say, in youthful scorn of motives I do not understand.

"A name is worth more than millions of money. It is something *you* haven't got!" says Mathilde, sharply. Then, softening: "The good God grant you may never feel the need of it!"

And then I run away through the warm October sunshine. I walk nearly an hour up a slight ascent; the corresponding declivity is on the further side of the château—an abrupt precipice of a hundred feet, overhanging a rocky ravine. The wall of the château is not twenty feet from the verge of this descent.

I reach the vast old ruin, and wander through it, clothing it in imagination with the beauties of ninety years before.

"The ponds were full of golden carp," I muse; "the gallant cavalier's hand was always ready to grasp his diamond-hilted sword; the belles had more lovers, richer gowns and sweeter faces than women have nowadays. Oh, that I had been a *grande dame* of the olden time!"

And I walk majestically across the mossy sward which carpets the spacious dining-hall, fancying I am trailing behind me a white satin dress, broidered with roses and forget-me-nots.

"A pretty wish for a girl who has never owned a yard of silk!" I laugh, as I step out on the narrow plateau above the ravine.

Only a moment do I stand enjoying the magnificent view of hill, valley and stream, for at a few paces distant I see a man lying asleep upon the grass.

I am about to retire, when, to my horror, I perceive that, in his slumber, he has unconsciously moved into a position of extreme danger. The upper part of his body lies on the very brink of the frightful precipice!

"How could he be so silly as to fall asleep here?" I say, impatiently, but then reflect that it is the coolest spot to be found for miles, and that doubtless the light wind lifting his curls is very refreshing to him.

"What in the world am I to do?" I ask myself, anxiously. "The least motion will send him over. I dare not startle him by calling. Oh, if Mathilde were only here!"

At last I decide on my course, and stealing to him gently, slip one arm beneath his head. Then, blushing all over, I draw him toward me till he is out of peril. In another moment I can slip away, and I promise myself not to stop running till I reach home, lest he should rise and follow.

Horror! With the rough, quick movement of an uneasy sleeper, he turns suddenly, and his great broad shoulder firmly pinions my poor little arm to the earth.

I barely repress a scream of pain. Angry tears rush into my eyes, but before they fall the man wakes and stares with astonished, deep-blue eyes at the scarlet face so near his own.

"My arm—you are hurting it!" I say, faintly.

He rises instantly, stammering out a few confused and hesitating sentences. After a moment I choke down my shame and vexation, and explain, simply:

"You were lying in a place of danger, and I was afraid to call, fearing you might roll over in the act of waking, so I tried to drag you away—with what result you know!"

"I know that you saved me from being beaten to a jelly on those rocks down there," he says, "and I cannot sufficiently blame myself for hurting you, even unwittingly."

And he goes on to thank me warmly.

I give him a frigid little bow and walk away. In a moment he has caught up his hat and sketch-book, and is following me.

"Do me one more favor," he pleads, earnestly. "Will not you direct me to the village of La Seviere, and to the house of Monsieur de Sevier?"

"Oh, are you going there?" I cry, unaccountably glad to hear it. "Why, he is my—my father!"

"Permit me to introduce myself," the young man says. "I am Sir Guy Garthwaite, of Garth, England. Since my ancestors entertained yours when they were driven from home by the Revolution, the two families have been firmly united."

So I allow him to accompany me, though I relapse into shyness. We make a pretty picture, I fancy, the stalwart young Englishman and I, as we go lightly down the hill together.

He is exceedingly well-dressed, in a rough, careless way; he is tall and rather fair, with alertness and strength in every motion.

I am of an almost gypsy-like darkness, and my plain gray costume is only set off by a scarlet wing in my hat. After a while I venture to say, timidly:

"My father would not like me to be walking with you." He looks puzzled; then embarrassed.

"Perhaps I should not ask you to disregard the custom of your country," he says, slowly. "But don't you think, since Fate threw us together in such a strange fashion, that you and I need not be bound by that absurd restriction?"

"I do not dislike walking with you," I say, frankly; "only I should not like to lessen my chances of marrying well. No man would think so highly of me were it known that I had spoken alone with you."

"But surely," begins Sir Guy, with earnestness," if a man loved you——"

"Oh, hush! hush! What are you saying?" I cry, reddening at the mere mention of the word love, which in a French girl's mind has a totally different significance from marriage.

I am rather silent till we reach home, and am only reassured by finding that Monsieur de Sevier is neither angry nor shocked at my breach of propriety, so glad is he to welcome a scion of the Garthwaites.

Sir Guy sleeps in the little village inn, but he spends most of his time with us, the evenings playing piquet in our little bare parlor shining with neatness, the days in long strolls with my guardian and me, sometimes—oh, wonder of wonders!—with me alone. Even Mathilde offers no objection to this surprising intimacy.

I do not know when I begin to regard the conventional marriage with a wealthy old man, to which I have always looked forward with complacency, as something monstrous and horrible.

Sir Guy has not been with us a month before I realize that if I am never anything to him, at least I can never be the wife of any other man.

"Mathilde is right to say I am not French," I tell myself, as I contrast my own fiery nature with that of the one or two girls of my limited acquaintance—quiet and unmoved as statues.

I am not like that. I am keen to suffer and to enjoy, and now that the unhoped-for delight of loving is mine, I joyfully quaff of the strangely sweet cup.

One cold November night, when Sir Guy has been with us six long, happy weeks, we go out upon the rocks, a few rods from the house, to see the white waves dashing in under the brilliant moonlight.

"Surely you can see just as well from the windows," Monsieur de Sevier demurs, looking up from the game of cards which is absorbing himself and the curé—the same curé who saw me drift upon the beach so long ago, only grown jollier and older.

But Sir Guy insists upon my having an outdoor view, and I go out into the night with him. We say almost nothing. I would not dare put into words, even to myself, my girlish hopes and fears.

A long time we watch the waves, less longing and restless than our own hearts. At last, as I stand on a round stone, Sir Guy a little below me, I slip and lose my balance altogether.

But I do not fall. His arms are thrown tightly round me, and I am held firmly against his breast. I can feel the strong beating of his heart. An instant later, a long, passionate kiss is pressed upon my lips.

I wonder if ever any other girl was so happy! I feel as if pain and sorrow were for ever put away from me by that magic touch. When he releases me we walk silently toward the house.

In the porch we pause.

"I will not come in," Guy says, in his deep, rich voice—he is no longer Sir Guy to me—"but to-morrow I will see your father, and then——"

A long, close hand-clasp finishes his sentence. I watch him stride away through the dazzling moonlight, and then go in where the three loveless old creatures are sitting by our only fire.

My heart is full of pity for them all the evening, till I drop into the dreamless sleep of youth.

In the morning I escape from the house, and betake myself up the hill to the château. It is there, where we first met, that I would like to have Guy follow me to-day. I am too happy to feel the chill of the late Autumn air; every breath seems to me like a draught of wine. The sun is shining, and Guy is coming!

Yes! at last I hear his footsteps! Will he speak first, or will he take me in his arms and kiss me? I turn away, that he may not read too quickly my flushed and joyous face.

It seems to me that he is walking very slowly, and when he reaches me he is in no great hurry to speak. My heart sinks with a sense of trouble.

"I have been talking with Monsieur de Sevier, Aimée," he says at last, very gravely. "I asked his permission to make you an offer of marriage. He did not withhold his consent, but he gave me some information which forces me to alter my intention."

A deadly chill runs over me, and the landscape at my feet turns gray.

"I supposed that you were Monsieur de Sevier's own child," he explains, heavily and sadly. "I find that you are of unknown extraction, and while your beauty and character are such as would grace a throne, still they may have sprung——"

"From thieves!—murderers! The offscouring of the earth!" I say, hotly.

I am bitterly stung, and tremble from head to foot with indignation.

"Do not misjudge me, Aimée!" Guy says, quickly. "Do not dream that I myself would ever dream of finding an objection to you in your unknown birth. My darling, you must know that I love you too madly to care two straws about anything else. But a solemn vow stands between us."

I listen, thankful that it is not from any pride of his own that he will not marry me.

"My elder brother, Frank, married a girl from the lower classes," he goes on. "They are both dead now, but before he died the poor fellow suffered tortures at her hands. She had a low, petty nature, and an innumerable swarm of relatives more hopelessly vulgar and illiterate than herself, and, although there was no open scandal, yet these people made life unspeakably wretched for us all, including Frank, whose love waned with the honeymoon. The two ill-mated, chafing creatures died together in a railway accident. My mother did not long survive the shock of her eldest son's violent death. Before she died she asked me to promise never to incur the trouble that had crushed poor Frank—never in any way to marry beneath me."

A heavy sigh escapes him, and he pauses a moment.

"She ought not to have asked me to fetter myself so, and I shrank from making the required promise; but to see her lying there, moaning that she could not die without it, was too much for me, and I gave it."

Again he is silent.

"How can I tell you, Aimée, what I feel at this moment! How can I disregard a sacred pledge made to the sainted dead! Yet, how can I give up you, my love, my own darling!"

"Hush, Sir Guy!" I say, with quiet dignity. "My birth may be inferior, but my breeding and my pride are at least equal to yours! I cannot suffer you to address me so!"

He looks hurt and sad, utterly unlike himself.

"Is this your last word, Aimée?" he says, gloomily. "We are parting, you know! I shall start for home today. I have already staid too long!"

"Yes," I say, in a voice sharp with pain, "you *have* staid too long! Good-by, Sir Guy, we shall have entirely forgotten each other—well, let us say by Christmas time."

I turn abruptly and walk away. In a moment he overtakes me, catches my hands tightly in his own, and cries, brokenly:

"Aimée! my precious one! what shall we do?"

I lift my eyes. Great tears slip over my cheeks. He bends his head and we kiss silently. Then I free my hands and run home.

Mathilde knows all, and tries to comfort me in vain. All day and night I sob and weep without ceasing. But when morning comes I lament no more; I am wild with the delirium of fever, and so remain for a week.

Youth conquers, and at last Mathilde's dainty dishes begin to tempt me. Gradually I grow strong again, and a sunny noon in mid-December finds me leaning on Monsieur de Sevier's arm, on my way to the curé's house.

Alone with him, I unbosom myself of all my troubles, and ask his guidance for the future.

"How can I take up my broken life again?" I ask, sadly. "And oh! it must be such a disappointment to Monsieur de Sevier. He has always wished me to marry well, and now I can never marry at all—neither Sir Guy nor any one else!"

"He loves you too well, Dieudonnée, to ask you to marry a man for whom you have no affection," the curé reminds me, gently.

"Oh, I know it well!" I say. "He is good, and so is Mathilde, and you, too, father. And Guy and I have done no wrong, yet we must suffer—all of us!"

"I do not suffer, my child," the good old man says, looking contentedly round his little room—plain, but warm and sufficiently furnished.

"Oh, father, you know you do!" I remonstrate, eagerly. "You suffer for others all the time! You long to send wine to the sick, food to the hungry, fuel to all the wretched huts where the peasants shiver through the long Winter."

The curé closes his eyes and prays for a mitigation of the evils of poverty while I enumerate them. Then he says, anxiously:

"You say that Monsieur de Sevier, too, has his own troubles?"

"He has recently lost more than one source of his tiny income. He looks forward in anguish to one of two things—either to die of slow starvation, or to sell some of the priceless De Sevier treasures."

"God forbid!" murmurs the curé. "And what ails Mathilde?"

"She is overworked and burdened with care. She deprives herself of even the necessities of life for our sake. No one but herself and God knows what daily sacrifices she makes. I would gladly go out and work for my own living, but Monsieur de Sevier is too proud to allow it."

The curé is silent a long time, full of perplexed thought.

"Even to the most patient it sometimes seems a cruel thing that there should be so much woe in the world," he says, wearily. And then we discuss the declining fortunes of our friends for some time, devising plan after plan for their alleviation, each to be discarded as impracticable.

Finally, with a visible effort, the curé flings away his cares, and says, brightly:

"My child, you and I are wrong to forget for a moment that the good God watches over us, and will bring us out of our trouble in His own time."

"It is so hard to believe that, father," I sigh.

"If we do not believe it we are the most miserable of creatures," he declares, firmly. "Put your trust in God, Dieudonnée. The holiest time of the year is close at hand——"

"Yes; and that makes it so much worse," I murmur. "Picture to yourself what it is to be hungry, cold, repining; to lose one's lover and long for death—all just at the blessed Christmas time!"

He pats my head tenderly.

"Dear child, God's first great Christmas-gift to this world foretold an unfailing stream of mercies. He will never cease making Christmas gifts to us."

"He has never made a donation of much value to any one in La Seviere," I say, with so much bitterness as to shock the gentle old man.

"Hush, Dieudonnée!" he says, sternly. "You forget that wondrous blessing the ocean laid at the feet of three poor lonely people twenty years ago. You have been the delight of our eyes ever since. Who knows but another gift as wonderful may be in store for us this season—something that will wipe away all tears from our eyes!"

I shake my head despondently, and when Monsieur de Sevier calls for me, we walk slowly homeward.

Our circumstances do not improve as Christmas approaches. I mourn the cruel fate that parts me from Guy. The anxious lines deepen in Monsieur de Sevier's face, and brave old Mathilde is beginning to falter under her weary tasks.

On Christmas Eve a furious storm is raging, and we are, as usual, shut off from the mainland. We give each other our simple, home-made presents, and then sit around the fire, silent and thoughtful, listening to the tempest.

The house is shaken to its foundation many times, and our faces grow white with fear.

Mathilde cannot be moved from the belief that the end of the world is at hand. Monsieur de Sevier smiles kindly at me, as he says:

"Aimée, there has not been such a storm as this since the one that brought you to us. I shall not mind this gale to-night if it brings as much good as that other one.'

"Thank you, sir," I murmur.

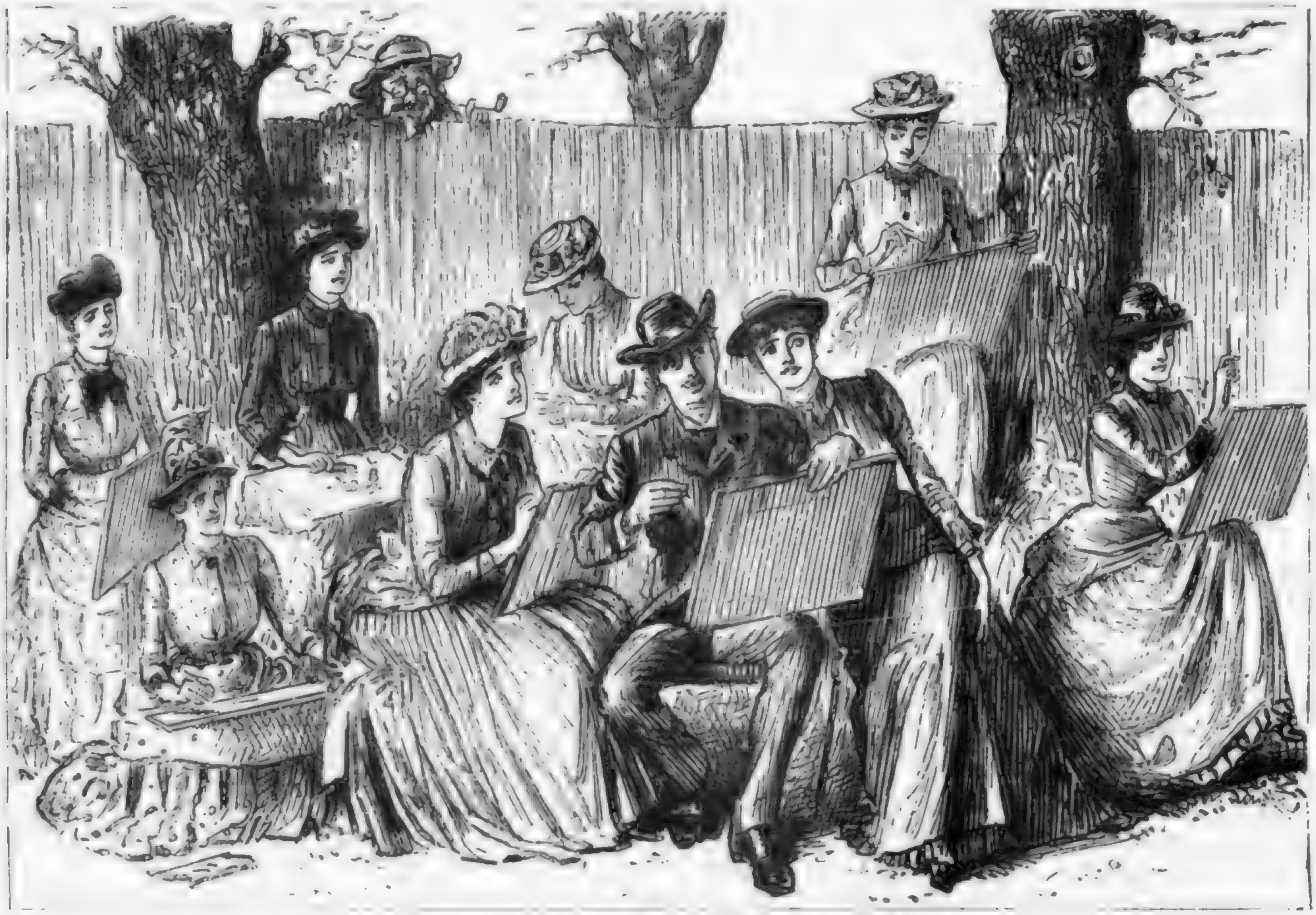
"Good Heaven! They told me in the town that Mathilde was there, attending midnight Mass!" he says, miserably. "What is to be done? My boat cannot possibly carry more than three. I was very nearly swamped a dozen times coming over."

Each of us instantly claims the right of martyrdom for the other two. At last I end it by almost pushing Mathilde and Monsieur de Sevier into the boat.

"Go, dear friends!" I say, firmly. "You need each other more than either of you needs me. I have not been a pensioner on your bounty and kindness so long to finish by accepting the sacrifice of your lives. You see, Sir Guy, that though I may lack noble birth, I am not destitute of honor!"

Then they push off, and I am left alone in the solitary, quaking house—perhaps to meet my death.

A terrible hour passes. At first I walk swiftly about, screaming whenever a fiercer gust than usual strikes the old house. At last I grow calmer and wait patiently, saying, again and again, "Thy will be done!"



WHO WOULDN'T BE A DRAWING-MASTER?

"We are more likely to lose our lives," grumbles Mathilde, and a second later her words are confirmed by a tremendous shock from wind and wave, so violent that we are thrown from our chairs and the lamp is extinguished. When it is relighted, we see that a portion of the wall has been knocked in.

"There is no earthly help for it," says Monsieur de Sevier, trembling. "The old house must go, and we with it."

As he speaks there is a loud knock at the door. We hurriedly open it.

A small boat is pressing close against the threshold, over which the water creeps insidiously.

A man is holding on by the door-jamb. It is Guy!

I am so excited I feel no surprise whatever. We exchange a single glance, and then his eyes travel over the room.

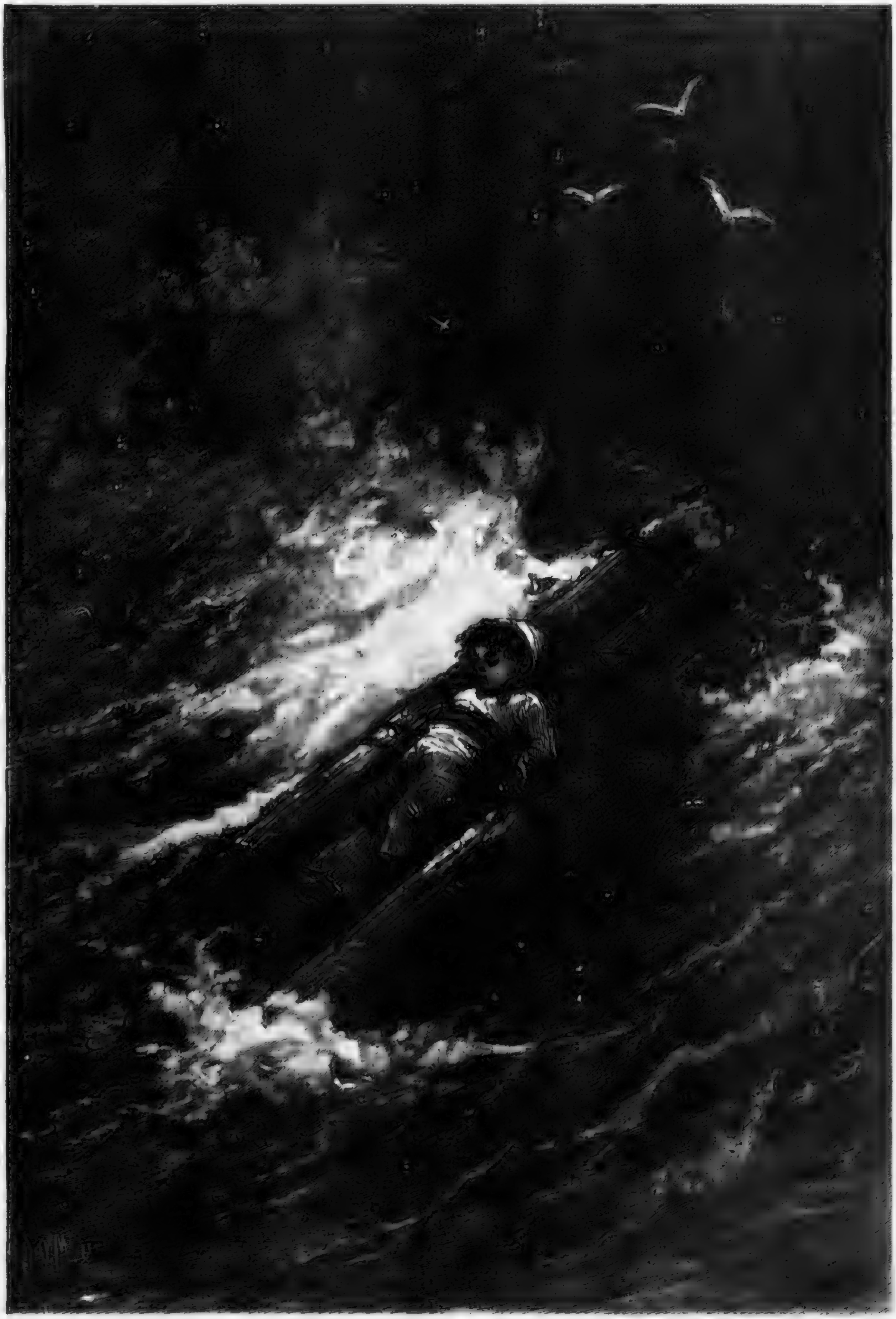
Hark! What is that shock against the door? Is the house falling at last?

Ah, no! It is Guy come back for me! He hastily secures the boat, springs into the house and takes me in his arms. We forget our peril and everything else but that we are together.

It is a long time before we speak. Then I say, "Oh, Guy! I will never again repine that we cannot be married. There is enough sweetness in just living!"

"My darling!"

"The curé prophesied that some wonderful good would come to me on Christmas Day, and you see it has come true. To see you, and still to breathe Heaven's air a living creature—I could not ask more!"



LA SEVIERE'S GIFT.—"OF ALL HER HUMAN FREIGHT, BUT ONE CREATURE EVER REACHED THE SHORE, AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT WAS THE FRAILEST ONE ON BOARD—A LITTLE CHILD, STRAPPED TO A RUDE RAFT OF THREE SPARS."

"I longed to see you, too, dear ; that is why I came How thankful I was that I did so when they said in La Seviere that this house would fall, and you were in it !"

"You were brave to row out here to us, Guy !"

"And you sent the others out of danger without a thought of yourself, my noble girl. You look so sweet, Aimée, with your soft crimson dress, and your dear, pale cheeks," he said.

"Are we safe now, Guy?"

"Yes ; the wind is lulling, and the house will stand. The sea will run less heavily in an hour or so, and we had better not risk going back just now."

So we sit together in sweet isolation till the night is far spent. There is still the old barrier between us, but each of us has an instinct that something will sweep it away, and we are blissfully happy.

In the dark gray dawn we get into the boat and Guy rows swiftly through the angry sea. The sky turns to rose and opal as we go, and I can see a group of people watching us from the beach ; the sun rises and casts a golden glow upon all the rejoicing faces. When Guy lifts me out of the boat, three people fairly tear me out of his arms, covering me with kisses and tears, and words of yearning love.

"It is the very hour and place we saw her first, twenty years ago," cried Mathilde, sobbing wildly.

"Aimée," says Monsieur de Sevier, in a voice of strong emotion, "here is a gentleman from Spain, who came to La Seviere last night ; he wished to see me, but could not get out to the house because of the storm. Do not be alarmed. This, sir, is the little girl who was washed ashore from the *Mermaid*. She will permit you to examine the little trinket she wears on her neck."

With nervous haste I drew off the little emerald amulet that shared my perilous journey when I was a baby, and hand it to the stranger, a tall, majestic man, whose gray hair makes his olive face look dark indeed. His piercing eyes scan the gem, then fasten themselves on mine.

"This talisman," he says, "was taken by one of my ancestors fighting in the Crusades from the body of a Turkish infidel he had slain. When I last saw it, it was the property of my younger brother, Juan."

I stand erect before him, though I tremble like a leaf.

"My brother had been betrothed since infancy to a noble lady. I knew that he did not wish to marry her, but I could not endure that one of our ancient lineage should be false to the vow his parents had plighted for him, and I tried to force him to keep it. The result of this interference was that one day I received a letter from Juan, in which he stated that he had married a beautiful girl, poor, but well-born, and in every way worthy of our house, and was about to sail with her on the *Mermaid*." I fairly gasp for breath.

"Of course I forgave him, and waited with great anxiety for news of the ship, which had sailed through the tempestuous Winter weather. My grief was intense when I learned the doom of the ill-fated *Mermaid*, and that no creature, living or dead, ever came to shore except a little child. Supposing my brother to be but just married, it could never occur to me to connect the child with him ; last week, however, in repairing part of my castle, a secret closet was discovered, containing a tiny casket of malachite, full of letters. These letters conclusively proved not only that Juan was married three years before his departure in the *Mermaid*, but that the loving pair had been blest with a little girl one year after their union."

I am weeping with joy, and so I think are others in the little circle.

"I came here at once, dreading to find my niece dead, or brought up to herd with peasants. I find her beautiful, good and as carefully nurtured as a princess. You have already two fathers in these good men," he continues, with dignity and grace, indicating the curé and Monsieur de Sevier. "Will you accept me as still another ?"

And then he kisses my forehead—"poor Juan's forehead over again," he calls it.

"You—we are noble ?" I ask, tremulously.

"I am Don Esteran de Silva. No blood in Europe is older and purer than mine," he says, smiling.

I look at Guy—the light of heaven is on his face.

"And rich, too ? Have I money of my own ?"

"Mademoiselle !" cries Mathilde, shocked.

Smiling still, he names a magnificent sum.

"Oh, we can restore the château !" I cry, catching Monsieur de Sevier's hands with wild delight. "What joy it will be ! How fortunate the storm has spared the house and its treasures !"

"God be praised ! And you shall be married amid the revived splendors !" says Monsieur de Sevier.

"And Mathilde, you shall have a new shawl and a silk dress. And you shall govern the servants and be a fine lady all the rest of your days !' I go on, breathlessly. Then to the curé : "And, father, you shall have more money for the poor than you ever dreamed of having."

"Did I not tell you Christmas Day would right all our troubles ?" he says, with a happy laugh.

"And what have you for me ?" asks Don Esteran, kindly.

"Nothing, sir—only love and gratitude," I say, shyly.

"That is a great deal for a lonely man," he returns, quite satisfied.

And we all walk toward the little church, the happiest six people in France.

Was there ever such a glorious morning, such a merry Christmas, such abundant proof of God's goodness before ?

When we reach the church porch Guy detains me a moment while the others pass in. We laugh gleefully, too happy to speak, press a light kiss on each other's lips, and hurry into the church, where sweet young voices are singing—

"Christ was born on Christmas Day.
Christus natus hodie !"

If some persons were to bestow the one half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out. He that spends two fortunes, and permitting himself to be twice ruined, dies at last a beggar, deserves no commiseration. He has gained neither experience from trial nor repentance from reprieve. He has been all his life abusing Fortune without enjoying her, and purchasing Wisdom without possessing her.

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, had a rare collection of roses in his grounds at Washington. His gardener, who is an experimentalist, raised thousands of plants from the seeds, but a single plant only showed indications which made him select it, although a poor tiny thing. A florist purchased this plant for seventy-five cents, and in two years he has got enough to sell this Spring for $5,000. The plants he sells in lots ranging from 500 to 1,000, are only an inch high, and the price is $50 a hundred. The new rose is termed "Beauty of America," and two other varieties have been introduced within two years—the "Sunset" and the "Bennett."

WHIRLPOOLS AND WHIRLWINDS.

By William Ackroyd.

To hasten the solution of sugar when taking tea, we stir up the contents of the cup with a spoon. The crank-like movement of the hand gives to the fluid a circular motion, and we produce a small whirlpool within the cup. In this paper, we propose to deal with such whirlpools, be they small or great; and we shall afterward extend our observations to the similar atmospheric phenomena of whirlwinds.

In order to see very plainly that a whirlpool is a body of fluid whirling round, let us take a glass tumbler instead of the tea-cup, and use water instead of tea. Put in little bits of coke, which by reason of their lightness will float on the surface, and then stir up again. The particles of coke career round and round the tumbler until the liquid comes to rest. If we watch any particular grain, it follows a course indicated by the arrows in Fig. 1. Observe that the particle when at *a* is moving toward the north side of the glass, and when at *b* it is going toward the south. The same fact we may state by saying that in a whirlpool the portions of fluid on opposite sides of the centre *c* are moving in contrary directions.

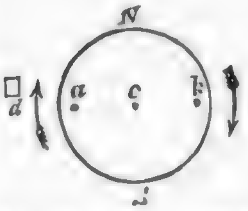


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE MOVEMENTS OF BITS OF COKE IN A TUMBLER OF WATER.

If we imagine for a moment that our glass has swollen out to thousands of times its present size, and that one of the tiniest pieces of coke is a ship, or boat, in which we are borne round by the current, then our compass-readings would fully bear out what we have been now considering; for whilst at one time we should be going northward, a little while after our course would be due southward. What we have here pictured in our minds exists in reality among the Loffoden Islands, off the northwest coast of Norway. The Maelström is a whirlpool a mile and a half across; the noise of its roar is heard for a great distance, and the small vessels that are so unfortunate as to get within its reach are sucked in and destroyed by the turbulent waters (Fig. 2).

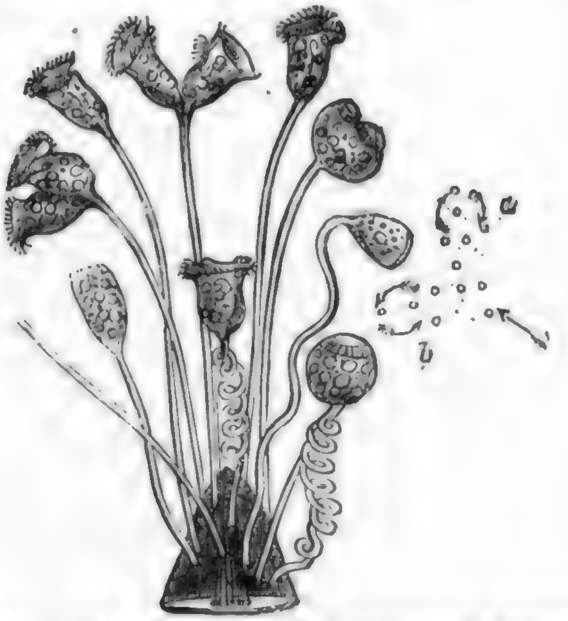


FIG. 3.—THE VORTICELLA OR BELL-ANIMALCULE, PRODUCING WHIRLPOOLS.

The reader may, likewise, have heard of the classical whirlpool of Charybdis, in the Straits of Messina; for, although far less dangerous than the Maelström, it was feared exceedingly by the ancient mariners, who in their open ships were in great danger when once within its range. Appealing rather to their imaginations than to facts for the cause, they attributed it to the monster Charybdis, who was said to suck down the water thrice every day, and to throw it up thrice again. The true cause is not far to seek, for both in the case of the Maelström, and in that of Charybdis, it is found in the contention of opposing currents of water.

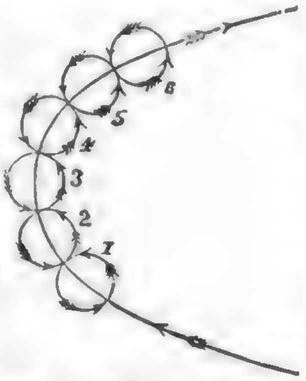


FIG. 5.—DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE MOTION OF A PEG-TOP.

Let us now take our flight to nature's opposite extreme; for we may there with a little trouble find whirlpools that are only *one thousandth part of an inch* across!

Attached to some fresh-water plants there is found a very small animal, called by naturalists *Vorticella*, or the *bell-animalcule.* To make out its form one requires a good microscope, and it is then found to be like a bell, with a long, flexible and contractile handle. Around the rim of the bell it sends out very minute thread-like processes, which it lashes vigorously backward and forward, producing by these movements the minute whirlpools we have just mentioned.

Fig. 3 gives some idea of this phenomenon. The observer sees small particles rushing toward the top of the vorticella; they are bent out of their course, and spin rapidly round; on one side in the direction of the hands of a watch, as at *a*; and on the other side in the opposite direction, as at *b*.

The tea-cup whirlpool is three thousand times wider than one of these, and the Maelström sixty-three million times; yet these vorticella eddies are as perfect as either, the small food-particles which the animalcule is eager to get dashing round and round with as much uniformity as the bits of coke in our tumbler experiment. Nature's operations on the small scale are truly as marvelous as those on the large.

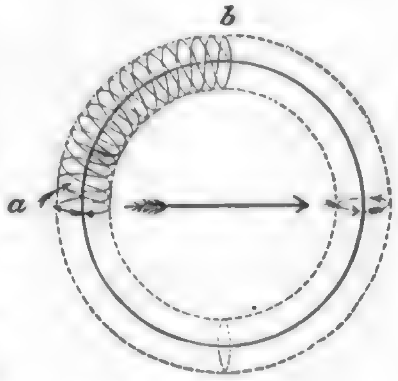


FIG. 6.—VORTEX-RING.

We may now pass to the consideration of whirlwinds—phenomena identical with those of whirlpools, but much more striking because of the greater mobility of air.

The main features of a whirlwind may be readily seen. We are out for a walk, and find ourselves on a dry and dusty road. A sudden gust of wind raises a dust-cloud near us. We plainly see the dust whirling round like the bits of coke in our tumbler experiment; but they are also borne along—they have, in short, a progressive movement. This, no doubt, has often been the reader's experience. The whirlwind characteristics, which he now recognizes, are seen more strikingly still in the dust-whirlwinds of India, which have been minutely described by Dr. Baddeley. With a very short warning, the storm bursts upon the observer. Everything is soon enveloped in darkness, and an enormous quantity of dust is sent up into the atmosphere. This is at times broken up into distinct columns, which rotate on their axes, and at the same time move over the ground. Fig. 4 represents such a column of dust—often to be seen in India and Africa—whirling round in a direction contrary to that of the hands of a watch.

The peculiarities of the motion will be thoroughly grasped by a moment's study of a peg-top. The top when hurled from the hand whirls round with great speed, and at the same time it has a motion of progression or translation, for it changes its place on the ground. Its movements may thus be graphically represented. If it starts at 1, it successively gains the positions 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 (Fig. 5), all the time spinning round with great speed. So likewise with the dust-whirlwind; whilst it rapidly rotates, it also gets over the ground.

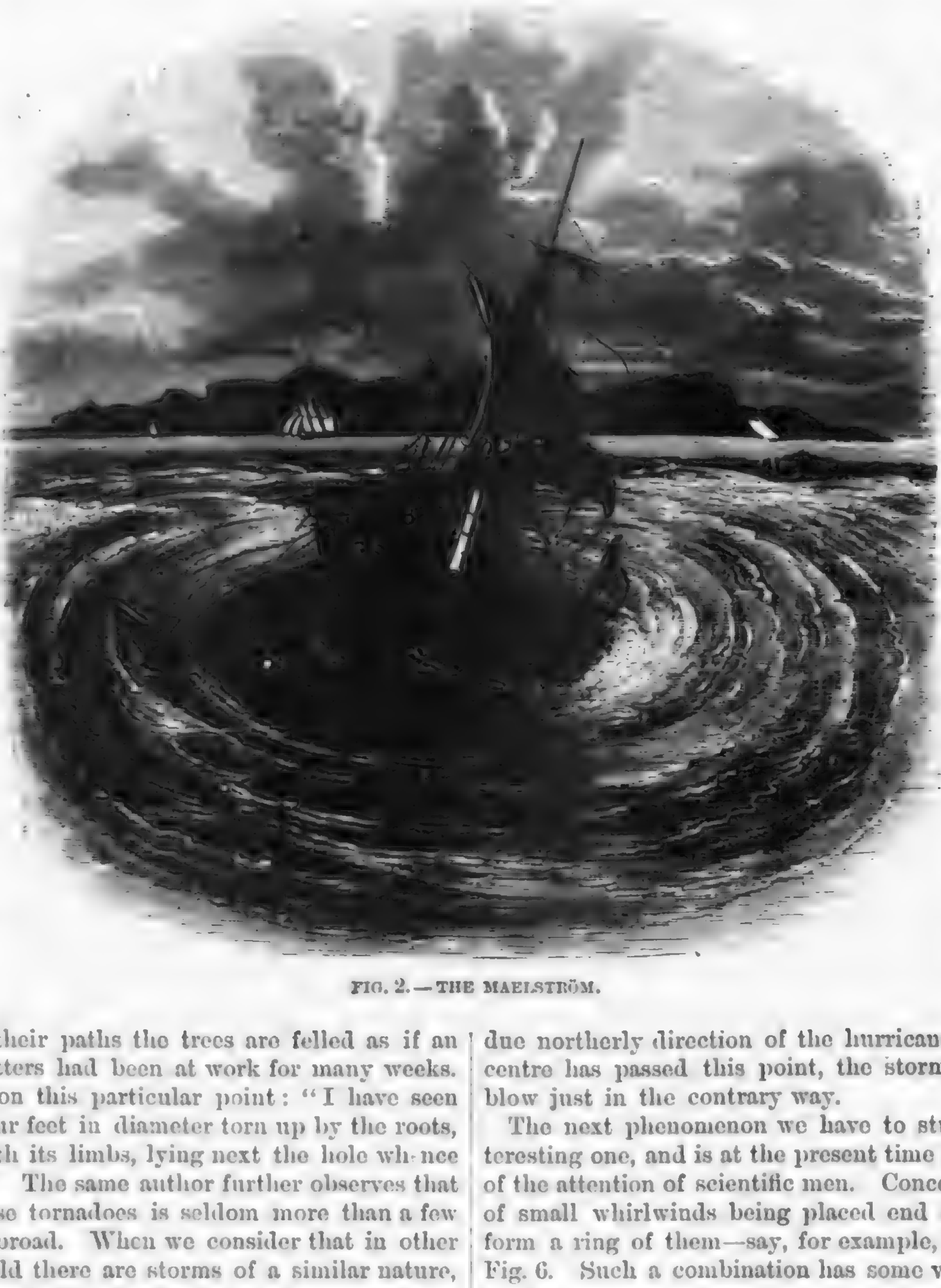


FIG. 2.—THE MAELSTRÖM.

In the Mississippi Valley, whirlwinds are very destructive; all along their paths the trees are felled as if an army of woodcutters had been at work for many weeks. Maury remarks on this particular point: "I have seen trees three or four feet in diameter torn up by the roots, and the top, with its limbs, lying next the hole whence the roots came." The same author further observes that the track of these tornadoes is seldom more than a few hundred yards broad. When we consider that in other parts of the world there are storms of a similar nature, which are as many hundred miles broad, their ravages on land and sea must be simply appalling. A storm of this kind, proceeding from the sea to the land, carries with it an irresistible storm-wave. Such a misfortune befell Lower Bengal in November, 1876. The islands at the mouth of the Megna were flooded to a depth varying between ten and forty-five feet, houses, trees and human beings being swept away. In the districts of Chittagong, Noakholly and Backergunj about 100,000 persons were drowned.

By the long-continued researches of many observers, it has been made out that the progressive motion of these dreadful whirlwinds or "cyclones" is a very leisurely one, being at the rate of two to thirty miles per hour, whilst the speed of rotation may attain to 100 miles per hour. The diagram we have already given to illustrate peg-top motion (Fig. 5) will likewise answer our purpose for cyclones, for they are essentially large bodies of air with the peg-top's rotation and progression on a greatly magnified scale.

We have already explained that particles on opposite sides of the centre of a rotating system are moving in contrary directions; the following peculiarity of cyclones will, therefore, be readily understood. When the centre of a cyclone travels over any particular place, there is a short lull, and the wind, which previously was tearing along in one direction, shortly blows in the directly opposite one. Suppose for a moment that Fig. 1 represents a cyclone whirling round in the direction of the arrows, and at the same time moving toward *d*, where an observer is stationed. As the centre approaches *d*, the first thing noticed is the due northerly direction of the hurricane; but when the centre has passed this point, the storm is observed to blow just in the contrary way.

The next phenomenon we have to study is a very interesting one, and is at the present time occupying much of the attention of scientific men. Conceive of a number of small whirlwinds being placed end to end, so as to form a ring of them—say, for example, four like *a b* in Fig. 6. Such a combination has some very curious properties.

The reader may readily make such rings, and trace their motion, by means of smoke. They are known as "vortex-rings." Take a cylindrical canister, say a clean lobster or mackerel tin. Get the tinker to punch a round hole just in the middle, and one-third of an inch in diameter. Now over the other end, which of course is quite open, tie a sheet of writing-paper. It must be tight, and as much like the face of a drum as possible. If smoldering brown paper be now placed within the tin, through the round aperture, it soon fills with smoke, and to produce rings it is only necessary to tap the paper end gently, when smoke-rings will issue with a speed proportionate to the strength of the tap (Fig. 7).

If the reader is desirous of making smoke-rings on a large scale—as, for example, to show to an audience—let him procure a tea-chest. A round hole must be cut into the side opposite the open end, and over the latter a piece of canvas should be neatly nailed. Smoke is now required, and perhaps the readiest method of making it is the following: Into one of the sides bore a couple of holes, just large enough to admit the insertion of two small glass retorts. Into one place hydrochloric acid, and into the other a solution of ammonia. Now heat the retorts with a spirit-lamp, or some other heat-source. The box becomes full of smoke of ammonic chloride—the chemical substance which results from the mixture; and if the convas be struck with the hand, large and beautiful rings issue from the round aperture.

We now possess a scientific instrument with which we can produce a certain phenomenon at pleasure—always a great step in the progress of discovery. Raleigh, as well as modern smokers, may have seen smoke-rings now and again issue from the bowl of his pipe, or originate from a puff sent out of his mouth; but such accidental phenomena take one by surprise, and we scarcely know whence they come, and much less how they are produced. The very important step of making a piece of apparatus that would produce the phenomenon when wanted was first taken by Professor Tait. His apparatus is essentially that just described and figured (Fig. 8).

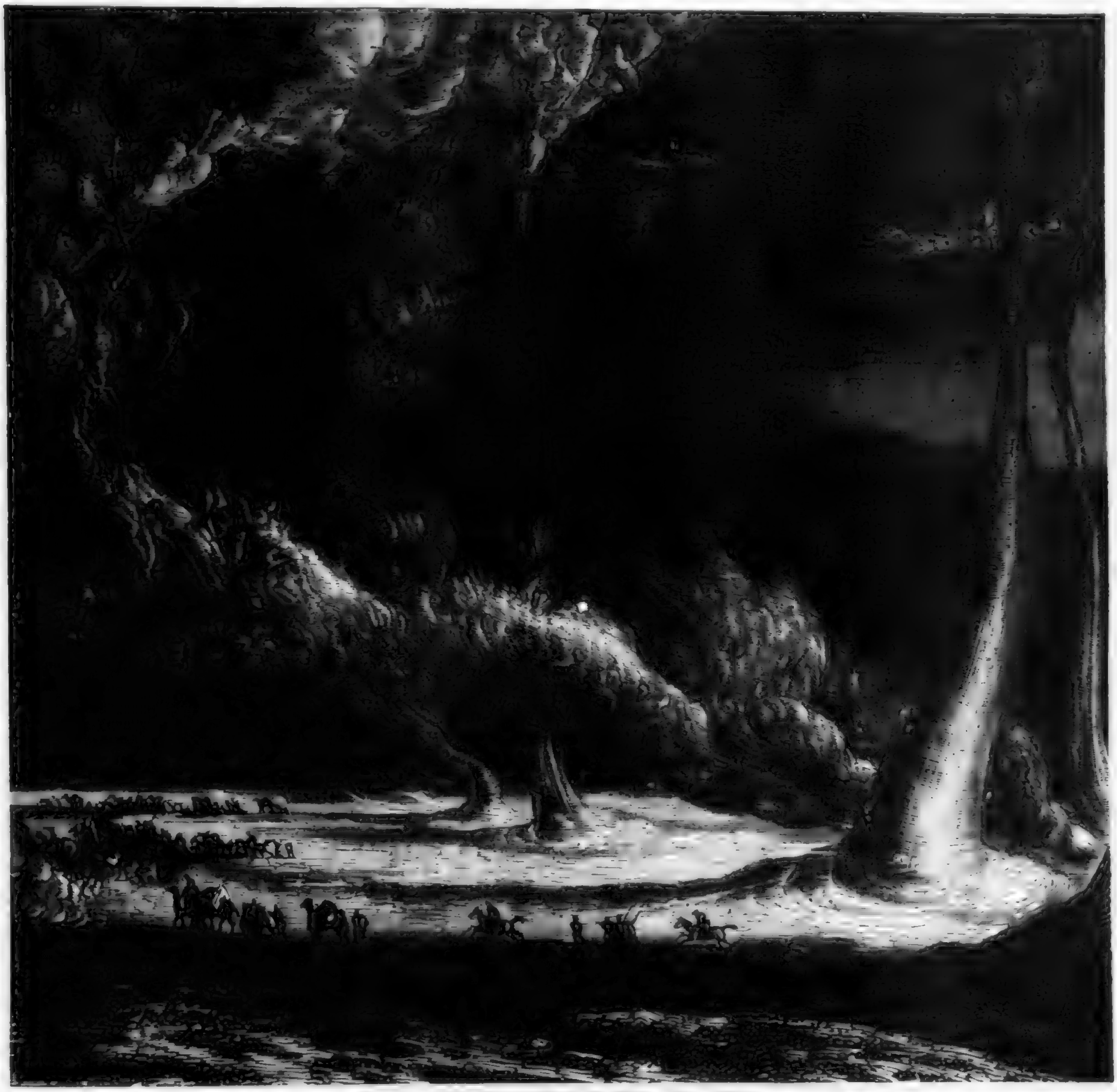


FIG. 4.—DUST WHIRLWIND OF INDIA AND AFRICA.

Having made the apparatus we have described, the reader would do well now to experiment on the nature of these smoke rings.

The first thing noticeable is the motion of the smoke-particles which constitute the ring. Fig. 6 would make this plain; but to be more explicit still, imagine that one of these rings is cut in two—it would present the appearance given in Fig. 9.

Two sections of the ring would be exposed to view, as at *a* and *b*. Now, supposing the ring is moving in the direction of the great arrow, then the smoke-particles at *b* would be seen to move in the direction of the hands of a watch, and those at *a*, the contrary way.

Try now the effect of making one smoke-ring collide against another. Often they will be shattered, but under favorable conditions they will act like rings of some elastic material, bouncing and vibrating like india-rubber rings. When all the smoke is exhausted, turn the mouth of the box toward your face; a strong puff of air will be felt after each tap, showing with what energy even small compound whirlwinds force themselves along their paths.

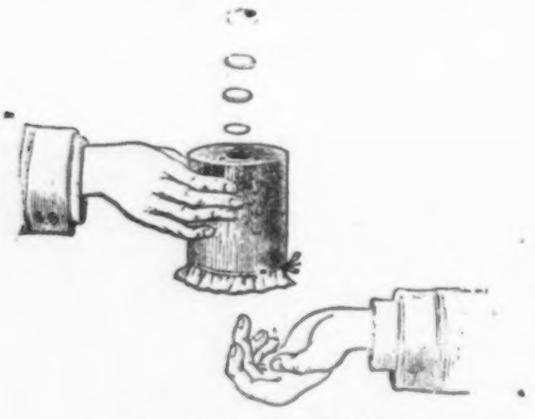


FIG. 7.—SMALL VORTEX-BOX.

After what we have said on the points of correspondence between whirlpools and whirlwinds, the reader will not be surprised—he may even expect—to be told that there are compound whirlpools. Such is the case; and they are even more easily made than the smoke-rings we have described. Have a glass of clean water before you, and dip the handle of your pen into some milk. The drop of milk that forms at the end of it must now be brought over the water and allowed to very nearly graze its surface. When it falls, a beautiful white ring is produced in the water, which will at once travel toward the bottom. Long before the bottom is reached, however, this first-formed ring gives rise to three or four others, which in their turn produce more rings, so that there is soon quite a system of them moving in one direction. Much of what we know respecting this beautiful phenomenon is due to the researches of Mr. Deacon (Fig. 10).

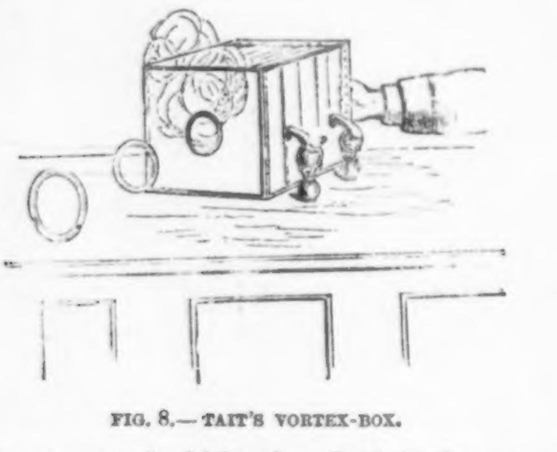


FIG. 8.—TAIT'S VORTEX-BOX.

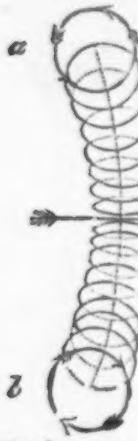


FIG. 9.—IMAGINARY SECTION OF A VORTEX-RING.

Thus far, then, we have seen that the whirling motion of liquids like water, and of gases like air, are the exact counterparts of each other; for whirlpools are of the same nature as whirlwinds. We have likewise seen that their ring-like combinations, such as the smoke-ring on the one hand and the milk-ring on the other, are perfectly similar. The scientific man therefore places these phenomena under one head—that of *vortex motion*.

We shall now conclude by pointing out the modern theoretical bearing of the facts the reader has become acquainted with. We may see the Maelström by taking a trip to the Loffoden Islands; but the vorticella eddy was invisible until special means were invented for magnifying small objects. Now, just as vortices exist that cannot be seen by the naked eye, so may vortices exist that the finest microscope is powerless to reveal. On this assumption, and bearing likewise in mind the peculiar properties of vortex-rings, there are philosophers who have gone so far as to suppose that the ultimate parts of matter which chemists call atoms are but infinitesimally small vortex-rings of very peculiar fluid. Such is Thomson's theory of *vortex-atoms*—destined, it is thought, to play a great part in the science of the future.

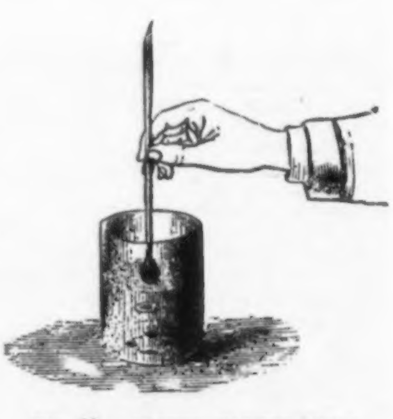


FIG. 10.—LIQUID VORTEX-RINGS.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

MR. ROBERT RIDGWAY, through his studies of a novel specimen from Cozumel, Yucatan, has felt it needful to revise the group of *Dendroicæ*, known as "golden warblers." The group is a most interesting, and, at the same time, very perplexing one. In most forms the characters are easily recognizable, and may be called specific; but some forms are far more vague and of specific rank only. After an examination of more than one hundred males in the National Museum, Mr. Ridgway decides upon the following arrangement: 1. *Dendroica æstiva* (Continental); 2. *D. petechia* (Jamaica and Hayti), with varieties, *petechia*, *gundlachi*, *ruficapella*, *melanoptera*, *nufivertex*, and *aureola;* 3. *D. capitalis* (Barbadoes); 4. *D. rufo-pileata* (Island of Old Providence, Caribbean Sea); 5. *D. rufigula* (Martinique); 6. *D. vieilloti* (Darien region), with varieties *vieilloti* and *panamarusis;* 7. *D. Bryanti* (Belize to Northern Yucatan), with varieties *bryanti* and *castaniceps*.

THE great tunnel, 21,400 feet in length, by which the mains of the new water system are brought into the City of Washington, through the rocky highlands in its northwestern part, has afforded the mineralogists an opportunity to study the rocks of the District of Columbia, never before equaled. The professors of Howard University, underneath which the tunnel passes, are keeping careful watch of the operation, and already report many minerals hitherto unrecorded in that locality or present in a new phase. These include examples of epidote; apatite, in masses; black tourmaline, penetrating calcite; menaccanite, in thin plates, interlaminated with quartz and prochlorite; sphene, which Professor F. W. Clarke has analyzed anew from wedge-shaped crystals embedded in prochlorite; stilbite, laumontite, and others.

IN a late lecture on "Unwelcome Plants," Professor Rothrock, of the Pennsylvania University, treated, in an interesting manner, of the changes in the flora of a country by the transportation from abroad of new seeds, and said: "One naturally asks, Why do these immigrant plants occupy our soil to the exclusion of our native flora? This question might in part be answered by asking what soil they occupy? Mostly the cleared lands. Why is this? First, because having removed most of the vegetation in removing the first or in preparing the ground for each subsequent soil, a full chance is given for any new plant to find root. Now, if the seeds of the most suitable plant be present in sufficient quantity, it is evident that plant will become the most prominent in the new flora. Thriving itself, it will drive all others away. As a matter of fact, these successful seeds generally are those of foreign plants. They are successful because they have, during long periods in the past, been accustomed to the open grounds, while our own new plants lived in the shade, and were put under a disadvantage in the direct glare of the sun."

The mother-of-pearl which is employed in industry, and especially in French industry, is furnished by various kinds of shells, the most esteemed, variegated and beautiful of which are those of the pearl oysters; one known under the name of pintadine (*Meleagrina margaritifera*) is found in China, India, the Red Sea, the Comora Islands, Northeastern Australia, the Gulf of Mexico, and especially in Tuamotu and Gambier Archipelagoes; the other, more commonly called the pearl oyster (*Meleagrina radiata*), comes from India, the China Seas, Antilles, the Red Sea, and Northern Australia. The shell of the former is harder, more tinted, more transparent, and reaches greater dimensions than the latter. Some have been found which have measured 30 centimeters in diameter, and weigh more than 10 kilograms, while the *Meleagrina radiata* rarely exceeds 10 centimeters at the most, and never weighs as much as 150 grams. Both varieties supply pearls, those of one kind being at one time more favored, at another time those of the other. This depends on fashion; but, on the whole, those found in the great pintadine are more beautiful, and the color more transparent than those of its congener. The greatest source of supply is the Tuamotu Archipelago, whose inhabitants depend almost wholly on diving for their livelihood. The demand has been so great, however, that the lagoons have been overfished, and the shells are becoming rare. Regulation of the fishing has proved ineffective, and now the French Government has sent a scientific man to investigate the possibility of cultivating the pearl oysters just as edible oysters are cultivated. The agent reports that it seems entirely feasible, and the zoologists of the world, as well as the traders, will watch the experiments to that end with interest.

The Way Incandescent Lamps are Made and the Air Exhausted.—"The way that incandescent lamps are made is very simple," an electrician said recently. "There are different ways of preparing the filaments, which are shaped, carbonized, and treated at a white heat. They are then placed in platinum holders, which are embedded in glass, and next go into the hands of the glassblower. The glass bulbs have round openings at the bottoms and little tubes at the tops. The little tubes all connect with a big tube. This is called a fork, and resembles a cluster of blackberries. Two or three dozen bulbs may be on a fork. The glassblower places filaments in each bulb at the bottom, and welds the glass about the platinum holders to the edges of the opening. Then the air is drawn from the bulbs. The open end of the big tube is attached to an air-pump, which has forty pounds of mercury at its top. As the mercury drops it carries all the air with it, and vacuums are created in the bulbs. The operator then takes a Bunsen burner, and directs its flame against the little tubes close to the bulbs. This closes the bulbs, which are then removed from the big tube. The glassblower finishes them off. The exhausting of the air from so many lamps at once makes the cost small. The bulbs can be made by any ordinary glassblower, but it requires a man of intelligence to make the filaments."

Captain C. E. Dutton, the eminent student of volcanic phenomena, says that the generalization so frequently made that all volcanoes are near the sea, is overstrained. How far from the sea, he asks, may a volcano stand and still be said to be near it? If we say ten miles, then very few land volcanoes are near the sea. If we say 250 miles, then the statement holds good, but is shorn of a large part of its meaning. The reader must judge for himself whether a point 120 miles or more from the sea is "near" it; and the volcanoes of North and South America are, on an average, about that distance from the ocean. Even in this qualified sense the statement ceases to be true the moment we recur to those volcanoes which were active in middle and late tertiary time, for many of them in our own country were 500 to 1,000 miles away from any body of water, and those of Central France and Germany were almost as far from the ocean as the configuration of Europe would permit.

Mr. J. G. Swan, the Smithsonian agent on the northwest coast, has sent to Washington some specimens of the giant kelp (*Nereocystis*) prepared for a new use—namely, the holding and preservation of dogfish oil, which is an article of food and of trading among the natives around Queen Charlotte's Sound. "Their method of preparation," he writes, "is to first peel off the outer cuticle of the kelp, then place it over a slow fire, and, as it dries, the salt exudes and forms a crust. This is rubbed off and the kelp-stem blown up full of wind, and again hung up to dry for a brief period. It is then again rubbed and blown full of air. This process is repeated until the kelp is of a leathery consistency, and is equal to an india-rubber tube." It is of this kelp that the Cape Flattery Indians ingeniously make their halibut and whaling-lines and buoys; it is also cooked for eating, and put to various other utilities.

As a result of the studies of observers of the more recent eclipses, especially that of 1883, and other investigations of the sun, astronomers are arriving at a fairly settled notion in respect to the corona. This is, that it is composed of finely divided matter originating in the sun and expelled by the disturbances of the sun's mass, and which maintains its position through the antagonistic forces of gravitation and electric compulsion. One great fact brought forward in support of the correctness of this view, is, that the greatest coronal extension is usually found in the belt of the greatest activity of the photoshere, as shown by the changes of the sunspots.

Since 1813 pieces of native iron have been brought from Greenland, and have in nearly every case, says *Science*, been ascribed to meteoric origin. Steenstrup. in his third voyage to Greenland (1876—1880), however, found the iron native in a basaltic rock at Asuk, in grains, some of which were as much as eighteen millimeters in diameter. It is also found on the western and northwestern sides of Disko Island, and in other places. This settles beyond a doubt the origin of the Greenland native iron, and the ore may be of great commercial importance in the future.

Late studies of hypnotism (where it is found that a *hot* compress applied to the head suddenly awakens the subject, while a *cold* compress deepens the lethargic state) go to make it more and more probable "that the cataleptic state, which is rare, and may be considered a sort of climax of trance, is accompanied by an intense hyperæmia of the brain."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"Harry, did you ask Hicks for that money?" "Yes." "What did he say?" "Nothing. He just kicked me into the road. That's all he said."

An old Grecian philosopher advised all men to know themselves. That is advising a good many to form very low and disreputable acquaintances.

The Retort Courteous.—They had been quarreling: "I won't do it," remarked Gimlet, angrily. "I will see you in tophet first." "Well," replied Auger, "it won't be your fault if you don't."

"Is it a sin," asked a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It is, my daughter," he replied, gravely; "we never should delight in falsehood."

At the Court of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh was one day asking a favor of the Queen, when she said, "Raleigh, when will you cease to be a beggar?" "When your Majesty leaves off bestowing favors," he replied.

A schoolmistress, discharged for using the rod too freely, applied for employment in a dressmaker's establishment. "Have you had any experience in sewing?" asked the dressmaker. "No," was the reply, "but I have a thorough knowledge of basting."

"Are you superstitious, Mr. Badger?" asked Miss de Silva. "Not in the least," replied that gentleman. "Would you prefer a dinner-party of six to one of thirteen?" "Yes, decidedly." "Ah, I knew you were superstitious. Why would you, Mr. Badger?" "Get more to eat."

Doctor: "Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult on the case." *Husband:* "There, you see, doctor, I was right again! I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper medical advice; but she thought you would be offended."

An ill-tempered man, in rebuking his son for misconduct, said: "When I was your age my father would not let me go out at night." "A *pretty* father *you* had!" sneered the son. This maddened the irritable old man, and he vociferated: "I had a great deal better father than *you* have, you young rascal!"

"My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, as she reached up her little mouth to be kissed on his return from business, "have you seen the magnificent set of walnut furniture which the Jenkinses have just bought?" "Hem! no, my love; but I have seen the bill, which quite satisfies me."

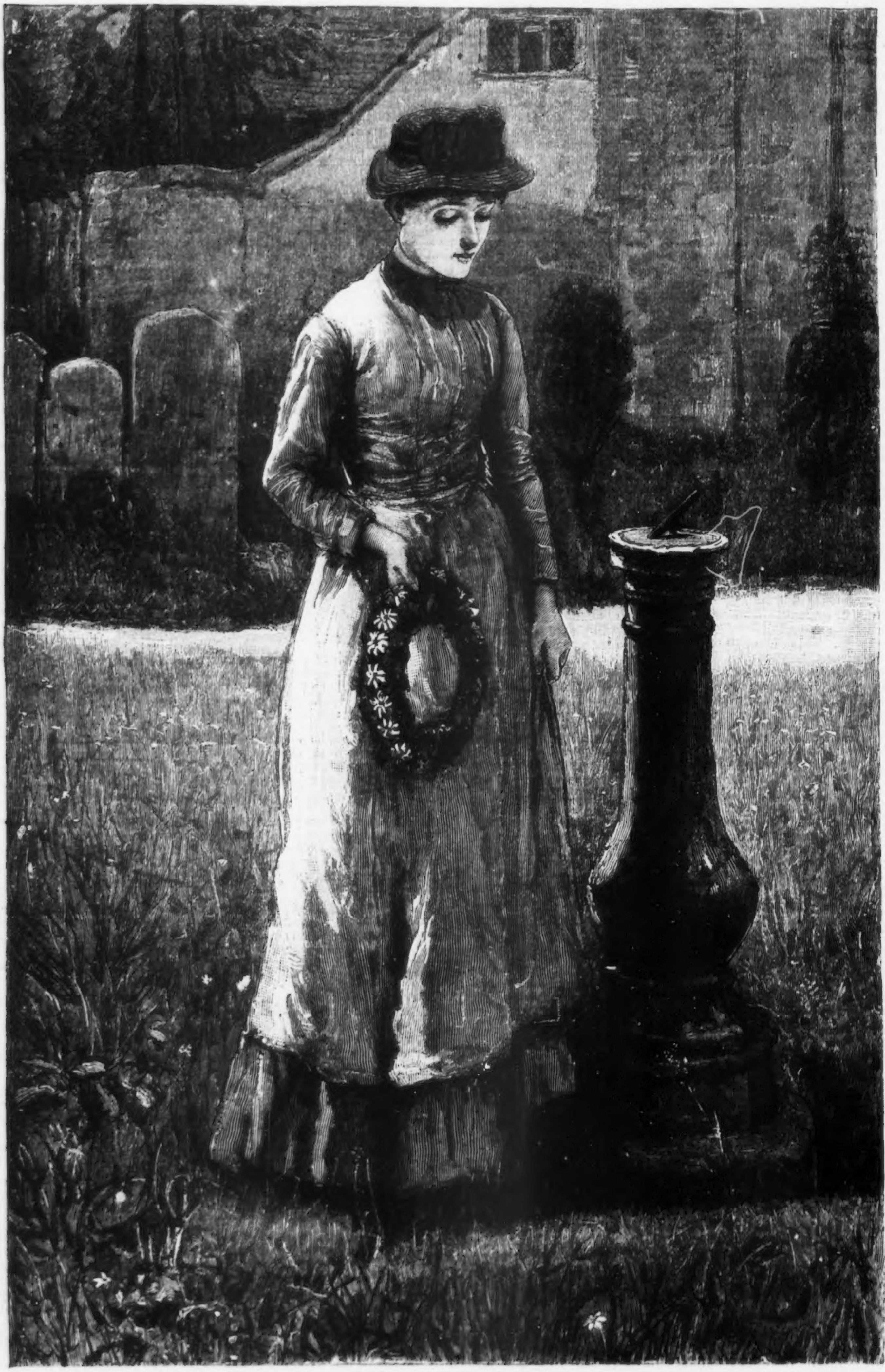
"Have you finished your story, Mr. Serjeant Byles?" asked Mr. Barnes Peacock, Q.C., somewhat superciliously, as the serjeant sat down in court, after an elaborate speech to the judges. "I have," was the quiet reply, given with the quiet smile for which the serjeant was noted; "and now, Mr. Peacock, you can unfold your tale."

At a musical *soirée* a lady, after executing an interminable piano solo, faints dead away. A gentleman, with great promptitude, seizes a glass of water and administers a few drops to the lady, who revives. Then, with a compassionate cry, "Now for the other sufferer!" he pours the remainder of the water into the piano.

Some one had his fortune told by an astrologer. After having, by means of ambiguous words, told the man the events of his past, present and future life, the fortune-teller asked for his customary fee. "How!" said the inquisitive fellow; "you who pretend to know what is hidden, were you not aware that I had not a cent in my pocket?"

A CONSPICUOUS BOSTON SUCCESS.

Every family which is visited by The Youth's Companion knows that it is a source of delight, instruction and amusement, not only to the young, but to people of all ages. While this is generally understood in the 350,000 or more homes in the United States which are glad to welcome The Youth's Companion, it may not be so widely understood that it has now a larger circulation than any other literary paper in the world. Of a paper so widely known it is hardly necessary to speak in detail. The general reader knows that it is interesting from the first line to the last. Parents know that it is pure and elevating in tone, and yet vigorous, entertaining and instructive to the healthiest and most active of boys.



"THE HEALING HAND OF TIME."—DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.

Illus lit
✓
c/d
ct
p
s 5
t
a m
sl 15
cc